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North Hastings Review.

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JOHN R ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 366. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, May 1, 1884. POSTAGE PREPAID

Spring Poetry.

(For the Review.)

It is supposed to have been somewhere in this vicinity (Metapedia) that the first and last of the Aboriginal Spring Poets ventured to warble, and was put to death with horrible tortures, as a warning to spring poets for all time to come. His effusion is believed to have consisted of 116 stanzas. He desired his Chief's opinion as to their fitness for publication. The criticism was promptly given, for when the poet had reached the end of the 5th stanza he was gagged, tried, and condemned to the stake. Tradition says the first five were as follows :—

Hail Metapediac! upon thy shore,
The son of Manitou may sweet seclusion seek,
Cadarsoqui distracts his thoughts no more,
Nor seeks the golden Soulismagadeek.

Hail Restegouche and calm casapchal,
Tartague, Tobogote, and cayshoo,
Amqui, Waganais, Peske-Ammik-All
The scenes which nature doth with glory deck.

At Assametquaghan and at Tpealquitch
The busy beaver builds his little dam;
His sisters, cousins, and his aunts grow rich,
At Petapedine and Obstchquasquam.

I've wandered by the Quatawamkedgwick,
The Madawaska and the famed Loostook,
The Zemiscouata, Ramouraska, Bic;
I've climbed the hill of Wolledadamook.

And everywhere do thoughts of spring arise,
Till this Algonquin do h an ode produce,
Hail, brother Mareschites and Abuakies;
Hail, balmy month of Ammuswikizous.

Cachepe and Regicapigiok—

It was at this stage that the poet was gagged. Like unto the swan his song and his death swiftly followed each other. It was the first and last appearance of the spring poet among the red men.

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The best quality of
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PEAS and OATS.
A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, April 15th, 1884. 364

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as we wish to clear the whole stock, comprising:
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Hubs, Buggy Springs,
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Madoc, Apr. 21. 365-4w

Estate of the Late Colin Russel.

FROM this date no sales or business arrangements made by Hugh and John Russel, acting as power of Attorney for Mrs. Russel, (at present in Scotland) will be valid without the consent of all the heirs.

R. D. RUSSEL.

Madoc, February 18, 1884. 362

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Having just received a full and complete assortment of

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WINES,
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Mr. R. D. Russel has no further connection with Mrs. Sarah Russel's affairs.

(Signed.)
H. & J. RUSSEL,
Attorneys for Mrs. Sarah Russel, Montreal.
Feb. 18th, 1884. 361

Mortgage Sale
—OF VALUABLE—
FARM PROPERTY
in the Township of Madoc, in the County of Hastings.

UNDER power of Sale contained in a certain Mortgage which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction, at the
Madoc House, Village of Madoc.
—ON—
FRIDAY, 16th day of MAY, A. D. 1884, at one o'clock in the afternoon:

All that certain parcel of land situate in the said Township of Madoc, composed of the west half and north east quarter of lot No. 25, in the 9th concession, containing 150 acres, more or less.

This desirable property is situated in an old settled and good farming district, and is said to be within half a mile from a church, public school, and cheese factory, within three miles from a grist mill, saw mill, and a railway station, and 30 miles from the City of Belleville, and has a frame house and barns thereon. About 100 acres said to be cleared and well cultivated. Soil of a clay and sandy loam.

The property will be sold subject to a reserve bid. Terms and conditions will be made known on the day of sale.

For further particulars apply to
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April 7th, 1884. 364

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1883
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I AM prepared to purchase all kinds of grain delivered at the North Hastings Warehouse, and for which the highest prices will be paid.
Mr. Alex. Miller is again engaged as warehouseman.
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Madoc, Aug. 14, 1883. 281.

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Cracking Done Cheap for Cash.
NO DELAY.
Flour and Feed always on hand, cheap. First-class millers always in attendance. Please give me a call and be convinced.
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HAVING had to vacate half of the place occupied by us leaves us no room for Furniture, so what we have left (being so over-crowded) we will sell either at auction or private sale for whatever the balance will bring. Any one wanting Sideboards, What-nots, or small tables or stands, or any other article still on hand, will get such bargains as neve. was nor never will be again offered in Madoc.
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OFFICE—Second Door South from asonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.
Madoc, Jan. 27th, 1879. 96

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Belleville, Nov. 27, 1882. 293

Mining Lands.
SALE of Mining Lands effected. Mineral Properties and Ores reported on.
JOHN STEWART,
Mining Engineer, Madoc, Ont.
March, 31, 1883. 311.

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IN GOLDEN BONDS.

CHAPTER XXVI. (CONTINUED).

"She may have been instigated," suggested the detective. "It's wonderful what things women will do for their lovers, and she had a lover—not of the best possible character."

Mr. Rayner gave a quick glance at me, and I felt guilty, for it was indeed I who had given this piece of information.

"Do you know his name?" asked Mr. Rayner.

"I am not in a position to state it yet; but we have our suspicions," said the man cautiously.

Mr. Rayner gave no sign of incredulity; but I knew his face well enough now to be able to tell that he did not believe him.

"The main point now is, having traced the jewels to the woman Sarah Gooch, to find out how they came into her possession. I must ask you to let me see the woman and question her. Taken by surprise, she may confess everything."

"You shall see her," said Mr. Rayner gravely, "and then judge for yourself whether she is in a state to answer questions. I will ask the nurse if you can see her now. Miss Christie, would you mind going up with me and watching in her place while Mrs. Saunders comes out to speak to me?"

We went up together, scarcely speaking a word; and I sent out the nurse to him and stood watching in her place. Sarah, looking more hideous than ever with the white bandage round her head and against her leather-colored face and black hair, was turning her head from side to side and moaning and muttering feebly. The only words one could catch seemed to refer to the pain she was in. Then the door opened, the nurse re-entered, and the detective, with Mr. Rayner behind him, peeped in. A glance at the hollow face and dry lips of the sick woman might have satisfied him that her illness was no sham; but he watched her and listened to her mutterings for some minutes before he retired. I left the room as quickly as I could—the sight of the ghastly figure of the guilty woman sickened me.

"You see," Mr. Rayner was saying as I got outside, "she is quite unable at present to speak for herself. I hope, and indeed believe, that, when she can do so, she will be able to clear herself of anything worse than perhaps the innocent passing of the stolen goods from one rogue to another, without herself having the least idea of the crime she was being made to participate in. I will do all in my power to assist the course of justice. The doctor will be here in the morning, and he will tell you when she is likely to be able to give an account of herself. In the meantime you shall spend the night here. Miss Christie, will you kindly tell Mrs. Jennings to prepare the room next to mine and Mrs. Rayner's."

The name "Mrs. Jennings" for the moment puzzled me; then I remembered it was that of the cook, and I wondered why he had not said Jane. His room and Mrs. Rayner's! Did Mr. Rayner then sleep in the house since his wife's change of apartment?

The cook grumbled a good deal when I gave her the order. What was the house being turned topsy-turvy for? Why had Mr. Rayner just sent Jane off to Wright's Farm to pay the corn-bill, to-day of all days, when there was a visitor and more to do? Telling her she might stop the night too, if the fog came on, as it was doing, when he might have known she wouldn't want telling twice when that hulking Peter Wright was about the farm! She knew what it was; Jane would not be back till late to-morrow afternoon, if she was then, and——

And so the cook went on, until Mr. Rayner appeared upon the scene, and she broke off in her complaints, startled.

"I am afraid I have entailed a good deal of trouble upon you, cook; by thoughtlessly giving Jane permission to spend the night at the farm if the fog grew thick; so I have just asked Mrs. Saunders to take her upstairs duties till Jane comes back, in return for which you will be kind enough to watch by Sarah during her unavoidable absence."

This silenced the cook at once. It was a just punishment for her grumbling, for there was no duty she would not rather have undertaken than that of watching by the unconscious Sarah even in her quiet moments. She said to me afterwards that the nurse was very good; directly Sarah began to talk or grow excited, Mrs. Saunders always managed to hear, and came in to relieve her from the unpleasant task of listening to the sick woman's ravings.

I left Mr. Rayner talking to the cook, and went back to Haidee in the dining-room. When tea-time came, Mr. Rayner entered with the detective, whom he now addressed as "Mr. Maynard," and treated as a distinguished guest. Mr. Maynard, talked rather interestingly when his host drew him out, and was elaborately courteous to Mrs. Rayner, whose cold manner rather overawed him, and to me. He went to his room early, and, when Mrs. Rayner had gone to hers, I remained in the drawing-room putting the music in order, as Mr. Rayner had told me to do.

"This day's events have upset me more than you can imagine, child," said he, passing his hand through his hair wearily. "That vixen Smith has always seemed honest—and yet I don't know what to believe."

"Acid, you know, the portmanteau I found in the cellar," I whispered timidly.

Mr. Rayner started.

"Good Heaven, I had forgotten that! Or rather I had dismissed it from my mind as a fancy brought about by the excitement of Sarah's accident, and hastily connected in your mind with your view of old Tom Parker carrying a box across the lawn. Whose was the stone-cutter's, child?" asked he excitedly. "We must get at this to the collar, and—— Heaven help us if what I took for your fancy should prove to be the truth!"

I tremblingly produced the keys, which I carried about with me; and, much against my will, I accompanied Mr. Rayner into the left wing. He took the keys from me; but he was so very excited that he could not find the right one to fit into the door, and I opened it for him. We entered the store-room. There lay the black bag on one side of the trap door, where I had put it down on catching sight of the little ring in the floor. I put my finger through this and raised it again, not without a shudder at the remembrance of my last visit, and Mr. Rayner went down hastily, while I held the candle for him to see by.

"No, my child, I see nothing," said he, as he peered about.

"Look through the ladder; it is behind there," said I.

Mr. Rayner looked through it, then looked round it, stretched his arm out, and again raised his face to mine, this time however with a look of unutterable relief.

"Thank Heaven, it was your fancy, child!" said he. "There is nothing there."

"Not a deal table?" I gasped.

"No—nothing but water."

"Perhaps the water has risen higher and covered it?"

"Come down yourself and see. Or are you afraid to come down again?"

"No, I am not afraid," said I, uncertainly.

He came up and took the candle from me, while I descended. The water, I knew by the number of steps which were dry above it, was at the same level as before. I looked through the ladder and round it. Table and portmanteau had utterly disappeared. As I looked up suddenly, Mr. Rayner's face, distorted by the weird light thrown on it by the flickering candle, seemed to me to wear a mocking smile which made the handsome features hideous and alarming.

"Let me come up," said I sharply.

He held out his hand, and, when I, trembling and tottering, reached the top of the ladder, he flung his arm around me to support me. But I was so sick with the horror of finding my story—my true story—disproved, and with the fancy I had had on looking up at Mr. Rayner's face, that I slid from his arm, ran out of the store-room, along the passage and through the swing-door, and leaned against the hall table to recover myself. Mr. Rayner was at my side in a few minutes and, almost unconsciously, I let him lead me back into the drawing-room. He brought me some brandy and water and made me drink it, and bathed my forehead, and told me gently not to be frightened, for I should soon be out of this dreary place and among beautiful scenes where I should forget the gloom of this sepulchral, dead-alive house, which was turning my poor little brain.

"But indeed I did see the portmanteau the first time!" said I piteously.

"Yes, dear child, I know," said Mr. Rayner.

But I saw he did not believe me; and the tears began to roll down my cheeks.

"You must not cry, you must not cry! You will spoil your pretty face if you cry," said Mr. Rayner almost angrily.

I knew he hated the sight of anything ugly or distressing—it was part of an artist's nature, he said; so I forced back my tears as fast as I could, and tried to smile.

"There is my lovely girl again!" said he; stopping in front of me—he had walked up and down the room while I wept. "We will never mention Sarah's name again when once we are away from her, little one," said he. "But until we go, or until our respected friend Mr. Maynard goes, I am afraid she must still occupy a good deal of our thoughts. She will certainly not submit to any cross-examination on his part to-morrow, or for a long time to come—if she ever is," said he gravely. "And in the meantime he will try to trump up a story and to criminate as many persons as he can, just to show his superiors that he has not wasted his time here. And certainly he will leave our poor Sarah without a rag of character.

"But, do you know, Mr. Rayner, I don't think Sarah has always been as nice a woman as you suppose," said I timidly. "From what I have heard her say, I think, when she was young, she must have had some horrid friends, who made her do all sorts of wrong things; and that is why I cannot be as much surprised as you are at her doing wicked things now."

"Did you tell Mr. Maynard that?"

"No, I only answered his questions. He said he was her brother—and of course I did not want him to doubt his own sister. But, Mr. Rayner, I want to ask you something. Have you ever heard of a James Woodfall?"

He was sitting by me on the sofa, with his head turned away. He did not answer my question at once. The he said very quietly—

"Did Mr. Maynard ask you that?"

He turned slowly as he said so, until his eyes met mine.

"Oh, no! I heard Sarah say the name when she was delirious—the first night—Friday night," I whispered.

"Oh! Was he a friend of hers?"

"Oh, yes! I think she must have been in love with him when she was young, and he must have been a very bad man who made her do anything he liked, and the most curious part of it is that she—she mixes his name up with the people she knows now," said I, lowering my voice still more.

"How?" asked Mr. Rayner. "Whose name does she mix his up with?"

"Why, with—with mine, Mr. Rayner!" said I, blushing uncomfortably at the very thought. "She kept saying in her ravings that this wicked forger—for she said he was a forger—James Woodfall was in love with me and wanted to marry me, and that he wanted her to help to marry this common thief to me. Wasn't it dreadful to have to listen to that?" whispered I excitedly.

"Did she say James Woodfall was a common thief?"

"No, I gathered that from what she said. Did you ever hear of him Mr. Rayner?"

"Yes, I have heard of him, and I believe he is alive now," he said.

"Then I believe that she is in love with him still, and that he is at the bottom of this dreadful robbery!" cried I, much excited. "Oh, Mr. Rayner, couldn't you find out from Sarah where he is now, while the detective is here, and get him caught?" I said breathlessly.

Mr. Rayner shook his head thoughtfully.

"I'm afraid not, my dear child. If James Woodfall is the man I mean, he will never be taken alive," said he.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Mr. Rayner slept that night in the dressing-room leading out of the large front room which his wife now occupied. I met him coming out of it and went downstairs to breakfast next morning. I spent the hours until dinner-time in my own room, packing and preparing for the journey next day.

It was curious, I thought, that I had not heard again from my mother, who would naturally be overflowing with excitement about such a great event. I had written a long letter to her on Monday, and put it into the post-bag, with no misgivings as to its safety near that time my enemy Sarah was ill. It was a very pleasant thing to think that I should soon be with my mother again, and that in a few days I should see Laurence; but there was a less bright view to be taken of the expedition, and from time to time, in the midst of my happy anticipation, it troubled me.

It seemed an unkind thing, in spite of her obstinate refusal to quit the Alders, to leave delicate Mrs. Rayner alone in this dreary place, the gloom and damp of which had evidently had much to do with the morbid state of mind she was in, with no companions, and no other inmates of the house, except a weird child who was not fond of her, two servants, a sick-nurse, and a delerious invalid. I had noticed faint signs of nervous agitation in her manner lately when the coming journey was alluded to, and I had caught her eyes fixed upon mine sometimes as if she had something to say to me which she could not bring herself to the point of uttering; and the strange perversity of the poor lady, who seemed now mad, now sane, puzzled me more and more.

The Doctor, for whose verdict Mr. Maynard was waiting, did not come that day until just before dinner; and then his report was as gloomy as possible. He did not think it probable that Sarah would ever recover her reason, and the only change she was likely to get from her sick-room was to the county lunatic asylum. On hearing this, the detective, who had spent the morning in making inquiries, in searching Sarah's boxes, and even her room, at Mr. Rayner's suggestion, in examining every corner of the housekeeper's room in which she generally sat, and of the store-cupboard under the stairs, which was also under her charge—but I do not think he went into the left wing, where the large store-room was—having failed to make any discovery, wished to return to town that afternoon; but Mr. Rayner pressed him to stay, saying that he would drive him over to Denham Court that afternoon, and, in the character of a friend of his, come down from town for a few days, he could examine the scene of the robbery and make inquiries without any one's suspecting who he was; and perhaps pick up some scraps of information which would save him from the reproach of having made a journey in vain.

"Do you know enough about railways to pass for an engineer, or inspector, or anything of that sort?" asked Mr. Rayner. "You know, of course, that suspicion has fallen upon a gang of navvies who are at work upon the line near there; but, although there have been detectives among them since, not one has been sharp enough to discover anything yet."

The man seemed a little shy at first of interfering in a branch of the work of watching which had been put into other hands. But he was rather put upon his mettle by the allusion to the fact that his journey had been so far a failure. And Mr. Rayner whispered to me in the hall, with his eyes twinkling, when the detective was already seated in the dog-cart at the door, that he had put that fellow up to discovering something—it did not matter what, wrong or right. He said they should be back early, as the fog was rising already, and, in order to repay Mr. Maynard for detaining him, there was to be dinner at half-past six, instead of the usual tea at half-past five. And, in the very highest spirits, Mr. Rayner patted my shoulder, told me to save myself up for the next day, and that he had a present to give me on the journey, and jumped into the dog-cart.

I went back into the dining-room, where the cook was clearing away the luncheon, Jane, as she had predicted, not having come back yet. Mrs. Rayner was sitting by the fire, with Haidee on her lap.

"Are you unhappy at the thought of losing her so soon?" said I softly, leaving my seat and kneeling by her side, as soon as the cook had left the room.

Mrs. Rayner looked at me earnestly, and then whispered—

"No, I am not unhappy about her, but about you."

"About me, Mrs. Rayner!" I exclaimed, in astonishment.

"Hush!" she whispered softly. She took her arms from her child's neck, and told her to go and play; and Haidee obediently walked to the window, where her doll was lying on the floor.

"It is as much as my wretched life is worth to warn you," whispered she, taking the hand I had laid on her lap, and clasping and unclasping her own absently nervously. "You are kind-hearted, and innocent as a child—I see that now," she continued, her eyes wandering restlessly about the room.

I began to be afraid of a fit of hysterics, or worse; and I begged her not to talk if it fatigued her, and asked her if I should fetch some eau-de-Cologne. She shook her head.

"I am not hysterical—don't be afraid of that," said she, turning her great eyes upon me, as if in reproach. "I only want to tell you this—when you arrive in London to-morrow, if your mother is not waiting at the station, insist upon going to her house before you go farther. Do not on any account enter another train without her. Call the guard—make a disturbance at the station—do anything rather."

"But how can I?" said I gently. "I cannot insist against Mr. Rayner. He would not listen. You know that, when he tells one to do a thing, there is such a strong authority about him, one must do it."

"Try, try!" said she earnestly. "I believe you have the power, if you have the courage. You have thwarted his wishes as nobody else has, has ever dared to do—in sending for Doctor Lowe, in taking Haidee up stairs. Try once more. It is not Sarah's safety that is concerned this time, nor Haidee's, but your own. For Heaven's sake, try!"

She lay back in the chair, her face, neck, and hands all wet with the violence of her feeling and her unconstrained vehemence. Yet her voice had never once risen above a whisper that could not have been heard at the other end of the room. She raised her head again, and read with unexpected penetration the look on my face.

"I am not mad, Miss Carlisle," she said very quietly. "Think me mad if you like—if your mother meets you at Liverpool Street Station. But, if not, remember this warning; it may have cost me my life."

She shook off my hand and lay back again, as if wishing for rest. And I remained on my knees beside her, not knowing what to think, whether she was mad or sane, whether I should follow her advice or dismiss her words as—no, I could not think them idle; that she herself did been in earnest when as she uttered them I spoke no doubt. What then? She wanted to make me distrust her husband. She had not spoken like a jealous woman, she was too cold too indifferent for jealousy. What strange fancy was this of hers about the journey? If my mother should not be at the station waiting for us, which was very likely, as she was seldom punctual, I should still have Haidee with me. I should naturally suggest waiting for her; but, if she did not come soon, probably Mr. Rayner himself would send or go to my uncle's house in search of her. What had I to fear with Mr. Rayner, my best and kindest friend, next to Laurence, in the world? Why should a morbid fancy of his poor, sickly, tactful wife trouble me?

And yet the impression her words had made upon me was so strong that I determined, if my mother should not arrive at the station shortly after us—that she would be there already was too much to expect of her—that I would ask Mr. Rayner to let me take a cab to my uncle's house and fetch her myself.

Mrs. Rayner scarcely spoke for the rest of the afternoon; that unusual burst of vehemence seemed to have exhausted her.

The fog which had been hanging about us for days, grew so thick as the afternoon wore on that we had to have the lamps lighted much earlier than usual, and it was quite dark when, at about half-past four, there was a ring at the front-door bell. The cook came in to say that a boy from the village wanted to speak to Miss Christie; and I went into the hall and found a little fellow of about ten whom I did not know, who told me that Mrs. Manners, who was at the school-house, had sent to ask me to come to her at once, as she wished to speak to me about the dole. This was a yearly distribution of clothing and money among the very poor people of the parish, which took place in November. It was rather strange that Mrs. Manners should want to speak to me about it, I thought at first, as I was not a district visitor. However, of course I must go; and I went back into the dining-room and told Mrs. Rayner about it.

"Don't go, Miss Christie," said she at once. "It is some trap, some trick; Mrs. Manners never sends messages but by her own boys. Don't go."

"I don't like not to go," said I hesitatingly. "It may be something of importance, and Mrs. Manners has been so kind to me. Please let me go, Mrs. Rayner."

She shrank into herself, and leaned back again as the cook reappeared at the door, saying the boy said Mrs. Manners's message was—would I make haste!"

"Of course you can go, Miss Christie," said Mrs. Rayner listlessly.

I ran up-stairs and was down again ready for my walk in a few minutes. The boy was evidently prepared to accompany me, and the fog was so thick that I was glad of it, for he was more used to the turns of the road than I, and even he had to go very slowly and to keep close to the hedge. He kept urging me to make haste however, and I followed him as fast as I could, while he turned every other minute to see that I was still behind him.

The school was about half a mile from the Alders, among the first houses of the village. When I stumbled against a milestone which was, I knew, not far from our destination, the boy said—

"Here, miss, take care! This way."

And, taking a corner of my cloak, he led me round into a path which branched off to the left.

"But you are going wrong," I said. "It is straight on, I know—not up here. This is the way to Dunning's Farm, half a mile off."

"It's all right, miss," said he. "I'm afraid of our being run over along the high-road now we're so near the village. Come on, miss; it's all right."

He was very impatient; and I followed him, not without some misgivings. We had groped our way up this lane for what seemed to me a very long time when the boy stopped and whistled.

"What are you doing that for?" said I sharply.

But the boy, who, by making but a few steps forward, was lost to my sight in the fog, whistled again. I stood for a moment trembling with terror. Then the boy exclaimed angrily—

"Why, he ain't here!"

"He! Who?" I cried in alarm; and at that moment I heard a crashing of branches, and saw dimly through the fog, a few yards in front of me, the figure of a man crashing through the hedge, and leaping down from the field into the road.

Smothering a cry, I turned, and ran I know not whither. It was Tom Parker or Gordon, who had decoyed me out here to punish me for my discoveries, which Sarah must have told them about.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Trophy from Tokar.

Lieut. Wilford Lloyd, of the I battery of the B brigade royal horse artillery, left Aldershot on a recent morning for Windsor castle to receive from the duchess of Albany, captured by the British troops at the relief of Tokar, to the queen. Lieut. Wilford Lloyd, who is a relative of Mr. Clifford Lloyd, received permission to accompany the army in the Soudan, and on his return home, toward the expiration of his leave, was commissioned by Gen. Graham to convey the trophy to her majesty. The gallant officer, who has already seen considerable active service, left Trinidad on March 9, travelling via Cairo and Alexandria to Venice (where he was detained in quarantine five days), and thence to London, where he arrived on Sunday. Lieut. Lloyd, wearing the blue and gold uniform of his corps, arrived at Windsor about noon, and immediately proceeded with the flag to the palace. The standard, which is about two and a half yards long and two yards wide, is composed of red and yellow silk. On one side is an Arabic inscription to the effect that it was presented by the mudhi to the governor of Tokar, and on the other a text from the koran—"There is no god but God, and Mahomet is his prophet. Everyone professes the knowledge of God." The queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, received Lieut. Lloyd in the corridor after luncheon. The gallant officer who was introduced by Gen. Sir H. F. Ponsonby, presented the flag, on behalf of Gen. Graham, to her majesty, who was greatly interested in the trophy. Lieut. Lloyd was included in the queen's dinner-party.

AN OUTLAW AT BAY.

Indomitable Sufferings and Savage Courage of John Woolliver.

A prisoner died in the jail at Fort Smith, Ark., recently, after suffering agonies which demonstrated extraordinary human powers of endurance. John Woolliver, after killing his last man in Texas three years ago, found it necessary to flee. Indian Territory offered him a refuge, and there he lived under the name of John Robinson until the early part of March, when he was taken by a United States deputy marshal to Fort Smith, to be there tried for introducing and selling whiskey among the Indians. When found by the marshal, Woolliver presented a horrible appearance. He had been shot in the thigh in a drunken row last December. The femur was shivered and he lay on a rude bed in an old shanty near where he fell, received such attention as a cattleman who was butchering near by could give him. He had no medical treatment, and his wounds were never dressed.

Some humane neighbors made up a purse and paid a man to take care of him; he was placed in an old outhouse, but no other attention was given him than to feed and water him. Here he lay for over six weeks without ever being washed or having his wounds dressed. He was perfectly helpless, being unable to turn over, and his legs were so swollen that he could not move them. The rats gnawed off his toes, devoured part of his left foot, and bit him in other places. He could keep his tormenters off as far as his arms would reach, but was unable to scare them from his feet and had to suffer the agonies of being eaten alive.

He was at last removed from this place in a pitiable condition. Running abscesses had broken out on his legs and body, emitting a stench so offensive that none dared go near him, except to give him something to eat and drink. In this deplorable condition he was found by a deputy marshal, and removed to Fort Smith, where medical aid could be administered. The bedding upon which the man lay had rotted under him, and bed-sores had formed which exposed his bones to view.

In this condition he endured a trip of 225 miles in a waggon over a rough road, and scarcely uttered a groan.

He was placed under medical treatment, and everything possible done for him, but abscesses had formed on his lungs, blood poisoning had set in, and death terminated his sufferings.

The Variable Wind.

One blowing day last week, when the sidewalks were as slippery as glass, a woman stood in front of a door on Clifford street, and strewed some ashes from a pan she held on the icy walk. As she did so, the wind blew the coal dust rather freely over her, and a man going past said:

"If you will turn your back to the wind it will blow the ashes from you instead of over you."

The woman thanked him with her eyes, but did not move. Indeed she could not without losing her balance and the ashes both.

"Let me show you," said the man, kindly, as he removed a fur glove and grasped with a determined grip the well-filled ash-pan. "You can throw them over the walk in this way, and not be liable to put your eyes out. It's as easy as rolling off a log," and he braced his back against the wind and gave a generous flop to the ash-pan.

The woman went into the house to get the ashes out of her hair and eyes and recover her health. When the police had dusted the man off and identified him they took him home. The only remark he made was:

"You can't always tell from what quarter the wind will blow when you attempt to give advice about emptying an ash-pan."

Which it is so.

The weather prophet looks for spring this month. The wise man looks for a blood purifier that will not injure his system; he can find what he wants in Dr. Chase's Blood, Nerve, and Kidney Pills, the greatest of all blood-purifiers. 1s large bottles at all dealers.

A bucking horse is frequently the power behind the throne.

A QUESTION. How can we raise more corn to the acre? Why, of course by using Putnam's Corn Extractor. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor has given universal satisfaction. For it is sure, safe, and painless. Like every article of real merit it has a host of imitators, and we would especially warn the public to guard against those using the name in imitation of the genuine Putnam's Extractor. N. C. Polson & Co., proprietors, Kingston.

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If your white plug hat is stained or bruised on the side, don't cast it aside and buy a new one. Have a mourning band put on it. If your clothes are faded or dingy, make them good as new with the popular Triangle Dyes, 32 colors, at your druggist's. Wilson's Chemical Co., Kingston Ont., and Syracuse, N. Y.

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—IN GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.—

26 TORONTO STREET.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

Miss Marrable, who, when she received the letter, was dressing in her bedroom, threw it aside unread. At first, she thought of going to Amy and charging her with base ingratitude; but on second reflection, she decided to reconsider the matter, for the time at least, take her course, and to confound the scheme of the rash couple by means of a grand stroke at the final moment. She went, however, at once to Lucy, in whom, as I have said, she had great confidence, and told her all.

"How foolish of her," said Lucy.

"Yes, my dear! how foolish, and how wicked!" assented Miss Marrable. "I feel it my duty to prevent the carrying out of this shall plan, and also to make Amy suffer for her folly. I shall therefore send her this letter; and allow the hair-brained pair to mature their schemes.—And what, Lucy dear, do you think I propose to do? You will never guess. Listen! Amy and I are of much the same height. I shall personate her by concealing—them—my face, and drive away with this vile young man; and then, when he believes that he has left me far behind, I shall overwhelm him with shame and confusion."

Lucy could not help laughing. "That would really be good fun, aunt," she said. "Yes, send the letter to Amy; and by all means let matters take their course for the present."

Miss Marrable did send the letter; and Amy duly received it, unsuspectingly; but five minutes later, Lucy revealed the whole plot to her, and threw her into the deepest trepidation.

Here, however, Lucy's superior coolness came in most usefully. "You need not despair," said the elder cousin. "It aunt thinks of having fun with you and Mr. Jellicoe, why not turn the tables, and have fun with her? You must find some other way of carrying on your correspondence; but at the same time answer this letter by the old medium. Your answer will of course fall into aunt's hands. You must mislead her, and then——"

"But," objected Amy, "how am I to make matters turn out properly?"

"Listen!" said Lucy. "Aunt proposes to personate you. Very well; put off the time of your elopement, say, for half an hour; and meantime Mr. Jellicoe must find some one to personate him. My idea is for aunt to elope with the billiard-marker, and so give you time to get away. Do you see?"

Amy could not at first grasp the significance of this bold proposition; but when she succeeded in doing so, she was delighted with it.

"I shall tell Mr. Rhodes," said Lucy, when she had sufficiently explained the plan; "for I know that he will gladly help you; and Mr. Jellicoe can talk it all over with him and have the benefit of his advice."

"But what will aunt say when she discovers how we—how you—have deceived her?" asked Amy.

"Ah!" said Lucy, slily, "I must talk about that too with Mr. Rhodes. But never fear!" And she went off to rejoin Miss Marrable, who was still much flurried.

Later in the day, Lucy met Robert on the beach, and told him what had happened. "And now," she said in conclusion, "I am going to make a dreadful proposition to you. We must also elope together!"

"I am sure I don't mind," said Mr. Rhodes. "After hearing your news, I was going to propose as much myself. It would take you out of the reach of your aunt's reproaches, when she finds out the trick that has been played upon her."

"You are a dear old love!" cried Lucy with enthusiasm. "I wouldn't for the world have Amy made unhappy; and I feel that I must help her, although I don't approve of elopements. Now go and talk to Mr. Jellicoe; and don't forget to have the licenses ready. Perhaps Mr. Jellicoe can arrange for both Amy and me to sleep that night with the Joneses, whoever they may be; or perhaps, after all, we had better not go there, since aunt knows of that part of the scheme."

"I daresay," said Robert, "that I can arrange for both of you to sleep at the Browns at Llanyltid. They have a large house, and, curiously enough, my sister Dora, whom you have often met in town, is staying there with them; so you will have a companion and sympathizer. And now I will go and talk to Jellicoe."

I need not follow in detail the progress of the new scheme of double elopement. Suffice it to say that the bogus correspondence destined to mislead Miss Marrable, was steadily kept up; that Amy and Vivian found other means of safely communicating with one another; that the licenses were written to; that the Browns were obtained; that three carriages-and-pairs were engaged, one to call at the hotel at nine o'clock p.m., and two at half-past; that sufficient were liberally fee'd; and finally, that the billiard-marker at the *Cae-y-Gedol*, a spruce young fellow of some education, was bribed, at considerable cost, to personate Vivian Jellicoe and to run away with Miss Marrable.

At length, Wednesday morning arrived; and with it came the last of the billet-doux that were fall into the spinster's hands. One of them had been composed by Vivian and Robert, and written by the former on pink paper, folded billet-doux wise. It ran as follows:

MY OWN AMY.—I have satisfactorily arranged everything. The carriage will be at the door of the hotel at nine o'clock. I shall not show myself, for your aunt may be about. Be careful therefore to avoid her; and enter the carriage as quickly as possible. In order that there may be no mistake, I have told the driver to wear a white choker round his neck. I hope that you will be punctual. Everything depends upon punctuality. Till nine o'clock, good-bye.

Your most devoted
VIVIAN.

Miss Marrable, after reading this note, refolded it as usual, and took care that it reached Amy. Then, with the consciousness that she was about to perpetrate a grand and good action, she sat down in her own room, and waited for Amy's reply to be brought to her by the treacherous maid. The note which was very brief, came to Miss Marrable in less than half an hour. "DEAR VIV," wrote Amy, "I will be ready, and will look out for the white choker.—Your loving A."

In spite of the ordeal which was before her, the good old spinster was perfectly calm and unflurried. At one o'clock she made a very hearty luncheon; at half-past two she took her nieces for a walk, and talked to them with extraordinary affability and, just as if the occasion were an ordinary one, retired early to bed. She slept being too peppery, the fish too cold, and the mutton too underdone. Her coolness was admirable. Lucy and Amy, on the other hand could scarcely conceal their excitement and agitation. They each looked at least a hundred times during dinner at the clock upon the mantel-piece; and they each started and turned red whenever the noise of carriage-wheels without was heard. After dinner Miss Marrable went again to her room and began to make her preparations.

"How sad it will be," she thought to herself, "for poor young Jellicoe when I discover myself and overwhelm him with reproaches. Men are but poor creatures. Perhaps he will faint. Yes; I will take my salts-bottle." She wrapped herself in an ulster belonging to Amy, and having shrouded her face in a thick veil, took a seat at the window, which happened to be immediately above the front door of the hotel.

Meantime, Edward Griffiths the billiard-marker was ill at ease. He knew Miss Marrable by sight, and looked forward with terror to the prospect of an encounter with her at close quarters. Nevertheless, he had Vivian Jellicoe's five pound note in his pocket, and he was determined to see the affair bravely through. He felt, however, that his natural bravery would not be sufficient to support him; and he therefore, at about six o'clock, began swallowing a succession of potent doses of whiskey-and-water, with the object of laying in a stock of Dutch courage. Whether the whiskey was bad or the water too powerful, I cannot say; but at ten minutes to nine, when Vivian Jellicoe arrived to give final directions and counsel to his substitute, he found Edward Griffiths decidedly the worse of liquor. Fortunately the young fellow was neither quarrelsome nor noisy in his cups. His main ambition seemed to be to go to sleep in peace; and no sooner had Vivian bundled him into one corner of the carriage, which was in waiting in the stable-yard, that Mr. Griffiths incontinently slumbered. The carriage was then driven round to the front-door of the hotel. Miss Marrable, from her post of vantage, saw it, and remarking that the coachman wore a white choker, descended at once, and listened, as she went, outside Amy's room, to satisfy herself that that young lady had not forestalled her. The porter with alacrity opened the carriage-door. In the dark shadows of the interior, Miss Marrable caught sight of the figure of a man; and making sure that all was right, she entered at once. An instant later she was being whirled northward along the lonely Harlech Road.

Half an hour afterwards, two other carriages left the hotel, but in the opposite direction. In one of them were Lucy and Mr. Rhodes; and in the other, Amy and Mr. Jellicoe. It was near midnight ere they arrived at the Browns' house at Llanyltid; but the Browns were all up and waiting for them, and the two runaway couples were warmly welcomed, and hospitably taken care of.

Miss Marrable was less fortunate. As soon as the carriage in which she sat had been driven beyond the lights of the town, she threw aside her veil, and gazed with magnificent scorn towards the dim form upon the seat in front of her. The look eliciting no response of any kind, Miss Marrable ventured to cough, at first gently, and then with considerable violence; but still the figure took no notice.

"This is exceedingly strange," thought the spinster lady. "I must adopt more active measures."

And with great tenderness she prodded Mr. Griffiths with the point of her umbrella. The billiard-marker groaned in his sleep. "Mr. Jellicoe!" she exclaimed in her deepest and most threatening tones. She had counted upon this exclamation producing an instantaneous and astonishing effect upon her companion; and she was wofully disappointed when he merely groaned again.

"Gracious!" she said to herself; "he is ill. He would never go on like that, if he were not ill. The fright has been too much for him. Oh, how sorry I am! These men are such weak creatures. I must stop the carriage!" And, throwing down the sash of the window, she put out her head and cried to the driver to pull up his horses. But the driver, like the billiard marker, had been very liberally fee'd; and he was determined that nothing would stop him until he reached Harlech; he therefore cracked his whip, to drown Miss Marrable's voice, and drove down the next hill at a pace which threatened to shake the carriage to pieces.

"Stop, stop! For goodness' sake stop!" shouted Miss Marrable; but finding that her words were not listened to, she drew in her head, and strove to revive the wretched man in front of her. She held her salts-bottle to his nose; she chafed his hands; she fanned his brow; and she allowed his feverish head to rest upon her shoulder; but she could not awaken him.

"If he should die!" she thought. "I intended to frighten him; but not so much so this. Oh! this is terrible!" And once more she tried to prvail upon the driver to stop; but in vain. The sight of distant lights, however, gave her at length some satisfaction. The carriage entered a long avenue, the gate of which lay freely opened for it; and about an hour and a quarter after leaving Abermaw, it drew up before the Joneses' house near Harlech.

With a sigh of relief, Miss Marrable threw open the door and sprang out, to find herself in the presence of fallow-down people who were congregated upon the steps.

"Quick!" she cried; "don't ask questions! He is ill; he is dying. Take him out!"

The Joneses, who had not been prepared for the apparition of a middle-aged spinster, and who were expecting Mr. Jellicoe and Miss Allerton, were somewhat astonished.

"Who is ill?" asked Mr. Tom Jones, the son and heir of the family.

"Oh! Mr. Jellicoe! Be quick! For mercy's sake, be quick!"

"You don't mean it?" cried Tom, rushing to the carriage to succour his friend. But an instant later he burst into a violent fit of laughter. "Why, its not Jellicoe at all," he said. "It's Griffiths, the billiard-marker from the *Cae-y-Gedol*; and he is hopelessly drunk. Nice companion, indeed!"

Miss Marrable is, as I have already said, a woman without weaknesses. On hearing this announcement, however, she fainted away. When, thanks to the kind attention of the female members of the Jonesses' family, she revived, she indignantly charged those estimable people with having deliberately plotted her discomforture; and she insisted upon at once returning to Abermaw; tic, volunteered to drive Miss Marrable back to the *Cae-y-Gedol Hotel*; and by twelve o'clock, or shortly afterwards, she was again in her own room. It was then that she learned of the desertion of Lucy and Amy. I need not describe how she received the news, and how she declared that her abandoned nieces should never again behold her face; nor that although she is a woman without weaknesses, she passed the greater part of the remainder of the night in violent hysterics. She telegraphed next day to Mr. Larkspur and Mr. Allerton; and repairing to the *Red Cow*, furiously denounced Sir Thomas Jellicoe as the basest and most heartless of men!

Three weeks afterwards, however, the edge of her anger had worn off. Lucy and Amy were married. It was foolish, but, perhaps, it was not wholly inexcusable; and thus reasoning, Miss Marrable, in the goodness of her heart, determined to gradually receive them back into her favour. But she has never wholly forgiven Lucy for suggesting the substitution of the billiard-marker for Vivian Jellicoe.

"My dear," she says, when she retells the story, of her drive to Harlech, "the wretched man was perfectly saturated with whiskey, and I really don't know what he might not have done if I hadn't kept my eye steadily on him. But beneath my gaze he cowered, my dear, positively cowered! I never saw a savage brute so completely tamed."

And to this day Miss Marrable believes that but for her Eye, the billiard-marker might—horrid thought!—have run away with her too.

THE MERRY CAPITAL OF THE CZAR.

A Series of Brilliant Balls in St. Petersburg—Wealth Beginning to Overshadow Aristocracy.

Everybody is dancing and singing in St. Petersburg, from the Czar and the Czarina to the dvornik and the chambermaid. Recently the autocrat gave a brilliant ball in the Palace, opening the ball season here. About 3,000 guests in glittering uniforms and dresses filled the immense rooms of the gloomy palace, ornamented with costly tropical plants. At 10 p.m. the Emperor and the Empress entered the dancing hall of Nicholas, followed by the members of the imperial family. In the first dance the Czar led the Czarina; in the second he led Lady Thornton, the wife of the English Ambassador, the Czarina dancing with Gen. Schewenitis, the German Ambassador; in the third the august host led Mme. Appert, the wife of the French Ambassador, and the hostess had Shakir Pasha, the Turkish Ambassador, as her partner. The Czar wore the uniform of the cavalry guards, and the Czarina a white satin dress richly ornamented with fresh roses and lilies. On her head she had a superb diamond diadem. At midnight supper was served. Military bands played in every room. Massive silverware shone brightly on the tables covered with fresh hyacinths and tulips. The Czarina had the German Ambassador on her right, and the Turkish Ambassador on her left side. The Czar, as a hospitable host, went from one table to another, exchanging words with all his guests.

Following the example of the Czar, every Minister and Ambassador and all the rich and titled St. Petersburgers hurried to give balls. The German, French and Turkish Ambassadors each give a ball that stirred the aristocratic public and the fashionable dressmakers.

Among the novelties of the season electric bouquets and table ice are much in favor. The bouquets of the ladies and the necktie pins of the gentlemen are connected with a minute electric battery, secreted by the ladies in their dress, and by gentlemen in the side pockets. The electric current can be closed or interrupted at any time at the will of the bearer of the battery. These bouquets and pins with their electric flashes surprise and amuse the unscientific public. Ice is made to serve both an ornamental and a useful purpose at balls. A huge piece of ice, artistically carved, is placed on a silver tray and lighted from within. In the excavations in the ice they pour either wine or cream, or both, of which the dancers partake.

Millionaire Krutikoff, a tea merchant, on the occasion of his marriage with Miss Sinebrubooff, gave a ball, to which were invited all the leading merchants of both capitals. In the hall of the Nobles' Assembly there were gathered fully 1,500 guests. Perhaps never before were so many diamonds seen in that hall. Every matron and maiden sparkled like a constellation in miniature. Mrs. Avchinnikoff alone wore diamonds worth a quarter of a million dollars. At this ball the young men appeared in the red, white, and blue tail coats of the French pattern, worn under the Directory. This innovation, however, displeased the Czar, for, as he remarked, "We are not yet under the empire, and not under a directory." So the Russian dudes must pack up their red, white, and blue coats, and keep them, till a directory shall be proclaimed in Russia.

It is becoming evident that the golden bourgeois is more and more talking the lead of the titled aristocrat even in the Czar's country. Nowadays many a prince, count, and baron longs for the society of financial kings, for they only give excellent dinners, treat to the best wines, and present to their daughters for dowry baskets of diamonds. The old times has gone by when the Russian merchants entreated some uniformed General to honor them with his presence at their balls and dinners. Nowadays the wearers of glittering uniforms and ancient, aristocratic shields flock around the rich and hospitable merchants like tramps longing for a free lunch.

Too Strict.

In Germany, the police regulations are very strict, and any violation of them is promptly punished. The people have a holy terror of the law. Two gentlemen happened to meet in Berlin, and the following conversation took place:

"Have you heard the dreadful news about Miller?"

"No, what is it?"

"He was in a boat in the river. He fell overboard, and was drowned. The water was too deep."

"Didn't he know how to swim?"

"Swim! Don't you know that all persons are forbidden by the police to swim in the river?"

A Wonderful Boy—Suicides in France—Don Carlos—The Newspaper in Russia, &c., &c.

Gounod has completed a new work, an oratorio, which is entitled "Mors et Vita," and is a sequel to the "Redemption."

A four-year-old boy at Felicity, O., is the sensation in that town, as he can or is alleged to be able to read books and papers at sight, though he was never instructed.

More than a million head of cattle wintered in the Territory of Wyoming, and the general "round up" of this enormous number will begin about the middle of May.

The census returns for 1883 give the population of Berlin as 1,226,302 of whom 20,587 are soldiers. In 1850 the population was only 419,720, of whom 17,647 were soldiers.

A new ladies' club has been started in London, close to Piccadilly. The Countess of Portsmouth, Lady Elizabeth Cust, Lady Mary Harvey, and Lady Knightley are on the council.

It is calculated that there are now residing in the United States nearly a thousand Japanese, and of this number it is said that not one has ever been convicted of any criminal offence in an American court.

In France, according to the statisticians, suicides are rapidly increasing, not only among adults with real woes or sufferings to account for their rash act, but also among juveniles, who make away with themselves for the most trivial causes.

Father Anderledy, the proposed new general of the Jesuits, is now at Rome, lodged in the palace in Piazza Margana, which belongs to the order. The number of living Roman Catholic Cardinals is fifty-six, so that fourteen hats are still vacant. It is said that these will also soon be supplied.

In London the policemen are not allowed to carry revolvers lest they might be tempted to use them too carelessly. A recent and somewhat protracted discussion of the question of arming the police has ended in providing for them no more formidable weapon than a new and improved whistle.

It is said that the claimant, Sir Roger, is to adopt the stage as a profession on his release from Portland prison, which will now shortly take place. The first character in which he will appear is *Sir John Falstaff*. He was to have been installed in a public house, but it was felt he had enough of trial at bar already.

The worshippers at a church at Siloam, Col., went on Sunday night as usual to service, but found that the bats had taken possession of the house and were so thick and aggressive that the service was necessarily postponed. On Tuesday the deacons inaugurated a bat hunt, and behind one of the window casings found and killed 241 of them.

M. Chevreul, the eminent scientist, who is nearly 98 years of age, was delivering a lecture on chemistry the other day at the Paris Museum of Natural History. Referring to a certain phenomenon in chemical change, he said: "This fact was first mentioned to me in 1804 by a Leipsic student named Schamberger, or Schomberger, I am not quite sure which. It is curious, but I am beginning to lose my memory for names."

The death is announced of M. Massari, a member of the Italian Parliament, who was the friend of Cavour and biographer of Victor Emanuel. During the period of the formation of Italian unity he was in correspondence with all sorts and conditions of men, from Napoleon III. to Mazzini, and he has left behind him a collection of papers containing much secret and unwritten history. On account of the compromising characters of these documents, the Government seal has been placed on them, and they may never see the light.

Don Carlos is staying at the Hotel Grande Brettagna, Naples, under the name of Count de Lacar, attended only by his secretary and two servants. He was advised by the physicians to try Naples in order to get rid of an obstinate bronchitis. His ordinary residence is the Palazzo Loredano of Venice. His wife, the Duchess of Madrid, Margherita of Bourbon, and daughter of the ex-Duke of Parma, resides at her own castle near Viareggio in Tuscany. She spends millions in charity. Their eldest son is at school in England.

The American marksman, Irk Paine, whose wonderful shooting at the gallery of Gastienne Repetti, in the Avenue d'Antin, has recently attracted many Parisians of note, and who drew crowds to his performances at the Folies Bergeres, is now exhibiting his skill at the Canterbury Theatre of Varieties in London. The London *Standard* says of him: "His frame is admirably suited to the accomplishment of such feats of nerve and steadiness of aim as he nightly undertakes. He has shoulders of great width and is as firm as a rock, this qualification, added to his certainty of eye, rendering him as accurate as a piece of machinery. Nothing less, indeed, is requisite for such tasks as hitting a nut placed on the head of a young lady."

Western doctors say that some of their medical colleges are so greatly in want of students that the so-called preliminary examinations are a mere farce. It seems that last autumn a young man, after paying his advance fees to a medical institution, desired to attend another college, and requested that his money be returned. This being refused, the youth determined to display great ignorance at the preliminary examinations, and, out of the twenty-five questions put to him, answered but three correctly. Certain of his rejection, he called upon the dean next day for his money. He was informed, however, with great affability, that his examination had been entirely satisfactory. The college cashed the claim only after a lawsuit was threatened.

They are learning how to advertise in Paris. A curious scene was witnessed the other day in a fashionable quarter. A fashionably dressed young man walked into a well known cafe; then, having managed to attract some attention, he sauntered up and down the garden, finally seating himself at a small table. To him came a person who, from his conversation, proved to be a tailor and who accused him in warm words of being ungrateful, stating he had dressed him on credit for five years. The young fellow fired up and declared himself insulted. A crowd gathered and eager ears listened to the high words. Finally, to convince his quondam tailor that another house was cheaper and better, the late client pulled out the bill for the garments he wore. The and the open mouthed crowd drank it in. The enterprising tailor who got up this little drama found the profit.

The Russian authorities ruling over the newspaper press continue to distinguish themselves by effecting the most ridiculous results. When the funeral of the late Count Vladimir Adlerberg took place recently, the Emperor and Empress and nearly all the Imperial Grand Dukes and Duchesses were the most conspicuous among the chief mourners, and the emperor even rode for a short distance behind the remains in the procession, which is an honor reserved by the Russian Czars almost entirely for deceased members of their own imperial families. For three days the *Official Messenger* did not publish a single word about this great public funeral, and all the other journals gave their different accounts without uttering a syllable as to the presence of the imperial family. They were deterred by the standing order forbidding all mention of movements of imperial personages until officially chronicled in the *Government Gazette*. Yet the fact of the imperial presence at the funeral was telegraphed the same night to Moscow, and unreservedly published the next day in M. Katkoff's favored journal.

A Crystal Throne.

A work of art has recently been on exhibition in the show-room of a firm of manufacturers in Birmingham, which may be described as a magnificent example of high art work in glass, and is probably the finest work of its kind that has ever been attempted, and has had bestowed upon it infinite pains, with the most happy results. It is a crystal throne, intended for transmission to India, and is in the form of a capacious armchair, with pillars springing from the back and arms carrying a dome-shaped canopy, at the apex of which is a large star radiating in all directions. The total height is nine feet six inches. Brilliant crimson velvet has been employed for the cushions, and wood and iron are used to a certain extent to afford the requisite strength to the structure; but both these materials are covered with bright plating and enclosed in glass, so that their presence is imperceptible. The glass employed is white, of the purest quality, and every part of the service has been cut, even to the spiral molding of the rear pillars, giving to the work a dazzling lustre. The front legs are solid crystal, boldly modeled, and terminate above the arm in pine-shaped finials, each of which is cut into 224 mathematically accurate facets, causing it to look like a huge diamond. The canopy is Mooresque in design and forms half an octagon. Crockated ribs divide the dome into panels, which are richly cut upon their upper surface. Round the margin runs a cornice having scallop-shaped ornaments projecting upward and a drooping edge beneath, designed to look like pendant gems. It is said to be impossible to describe with accuracy many of the subordinate decorative features of this work. No fewer than 176 kinds have been fitted together with such remarkable ingenuity as to make them appear as though they were but one. The throne is accompanied by a footstool, also in crystal, and altogether, the work possesses such a lustrousness and beauty, associated with imposing dimensions, as to make it worthy of the most magnificent of Oriental displays.

Power of an Avalanche.

The Denver (Col.) *News* says: One of the grandest snow-slides that ever occurred in Colorado took place a few days ago, just back of the Upper Twin Lakes. Judge Harlan, an eye-witness, says it was the most sublime sight he ever witnessed. Just back of Twin Lakes are Pomeroy, Gordon and Francis gulches, on each side of which the mountains rise thousands of feet. The sides of these giants of the Rockies had been covered during the heavy and protracted storms with an enormous depth of snow, until the weight had become such that it could be sustained no longer. The Judge says that, as it happened, he was standing where he could see the avalanche perfectly. All at once his ears were greeted with a low, rumbling sound that seemed like the roar of a distant storm, and almost simultaneously an immense volume of snow began to move down the mountain side in one of the gulches toward the road. The agitation seemed to break loose the snow from its moorings in the other two gulches, and almost before one had time to think hundreds of acres of snow were coming down the mountain with a roar like thunder, and filling the air with spray as they tore through the trees and carried everything before them. As they descended their velocity increased, until the rapidity with which the great field of snow and debris came down was something terrific. The distance, he says must have been a mile from where the avalanche started to the valley where it stopped. So deep was the snow that a grove of quaking asp, whose trees were from 20 to 40 feet high, was completely buried from sight. Logs a foot and a half in thickness, that lay in the way of the slide, were snapped in two like straws; trees that were too tall to be covered up were torn up from their rooted places in the mountain sides and carried like leaves with the avalanche. The velocity of air produced by the avalanche blew down trees that were clear outside of the track of the slide. Fortunately no one was in the way and no lives were lost.

Many people regret the past, especially stockholders when dividends are the things that are passed.

"What is a lake?" asked the teacher. A bright little boy raised his hand. "Well, what is it?" "Sure, it's a hole in the kittle."

"How shall we meet the spring?" asks a writer in *Harper's*. Meet it like a man, with a stiff neck and a cold in the head.

A boom is a thing that ought to be copyrighted. The man who gets up a boom for himself ought to be able to enjoy it.

It is easier to put a pair of cuff-buttons into a new pair of four-ply cuffs with your finger-nails cut down below the quick than to tell when spring has really set in to stay.

A fashionable color in spring feminine goods is "chalk-blue." New Yorkers say that the "pure country milk" sold in that city has been wearing this fashionable color for years.

James, who was trying to sew a new button on his coat, murmured. "They say there's a new yacht that makes fifteen miles an hour, but this thread makes twenty knots a minute.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, MAY 1, 1884.

——The Reform journals have figured down fine the expenses of the late session of the Dominion parliament. The total amount of money voted for all purposes is said to be $83,771,000, being at the rate of $1,281,092.33 for every day Parliament sat; $25,621 for every hour; $440 a minute and about $74 a second.

——The celebrated conspiracy came up for hearing at the assize court in Toronto on Tuesday. Counsel for the defendants objected to the indictment on the ground that it was insufficient, and after a lengthy argument it was arranged that the case should come up before the full court of Queen's bench, sometime during this month. These postponements are indications that the case will never go to a jury.

——On Sunday last Hon. Mr. Bowell reached Belleville with the remains of his late wife who died on the 2nd of April at Los Angelos, California, whither she had gone for her health. The remains of the deceased lady, having been embalmed, presented quite a natural appearance, being encased in an air-tight metallic coffin. The funeral took place on Tuesday from the residence of her daughter, Mrs. C.P. Holton, and was one of the largest ever witnessed in Belleville, where the deceased lady had lived almost her lifetime and was universally respected. A large number of handsome floral decorations were sent from Ottawa, Montreal and Toronto, a particularly handsome one from the Orangemen being noticeable. Prominent gentlemen from the above cities were also present at the funeral. We beg to add our sympathy with the Hon. gentleman and his family in their affliction.

Lumbering.

A correspondent writes: The Messrs. McLaren, Caldwall and Gilmore are making extensive preparations for the "drives." The two former on the Mississippi waters—which according to the late decision of the Privy Council is free to all—and the latter on the Schoote, its lakes and its tributaries. Owing to litigation and a large quantity of logs, some cut over three years, belonging to Messrs. Caldwell have not been driven, and these logs, some 65,000, besides 12,000 belonging to Mr. Sutherland, taken over the tramway last summer by the Gilmour firm, will be floated down their respective streams, as well as the past winter's cut, amounting to from eighty to one hundred thousand belonging to the Gilmour firm. The Messrs. McLaren will have about the same, if not more than one hundred thousand, and there are some others, making even this low priced lumber season pretty brisk for driving.

Obituary.

About the 20th of March last there passed away from amongst us one who had for many years been identified with this part of the County of Hastings. Mrs. Amy Rose, wife of George W. Rose and the daughter of the late Thomas Ketcheson, of Sidney.

She was born Feb. 20th, 1821; married to Mr. Rose on October 19th, 1847, came with her husband to Madoc a few weeks after, and made a home on Lot 10, in the 8th Concession, where the family have resided up to the present. She was the mother of six sons and six daughters, eleven of whom now survive her. She became a member of the Methodist Church in 1845, and her home was known as a place where ministers of that denomination could ever find a kindly welcome. At three different times her home was shared for six months each with the Rev. Mr. Fawcett, Rev. Mr. Harris, and Rev. Mr. Sing, and in every case free of charge. Her life was a quiet and unostentatious one, but rich in neighborly acts and Christian charity. Through the most of her life she enjoyed good health until within the last year, when, on a visit to Bancroft, she was taken seriously ill. She did not wholly recover, though able to attend to some household duties. A couple of weeks before her death her illness became serious, and terminated as stated above. Her end was as her life indicated—peace—dying with a firm and unfaltering trust in the atonement of Christ. Forty-three years of her life passed in one locality, with the associations that grew up around her, makes her loss more than an ordinary one to those who were acquainted with her.

So pass away the pioneers of this part of the country, but not lost if, like her, they have a hope of a better country.

Com.

Madoc, April 26, 1884.

Job Line Tweeds.—300 pieces saved from the fire—will clear out at cost. Cross & Mouncey.

County and District News.

Compiled and Culled Down from our Exchanges

Stirling fire company is to be reorganized.

Boats have commenced their regular trips on the bay.

Great activity prevails in the shipyard at Deseronto.

About 420 have joined the Salvation Army in Peterborough.

An effort is being made in Napanee to close all the billiard rooms.

Loans amounting to $98,800 were made by a Napanee firm last week.

Deseronto people have petitioned against any licenses being granted.

Bridgewater is delighted with the idea of securing railway connection with Tamworth.

Emigrant boys from Marchmont Home, Belleville, have been sent all the way to Pembroke.

Two additional express trains will soon be placed on the Grand Trunk making eight trains per day.

Rev. T. Godden, Episcopal clergyman of Stirling, received an Easter offering of $65 from his parishoners.

The Salvation Army must be doing good work in Stirling. One hundred have already professed conversion.

Deseronto people amuse themselves by shooting their neighbors' cats. The aims of our neighbors are very worthy.

Since reorganization the Stirling Brass Band have raised over $300, and are now coming out in gorgeous uniform.

Mr. Herbert Phillips, of Rawdon, had his leg broken in two places, being crushed between a waggon and a falling tree.

It is thought that the C. P. R. Syndicate will obtain possession of the K. & P. R. R and Kingston Locomotive Works.

Several stores and hotels in Frankford have been burglarized. The spoil has been chiefly of liquors, hardware, about $50 in money, and a gold watch.

In a drunken row at Colebrook, last Friday, a man named Boyce stabbed another named Radford with a knife. The wounded man is not expected to recover.

On Monday last Mr. McHenry, of Adolphustown, while working in his barn fell from the loft to the floor, a distance of 13 feet, and had his right arm broken.

A sad accident occurred at Crooked Creek, near Arden, last Thursday. Mr. Charles Loucks, who resided near Napanee, while engaged in raising a dam, fell into the water and was drowned.

Wolfe Island has an apple tree of immense size, its branches extending 55 feet in opposite directions. It bears three or four varities of fruit and has been known to yield twenty barrels of apples in one season.

A Brass Band has been organized at Deseronto. This makes seven bands in the County, there being one at each of the following places:—Belleville, Trenton, Deseronto, Tweed, Stirling, Madoc and Marmora.

A fatal accident happened on the Napanee, Tamworth & Quebec Railway on Saturday morning last. While Daniel Clement was passing from one car to another of the construction train he fell between them and was badly crushed, dying a couple of hours afterwards.

☞ Remember this—2 papers Ferry's New Seeds for 5 cents, at Deans' Drug and Seed Store.

Charles Loucks of Fredericksburgh, was drowned last Thursday in Crook's Creek a branch of the Salmon River in the township of Kennebec. The deceased who was in the employ of the Rathbun Company was working on the drive, and was at the time performing some duties about one of the dams when he lost his balance and fell into the creek.

☞ To Blacksmiths—No. 9 polished and pointed Horse Shoe Nails $2.50 per box at J. Dale & Son's. ☜

Grading on the Kingston & Pembroke R'y will be finished through from Kingston to Renfrew in July and traffic will be commenced in September. The work of filling in at Calabogie Lake is just about finished. This has been a heavy job, and a large force of men have been employed day and night for some time past. The total quantity filled in was forty thousand yards.

☞ Deans sells 2 papers Maroon's Seeds for 5 cents; 2 papers Steeles' Seeds for 5 cents. Don't forget the place, please.

The papers are full of cases of innocent farmers becoming victims to the hay-fork or other swindles. It is simply astonishing. Many of the victims take no papers, and may not have seen the scores of warnings. Other, again, do take papers, but forget what they read, or are credulous enough to let any smooth-tongued blackleg weedle them into the meshes. One is tempted to say they deserve little sympathy.

☞ For Root Crops! Red and Yellow Mangels, White Belgian Carrots, Yellow Belgian Carrots, for farm cultivation at Deans' Seed Store.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Notable Facts.—Intense heat augments the annoyance of skin disease, and encourages the development of febrile disorders; wherefore they should, as they may, be removed by these detergent and purifying preparations. In stomach complaints, liver affections, pains and spasms of the bowels, Holloway's ungent well rubbed over the affected part immediately gives the greatest ease, prevents congestion and inflammation, checks the threatening diarrhœa and averts incipient cholera. The poorer inhabitants of large cities will find these remedies to be their best friend when any pestilence rages, or when from unknown causes, eruptions, boils, abscesses, or ulcerations betoken the presence of taints or impurities within the system, and call for instant and effective curative medicines.

—Farmers and consumers of oil will do well to use the Queen City Oil Co's celebrated "Pearless" Machine Oils. For sale by all first class dealers. See their advertisement elsewhere.

☞ Warner's Safe Cure only one dollar per bottle at Deans' Drug and Seed Store.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COURT OF REVISION,

Township of Madoc.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Court of Revision for the Township of Madoc, will be held in the Town Hall, Madoc Village, on Monday, 26th day of May, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of hearing and determining complaints against the assessment for the current year. All parties interested are requested to govern themselves accordingly.

J. R. KETCHESON,
Township Clerk.

Madoc, May 1st, 1884. 366-4t

Farm for Sale.

THE undersigned is offering for sale that desirable property, described as Lots 29 and 30, in the 11th concession of the Township of Dungannon, containing 177 acres, nearly 60 acres cleared, with good, new frame house, 22x24, cook house attached, 12x14, log barn 24x32, and log house used as stable and dairy. All in good repair. There is an orchard containing 80 apple trees in part bearing. It is situated between L'Amable and Bancroft. Terms, half cash; balance on time at 7 per cent. interest. For further particulars apply to

W. M. SPURR,
Apr. 28, 1884. 356 L'Amable.

Lacrosse Shoes,
LADIES'
Long Rubber Boots,
—AND—
Gents' Cloth Uppers,
AT
T. ROBERTS,
BOOT AND SHOE STORE,
also a large assortment of
TRUNKS, VALISES,
ETC.

Tenders Wanted.

TENDERS for the erection of a Town Hall at Coe-hill, Wollaston, are invited.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the residence of the Reeve or at the office of the Clerk, The Ridge. Tenders received up to the 20th May, on which date the Council will meet at the Coe-hill office. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

The successful applicant will be required to enter into bonds to the satisfaction of the Council for the due performance of the contract.

By order,
H. T. MILLER,
Township Clerk.

The Ridge, April 25th, 1884. 366-3t

JULY EXAMINATIONS, 1884.

III CLASS (non-professional) will be held in Madoc, beginning at 9 a. m. on Monday, July 7th.

II CLASS (non-professional) at the same place, beginning at 9 a. m. on Wednesday, July 9th.

Candidates for District Certificates, and all candidates who are not in attendance at High Schools, must unite at Madoc (or Belleville). The examination for District Third Class will be on Reading, Writing, Grammar, Composition, Dictation, Arithmetic and Measuration, History, Geography, Mental Arithmetic and Literature, and on the same papers (in these subjects) as the examination for regular Third Class. In Literature, however, candidates for such certificates will not be expected to answer the questions on Burke's Reflections.

All candidates must forward to the undersigned, on or before June 1st, notice of the place where, and the class of certificate for which he desires to write, carefully mentioning the options he wishes to take, and the certificate (if any) he already holds. This notice must also be accompanied by a certificate of character and a fee of one dollar for each examination (excepting that for District Certificates) at which he wishes to write. Third Class teachers desiring an extension, either in July or at the end of the current year, must write at the July Examinations, otherwise the Minister of Education will refuse extensions, except in very exceptional cases.

Examinations for Entrance to High Schools will be held, beginning, at 9 a. m., on July 3rd and 4th, at Madoc and Stirling, and, if necessary, an effort will be made to have one held at Bancroft.

WM. MACINTOSH,
Inspector of Schools, N. Hastings.

Madoc, April 29.

FIRE IN MADOC.

D. FOX,

Is opening out in Madoc with
FRESH "NEW GOODS,"
far ahead of, and much cheaper than any damaged goods.

Wait for his opening, which will be in a few days, and will be duly announced.

D. FOX.

April 24th, 365

Clothing, Clothing.

The Great One-Price Clothing House.

We will give every purchaser of a
$12.00 SUIT OF CLOTHES, AND UPWARDS,
—ONE OF THE—
CELEBRATED STEM WINDING WATCHES,
guaranteed to keep correct time.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.
POST OFFICE BLOCK,

Hardware!

Builders, and those intending to build, will find our prices RIGHT for all their requirements, such as
BUTT HINGES,
STRAP & T HINGES,
SCREW HINGES,
NAILS,
LOCKS,
LATCHES,
HASPS,
HOOKS,
PLANES,
SQUARES,
HAMMERS,
and all the other sundries, also
GLASS,
PUTTY,
TURPENTINE,
VARNISHES,
JAPAN,
BOILED & RAW OIL,
WARRANTED WHITE LEAD,
RED LEAD.
and various dry colors,
PAINT BRUSHES,
WHITE WASH BRUSHES,
SCRUB BRUSHES,
SHOE BRUSHES.

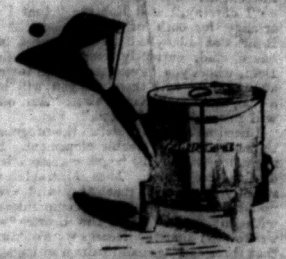
FULL LINE OF MACHINE OILS.

BABBIT METAL.

TINWARE.

We are offering special value in
MILK CANS,
MILK PANS,
MILK PAILS,
MILK STRAINERS,
STRAINER PAILS,
BOILERS,
TEAKETTLES,
STEAMERS,
CULLENDERS,
WASH BOWLS,
DIPPERS,
TRAPOTS,
OIL CANS.
and all the other sundries belonging to Housefurnishing.

No man can sit on the fence and plant onions, but he can sit on this



Patent Combined Milk Bucket and Stool,
and milk with perfect ease, and save time, milk and money. Just call and see it—it speaks for itself. No farmer should be without it.

FULL LINE COOK STOVES.

SPECIALTIES.
SARVEN — PATENT — BUGGY WHEELS,
BENT RIMS, BENT SHAFTS, BENT POLES, HICKORY & OAK SPOKES (all seasoned), ARMSTONG'S PATENT BUGGY SPRINGS, ARMSTRONG'S PATENT SEAT SPRING, PLASTER PARIS, PORTLAND CEMENT, STOVE & BLACKSMITH COAL, LAND PLASTER.

BUCKTHORN FENCING.

R. R. CASEMENT & CO.,
Sign of the Circular Saw,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc, Ont.

Latest Local News.

—May-Day.

—M. E. Conference meets at Stirling this week.

—It [illegible] street sprinkler this season?

—Mr. J. S. Cook, of Deseronto, gave us a call last week.

—Village Council will meet on Monday evening next

—Many farmers in this section are well on with their spring seeding.

—A daily mail service has been started between Bridgewater and Flinton.

—Mr. Coe's new "Petcherons" are the attractions in horse flesh in this section now.

—They are already talking about moonlight excursions and picnics along the front.

—We understand Mr. Latimer intends erecting a new dwelling and bakery this summer.

—The store in Mrs. Wright's Block is being enlarged and refitted for Mr. Fox's occupancy.

—Mr. F. Houston is preparing plans for a new residence to be built in Madoc this summer for Mr. Fred. Rollins.

—F. E. O'Flynn, B. A., goes to Toronto this week for his first examination before the law society at Osgoode Hall.

—Mr. George Conley has again taken possession of the Windsor Hotel. Mr. Acker has removed from the village.

—The Italians who have wintered over in this village are having an easy time. They do not appear anxious for work.

—Look into the windows of the Madoc Boot and Shoe Store as you pass. Mr. Roberts has on exhibition one of the best stocks of Boots and Shoes ever brought into this village.

—The rebuilding of Wilson's block is going on rapidly, the first story being almost completed. This time two of the stores will be wider than the old ones, while one will be a single store.

—The teachers of North and South Hastings will hold a union institute at Belleville on May 22nd and 23rd. Prof. Degroff, of Washington, D. C., will address them and deliver two public lectures.

—County Crown Attorney Coleman, of Belleville, died last week after a protracted illness. Already there is a scramble for the office thus rendered vacant. It is rumored that one of the firm of Clute & Williams will be appointed.

—The second number of *The School Supplement*, published by Eaton, Gibson & Co., Toronto, has been received. It more than confirms our opinion of the first number, that it is the handsomest periodical of the kind we have ever seen. Every teacher, especially, should try it.

—We congratulate the Toronto *Morning World* on its reappearance on Saturday last, with the cheery words "good morning," and clothed with all its original spice and vigor. The *World* deserved a better fate than death, and we hope we may never have to mourn its demise again. "Good morning to you, brother."

—That model of journalistic ability and neatness, the Peterborough *Review*, has had its weekly edition enlarged lately so that it is now not only one of the largest but the most newsy and readable paper in the Dominion. Our namesake is our ideal of what a model newspaper should be. Its success is apparent; may it always continue so.

Changed Hands.

We understand Mr. Wooley has disposed of his stage line between Madoc and Belleville, to Mr. James Whytock. Mr. Lester McTaggart will drive in future.

M. E. Conference.

Rev. Mr. Baker, M. A., left on Tuesday, for Conference which meets this year at Stirling. We understand he will endeavor to make arrangements for supplying both Methodist pulpits in this village next Sunday with ministers from the Conference.

[Just as we go to press a telegram from Mr. Baker says Rev. A. T. Ferguson will preach in the M. E. Church in the morning and Rev. B. L. Hutton in the evening, and *vice versa* in the C. M. Church.]

New Regalia.

Madoc Lodge of Oddfellows this week received from Toronto their new set of officers' regalia and lodge paraphernalia, costing about $170. The regalia is much more handsome than the set destroyed by the late fire. Their new lodge room in the Wilson Block will be fitted up better in every respect than the old one. In the meantime visiting members will find everything running smoothly and regularly in their present quarters in the Weiss Block.

Ontario and Quebec Railway.

The authorities of the Ontario and Quebec Railway expect that the road will be completed by May 1st, and that passenger trains will be running between Ottawa and Toronto within one month from that day. The completion of the Ontario and Quebec Railway, a part of the Canadian Pacific system, means the opening up of a powerful competing line against the monopoly hitherto enjoyed by the Grand Trunk. The main line of the O. & Q. R'y, which runs from Toronto to Perth, is 299½ miles in length, official measurement; there it connects with the Canadian Pacific, which in turn connects with the Occidental Railway, which again connecting with the Intercolonial Railway gives a thorough route to the seaboard. The road-bed of the Ontario and Quebec Railway is entirely completed between Perth and Toronto, or rather Carlton Junction, and here it connects with the Credit Valley for the west, and the Toronto, Grey & Bruce for the north.

Sixty-Fifth Anniversary.

Sermon to Madoc Oddfellows.

Following the general custom of the order, the members of Madoc Lodge, I. O. O. F., attended church in a body on Sabbath evening last, in commemoration of the Sixty-fifth anniversary of the Order in America. The sermon was preached by Rev. Foster McAmmond, B. A., in the Methodist Church of Canada. There was a large turnout of the resident members of the Lodge, and in addition the church was filled to its utmost capacity. The rev. gentleman took for the subject of his discourse the 30th to the 37th verses of the 10th chapter of Luke, narrating the parable of the Good Samaritan. He referred, in forcible and eloquent language, to the beautiful lessons taught by that act of christian charity, and very aptly applied it to the work Oddfellowship was doing throughout the world. The sermon was exceedingly appropriate, and could not fail to be appreciated by the members of the Order present.

The Oddfellows attended the church without regalia of any kind, their new outfit not having come to hand in time.

Nearly Completed.

"All Aboard for Wollaston."

In about two weeks more the iron horse will wake the echos around Coe Hill in Wollaston. Yesterday the work of laying the rails on the Central Ontario Railway over the uncompleted 11 miles on the north end of the road was resumed, and we are informed the work will be done in the time above specified, and the first train arrive at the Wollaston mine. We congratulate the owners of this road on such an exhibition of enterprise that has characterized them in this undertaking. To build such a length of railway, through such a country, without asking a dollar of outside aid, is an event of rare occurrance in railroading. Coe hill mine is a big thing, however, and they will get their reward.

GREY COTTONS.—Great bargains—a yard wide and an inch thick—6c., at Cross & Mouncey's.

A Narrow Escape.

On Sunday last the dwelling house of Mr. Palmer Baker, of Tudor, was discovered to be on fire. It is supposed to have caught from sparks from a stove-pipe. Through the energy and activity of Messrs. J. McGuire and N. Green, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Baker and two little children, who were the only occupants at the time, the flames were subdued after an hour of hard work. Loss to building about $100. No insurance.

BANKRUPT STOCK of Teas, purchased at 68c. on the dollar, and sold at wholesale price, by Cross & Mouncey.

A Thief Captured.

Last week a man named Boyd, from Peterborough, was arrested at Keller's Bridge for stealing a buggy and set of single harness from a Peterborough man. The arrest was made by a Peterborough constable, who tracked his man all the way. The prisoner had sold the buggy and harness to Mr. Thomas Reynolds, at Thanet. He was brought before E. D. O'Flynn, Esq., J. P., who committed him for trial, and he was taken back to Peterborough.

JOB LINES.—Two hundred Men's Suits to be sold fifty per cent. below usual prices, saved from late fire, by Cross & Mouncey.

Orange Judd.

Editor of the *American Agriculturist* for some thirty years, but unconnected with its business management for a year or two past, has lately retired from its editorial department and located in the West. He desires to gather a complete "Postal-Card Album" of his old Readers and Friends, and requests them all to send him now a Postal giving their present location and address, naming also, when convenient, the years in which they were his subscribers. Mr. Judd's address is Chicago, Illinois.

NEW MILLINERY.—A large assortment to open this week, at Cross & Mouncey's.

Spring Assizes.

The Grand Jury at the Assizes in Belleville last week found "no bills" against William Crosby, of this village, in connection with the recent charges against him.

Wm. Jenkins vs. Chas. J. Pusey.—Action to recover value of services rendered by plaintiff for defendant. Plaintiff says he engaged with defendant for a year at $2 per day, prospecting for mines in the northern part of the County, &c. Defence—$2 per day for such time as the plaintiff was engaged. Verdict for plaintiff $585. Clute and Williams for plaintiff; Biggar for defendant.

BOYS' SUITS from $1.75 to $5.00, at Cross & Mouncey's.

Wollaston Notes.

Mr. Richard Tivy of Millbridge, has square timber on the ground for his new store at the mine.... Mr. Robert Wiggins is building a frame house on his farm.... A new high pressure engine of 40 horse (hoisting) power has just been put into position at the mine .... Mr. Langman is building a store at the mine for the supply of butcher's meat and groceries.... Town Hall matters have advanced a stage. Tenders are invited for the erection of the building, and contracts have already been made with A. Watt for the supply of square timber, and Robt. Waddington for building the stone foundation.

Fire at the Hematite.

The Engine House and a Quantity of Wood Destroyed.

About five o'clock on Tuesday morning the ringing of the fire bell in this village aroused many of our citizens, but it soon stopped and but few got up to enquire the cause. The alarm was given on account of a fire at the Hematite mine, about four and a half miles from the village, by a party who came down to inform Mr. Coe, the owner, of the occurrance. Mr. W. S. Volume, who has charge of operations at the mine, and lives near at hand, observed the fire shortly after it must have broke out in the boiler and engine house, but it had obtained too much headway before sufficient help arrived to arrest its progress. The building in which the boiler and engine were situated, and in which the fire originated, was totally destroyed, together with the contents. The fire then communicated to the wood pile adjoining, between 75 and 100 cords of which, we are informed, were also burned. We understand work had only been re-commenced for the season the day before. How the fire originated is a mystery. The loss is partly covered by insurance.

Birth.

VANKLEEK.—On the 17th of April, the wife of Mr. S. M. Vankleek, of the Monk Road, Bancroft, of a son.

HULIN.—In Madoc village, on 29th April, the wife of Mr. Wilson Hulin, of a son.

Died.

CHAMBERS.—At the residence of her son, Mr. James Chambers, Madoc, Mary Chambers, at the advanced age of 86 years, 1 month and 25 days.

TIVY.—At the residence of his father, in the township of Tudor, on Friday, April 25th, George Tivy, in his 31st year.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

Mr. Wm. Johnson, of Huron, Dak., writes that his wife had been troubled with acute Bronchitis for many years, and that all remedies tried gave no permanent relief, until he procured a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which had a magical effect, and produced a permanent cure. It is guaranteed to cure all Diseases of the Throat, Lungs, or Bronchial Tubes. Trial bottles free at all Drug Stores. Large size $1.00.

NEW DRESS GOODS.—Best assorted stock north of Belleville, all the newest lines, at Cross & Mouncey's.

☞ You can get the Burdoch Blood Bitters for 75 cents the year round at Deans' Drug Store.

Lands for Sale.

THE following lands have been placed in my hands for sale. Prices and terms of sale can be ascertained by application at my office:—

W ½	13	1st	concession Madoc,
29		5th	" "
29		7th	" "
W ½	30	9th	" "
N E ¼	13	10th	" Marmora,
27		11th	" "

I am instructed to prosecute any one trespassing on these properties.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, April 14th, 1884. 364

LUMBER.

BRIDGEWATER MILLS.

Constantly on hand

SHINGLES,
LATH,
JOISTING,
SCANTLING,
PLANK,
BOARDS,

at lowest cash prices. Bill stuff cut to order.

J. D. BREEZE.

Bridgewater, April 14th, '84. 364

FOR SALE.

WEST half 29, in 2nd concession Madoc, and west half 27, in 1st concession of Madoc. Apply to A. F. Wood, Madoc, or to

JOHN C. T. COCHRANE,
P. O. Box 178, Brockville.

March 17, 1884. 362

CHAMBERS & WHITE!

THE | BIG | TEA | POT | SIGN.

(Successors to J. A. Chambers.)

O'FLYNN BLOCK, - MADOC, ONT.,

where will be found a choice stock of fine

GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
CROCKERY,
GLASSWARE, &c.,

—ALSO—

FANCY CHINA WARE, OF THE LATEST DESIGNS.

Fine goods always a specialty with us.

James White. *J. A. Chambers.*

Established - In 1862

WHITE'S AGRICULTURAL WORKS,

MADOC, - ONT.

Wanted Immediately 1000 Farmers

—TO BUY—

1000 Mowers, Reapers, Horse Rakes, Steel Plows, Iron Plows, Gang Plows, all wrought iron and steel Horse Hoes, Cultivators, Drags, etc. etc.

Farmers beware of silver mouthed agents selling western machines. Rest assured you will suffer as others have in getting repairs for them in the busy harvest season. Our

MODEL MOWER AND IMPROVED REAPER

for lightness of draft, fine finish, and good workmanship and simplicity stand without a rival. Our MODEL HORSE RAKE is one of the finest Rakes in the County. We give a written warranty with all our machines that they will do good work.

—We carry in stock—

BARK-TANNED LEATHER BELTING, BEST LEATHER AND RUBBER PACKING, ETC., ETC., PURE BABBIT METAL, AND PURE MACHINE OILS.

The past year we have increased our facilities by adding new machinery, and nearly doubling the number of men in our employ. We are better prepared than ever to do all kinds of repairing.

☞ REPAIRING THRESHING MACHINES A SPECIALTY. ☜

Sincerely thanking the farmers of this county for their very liberal patronage in the past we hope to more than merit a continuance of the same for the coming season. And now

Come one and all ye yeomen bold,
And of our Implements, take hold;
Before you buy we'll let you try
Our Reaper in the harvest field.
And you'll conclude, as well you might,
That Western Reapers have no sight.
Come buy them, try them, farmers all.

JAMES WHITE. JOHN WHITE.

HARDWARE!

40 Gal. Iron Clad Milk Cans, No. 24 Tin, $5.45.

30 Gal. Iron Clad Milk Cans, No. 24 Tin, $4.25.

6 qrt. Milk Pans, per doz. $1.10

And all other Tinware equally low.

J. DALE & SON.

AGRICULTURAL.

Small Fruits.

A correspondent of the New English Farmer, writes thus sensibly and practically:—

The farmer should set apart a small piece of land especially for growing small fruits for family use, because it will be a luxury he can well afford. He has the land, and it will be used for a good purpose if he sets out a strawberry bed and devotes a plot to raspberries, and one to blackberries, and also sets out some gooseberries; of course, the currant will find a place on every farm without my urging its claims. Grape vines are neglected by far too many farmers. There are now so great a number of varieties, that it would seem that one could find *some* that would thrive in his own locality, and therefore, the farmer is neglecting a duty that he owes his family, if he fails to set a few vines, and take good care of them. His wife and children will thank him for it. Who does not like good grapes! Is it not a pleasure to grow them for home consumption? If you should happen to grow a few more than are wanted for your family's use, they can readily be disposed of in the neighborhood or the village. Apples are to be found on most farms, to a greater or less extent, but what per cent of farmers grow a full supply of small fruits extending through the whole season, as they ought to? It is said that they are so productive that they can be grown profitably on land worth $1000 per acre; be this as it may, however, I am well satisfied that they can be profitably grown for family use.

The strawberry is the fruit to come in the spring, and it is also the most tempting to the taste, according to the writer's opinion, and the strawberry bed ought to be found in all gardens, however small they may be. It does not require a large bed to supply a family with an occasional dish of berries. One year ago last spring I set just six plants to see what they would do, and the last season they furnished us with six pints of fine strawberries; and plants often do much better than this. Of course it is needless to grow strawberries without giving them care. The ground should be well prepared, and clean culture is absolutely necessary; and if they are supplied with a great deal of water, the yield will be largely increased. For family use select the finest flavored berries that produce well; but for market the principal point is to select a large, showy variety, the quality not being so important, as consumers will look more to the appearance of the berry, than they will to the quality. If a large bed is planted they should be set in rows, far enough apart to admit of horse cultivation. In the autumn, just as late as may be, the plants should be given a light winter protection of hay; and in spring uncover the plants, leaving the hay on the ground as a mulch, and to keep the berries clean. I prefer to set a new bed every spring, as it is less work to do this than it is to keep the old bed free from weeds.

Cutting Potatoes for Seed.

Mr. J. Birden, of Wells, Vt., gives an interesting account of some experiments he made last Summer in planting cut and uncut potatoes. Three rows, each long enough for 123 hills, were planted to Burbank seedlings, one row with whole seed, one with one piece to the hill, and another with two pieces in a hill. At digging time the single piece row yielded six bushels, the two-piece row, eight bushels; while the row planted with uncut potatoes, produced ten bushels.

These were very marked results, yet, in order to have an experiment of this kind teach all we would like to know about planting cut or uncut potatoes, we ought to know whether the hills were of uniform distance apart in each case, and also whether the pieces were cut to single eyes, or whether they were large potatoes cut in two. The whole seed, we believe, was from large, selected potatoes. Now, as prices ruled last season at planting and harvesting time, it might still be a question which seed was the most economical to plant? Again, seed cut to single eyes should be planted with a great many more hills to the acre, than would be judicious if using large whole seed. If Mr. Barden dropped his single eyes two or three feet apart in the row, we should suspect that he used too little seed to obtain a full crop.

The question of whole or cut seed is one that is surrounded with too many difficulties to be answered at once, and for all time.

It has been our aim when discussing the question, rather to study the laws which control the growth of the potato, than to attempt to lay down infallible rules, as guides for action. If one understands the nature of the plant he is cultivating, he will be better able to adopt the conditions to each other that may exist at the time. All potatoes are so cheap this spring that those who wish to experiment with large, whole seed, can do so with little extra cost. Our preference is for single eyes, if all other conditions are within control, and we would prefer the pieces should be cut from large, smooth seed; but if the price was high, we would not object to those which were just below market size. But in either case we would want the rich soil, and in the very finest state of tilth, so that every piece would start and make an early and strong growth. The potato is like the constitution of some men, able to endure a good deal of abuse, but there is no argument in favor of abusing either.

Value of Maples.

Of the several genera of American shade and ornamental trees, including the oaks, elms, maple, and birches, the maples stand first for general value, and are now more planted than any others. One of the most extensive nurserymen lately stated that he sold more trees of the sugar maple than of all other shade trees together. The ease of propagation, and the clear, rich and healthy foliage, gives the maples a prominent advantage. Some brief notes on the leading species, now that planting time is approaching, may not be out of place.

The sugar maple, called also rock maple, stands at the head for general popularity. The young trees form handsome shade trees, and as they grow older, if a slight attention is given to the form of the head, they assume a fine shape, with a dense, thick mass of foliage. For timber plantations, they possess the value of supplying excellent fuel, and the wood is valuable for various manufacturing purposes, if not exposed to alterations of moisture. Unlike some other species of seeds ripen in autumn, at which time they may be sown, or kept till spring in slightly damp (not wet) sand. The young trees will make a growth of a foot or two the first year, and for timber plantations do best on rich upland, but they will not bear a wet subsoil.

The black maple, regarded by some botanists as only a variety of the preceding, but with some characteristics of a distinct species, resembles the sugar maple in the time of ripening its seeds and in affording sugar from the sap. It differs in its larger leaves, with drooping lobes and a slight pubescence beneath, while the general appearance of the foliage is less stiff and more graceful, with a warmer and richer color. The leaves have often measured nine inches in breadth.

The silver maple is remarkable for its rapid growth when young, and is much planted in village streets. The branches are spreading, and often drooping, and require some shortening to give a good form; the leaves are silvery white beneath. Like the sugar maple it grows to a large tree, two or three feet in diameter, and sixty or seventy feet high. It is less valuable for timber plantations; the wood, although fine grained, is not durable. The seeds ripen early in the season, and may be at once planted, and will make a good growth the same year.

As with the other maples they should be planted in drills about an inch deep, and covered with fine soil pressed down upon them. The young plants usually require a light shading from the hot sun.

The red or soft maple resembles the preceding in the general appearance of the foliage which is silvery beneath, but the tree is less spreading in growth, and the flowers, which come out in spring, before the leaves, are rich crimson in color. It is less rapid in growth than the silver maple. The leaves are sharply cut, and frequently change to a brilliant in color in autumn before dropping. In its native localities it becomes a large tree. The seeds ripen early in the season.

The ash-leafed maple box-elder of the West, is made into a separate genus by some botanists. In rich soil its growth is very rapid; when young it is a beautiful tree; and it is specially recommended for timber plantations at the West. Its wood is like that of the silver and red maples. Its seeds ripen in autumn, and are to be treated like those of the sugar maple.

Among the introduced species are the Norway maple and sycamore maple—the former making a handsome, round-headed tree with broad, smooth, bright green leaves, which appear early in spring and hang later in autumn than those of the sugar maple. The sycamore maple is a rather coarse-growing tree with stiff branches, and the young trees being slightly tender are sometimes injured by winter. The leaves are whitish and slightly brown beneath. Both of these species ripen their seeds in autumn.

There are some smaller native species of the maple, among which is the striped maple or moose-wood which sometimes grows twenty or thirty feet high, but is more frequently only ten or fifteen feet, and with its striped bark and dense foliage forms a handsome ornamental tree; and the mountain maple which is a tall shrub, with flowers in dense racemes, and is planted only for ornament.

Of the principal native species which we have mentioned, the silver maple is found growing on the banks of rivers from Maine to Georgia, but is more particularly abundant along the western rivers. The red maple is found mostly in swamps and wet places, from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. The sugar maple is most abundant north of latitude 40 degrees, and east of the Mississippi, and on mountains further south.

The Welsh Dru on Cremation.

Dr. Price, the Welch Druid, having at last successfully conducted the cremation of his dead infant, now announces his intention of erecting a crematorium at Llantrisant. Persons who desire to be cremated or whose executors wish the remains to be so disposed of will be accorded the requisite facilities. The doctor states that all his family will be cremated there. He points out the financial advantages of cremation over other modes of disposing of the dead, and states that all the materials used in the cremation of his son were half a ton of coals, a gallon of paraffin oil, and 6-penny worth of wood, the total cost being only 8 shillings and two pence. Every vestige of the infant's body was burnt, and the breeze carried away the ashes. The fire was so fierce that it melted the iron of the grate on which the body was deposited. Dr. Price argues that the ritual of the Church of England points to a period when cremation was the conventional method. What other signification, he asks, can the phrase "ashes to ashes" convey? From India, Spain, Italy, France, London, and all parts of England letters of approval and sympathy have been received by Dr. Price. An ex-clergyman and a minister are among his correspondents, to whom Dr. Price desires to express his profound gratitude for the courtesy extended to him. He states that he took his child's body on Friday to the place of cremation in a cart, accompanied only by a man-servant. Dr. Price protests against the interment of ashes of cremated persons as contrary to Druidic precedent and as calculated to rekindle grief among the survivors of the dead. He thinks cremation should be absolute in its disposal of the dead.—*London Telegraph.*

Always Cheerful.

People of even temperament are the most companionable. There are some folk who are out of sorts at every hand's turn for no legitimate reason—because the sun has gone under a cloud, because they slept badly or ate too heartily; but the companionable person makes the best of every situation. She is not fidgety or fussy, and her prejudices are not, as with some, her chief characteristics. When she arrives, she brings another atmosphere with her, and common things seen with her eyes, become wonderful. She is a person of ideas, and bestows them with prodigality; she is not so often a wit as the occasion of wit in others, which is a far more popular being than the mere wit can hope to be; and, although she may only have travelled "a good deal on Cape Cod," yet she has seen and understood more than many who have ransacked Christendom.

"What do circus folks do in winter?" asked a contemporary. The clown devotes the season to gleaning a fresh crop of jokes from the almanacs printed prior to the American Revolution, and occasionally writes for the London comic weeklies; and the "strong man," who splinters rocks with his fist, secures employment in a cheap boarding house at hammering tough beef. No doubt the others find employment adapted to their respective talents.

ST. HELENA AS IT IS.

The Home of Napoleon a Harbor for Whalers—French Soldiers Guarding Napoleon's Tomb—The Emperor's Eyes.

If the allied nations of Europe had not in the year 1815 selected the island of St Helena for the prison of Napoleon, it would today be probably little better known than its sister island, Ascension. Yet St. Helena has played a by no means unimportant part in the history of maritime commerce, and though its business is now rapidly declining, it is still of great value to our southern whalers. Lying in the South Atlantic, about 2,500 miles to the northwest of the Cape of Good Hope, St. Helena is the harbor most convenient to the whaling grounds. There stores and provisions of all kinds can be readily obtained, and in the safe anchorage at James Town repairs to vessels are easily though somewhat expensively made. Everything, even to coal, that may be required for the supply of shipping has to be brought from England, and the price shipowners have to pay is proportionally high. But whalers, who are often away from home for a year or eighteen months, will run short of supplies, and it is no uncommon thing to see the flag of the United States flying at the sterns of five or six brigs or barks at James Town harbor. St. Helena is of volcanic formation, and is in outline an irregular oval about nines miles long, and five miles wide at its greatest width. The first European nation to make a settlement there was Holland, but the East India Company acquired it by purchase, and nearly fifty years ago it was transferred to the exclusive control of the English Government. The inhabitants number about 5,000, more than half of whom are negros. The latter are aborigines, but the descendants of people brought from the African coast. When England was busily engaged in breaking up the slave trade of the West Coast, St. Helena was the depot to which the captured slavers were taken. There are still living there many negroes who thus escaped the horrors of the "middle passage." As is the case in most English colonies there is very little prejudice against the black man simply on account of his color, and one of the island's most respected and able merchants was brought there a lad in the hold of a slave ship. St. Helena is controlled by a Governor appointed by the Crown and assisted by a Council of inhabitants. Its value as a supply station diminished so much with the completion of the Suez Canal that the home regiment was disbanded and its place supplied by a wing of one of the West India regiments.

When first seen from the ocean the island looks like a collection of lofty, barren, and inaccessible crags, the most striking of which, Diana's Peak, attains an elevation of 5,000 feet. The harbor is almost shut out from view till a narrow opening between two hills nearly a thousand feet high give entrance to a wide roadstead. It is admirably sheltered from storms, and the only danger arises from a peculiar and powerful tidal wave that at intervals of several years springs up without warning and often tears ships from their anchorages. This tidal wave is somewhat similar to the "bore" occasionally observed at the mouth of the Severn in the Irish Channel. The St. Helena wave is, however, of greater dimensions, its height having been noted as over ten feet. Far out to sea it has been observed gathering force and height as it advances with startling rapidity and irresistible power.

James Town is a wide, straggling village, of white houses, with low, projecting roofs and ample verandas, that strongly recall Indian bungalows. Nearly all the storehouses and important public buildings are built of lava and slate, as within the last thirty years the island has been subjected to the plague of white ants. These insatiable little monsters, who are three or four times as large as the ordinary black ant, are able to speedily destroy any kind of woodwork. They can honeycomb a big log, till it may be crushed by the pressure of a hand. And yet they do their work from the inside, leaving a thin veneer on the surface, so that their presence is often entirely unsuspected. Large buildings have been brought to ruin by these minute pests, and it is no uncommon thing to see a chair or a sofa suddenly collapse, and to find that the ants have eaten everything but the varnish. They demolish any kind of wook but teak, and through this they bore, with the precision and smoothness of an augur, paths to less hard material. The ravages of these pests, supposed to have been originally brought from one of the East Indian Islands, have cost hundreds of thousands of dollars, and though large rewards have been offered for the discovery of means to exterminate them, no remedy has been found.

The first place the average visitor asks for is Longwood, built for Napoleon, and in which he spent nearly five years, and finally died. The road to Longwood which lies several miles from James Town, passes through some very pretty valleys, where all the available ground is used for farming purposes, and within sight of The Briars, a very pretty country house, in which Napoleon was lodged while Longwood was preparing for him. The latter place is handier to the town, and Napoleon greatly objected to the transfer; but Longwood is nearer the centre of the island, and it was considered advisable to make attempt at rescue or escape as difficult as possible by keeping him far from the coast. The house is sunk in a valley, and is a long, low structure, very much resembling a two-story American summer hotel. Scarcely anything remains in the shape of relics; but the tomb near the house, and lying under weeping willows, is guarded by a French sergeant and two soldiers. The ground was purchased by the French. Under the sarcophagus, which is about three feet high and protected by an iron railing, the body of the great Emperor rested twenty-five years, and until it was taken to its final magnificent tomb in the Invalides. A very near relative of the writer, who was present when the coffin was taken up and opened before the Prince de Joinville, said that the embalming had been done so well, that though the skin had turned parchment hued the outline of the features remained perfect. It was under a tricolor of satin made by some women on the island that the body was borne to the ship, and each of these ladies was presented by the Prince with a gold bracelet, in the name of the French nation. The same person who witnessed the exhumation became acquainted with Napoleon during the six years of his captivity, and declared that he could never meet the ex-Emperor's eyes for more than a second. His glance remained till the last so piercing that it seemed to reach into the very soul of the person on whom it was bent.

The inhabitants of St. Helena are called "Yamstocks," because of their fondness for yams—a monstrous variety of the sweet potato. Farming land is so scarce that fresh meat and vegetables, butter and milk command high prices. Such commodities are, in a great measure, brought from Cape Town. The steamers on their homeward trip to England make the passage to James Town in about six days. They do not call on the southward voyage, but make a detour to avoid the trade winds, which blow almost constantly from the Cape. Sailing vessels stopping at St. Helena have first to go far beyond it, and come down with the "trades." It is sometimes very difficult to do this, and an instance is on record, when the East India Company owned the island, and only two supply ships were sent out yearly, that the signal master on Ladder Hill reported one of the ships in sight less than thirty days after the date fixed for her departure from England. The vessel did not make the harbor, and the signal man was believed to have made a mistake. Nearly six weeks later the vessel arrived, and an examination of her log showed the correctness of the signal man's report. The intervening time had been spent trying to beat up to catch the trades.

St. Helena has no wild animals indigenous to the land, but boasts two kinds of birds not found elsewhere. These are a gray abdavat, with pink breast and bill, rather smaller than a sparrow, and the St. Helena canary, which is of a dark green color, sometimes shading to lighter green and with yellow on the breast. They are splendid songsters. The females are dun brown. Java sparrows, the first of which probably escaped from some ship, are also plentiful, and there are a few wild parrots and African birds. Negro boys drive a brisk trade in selling birds to passengers. The waters of the coast abound with fish of all kinds. One known as the albecore is very fine eating and is considered equal to turbot. Attempts have been made to plant oysters, but unsuccessfully, probably because of the heat of the water. Although St. Helena lies well south of the tropics, the heat there is often intense, and winter is unknown. Consumptive and asthmatic patients are frequently ordered there by English physicians. The island of Ascension, which is about three day's sail to the northward, is much smaller than St. Helena, and is exclusively an English naval station. The ground is entirely Government property, and no one is allowed to settle or trade there except by special permit from the Admiralty. Ascension cannot be a very pleasant place for those who like society. The last time the writer heard from there only three ladies graced it, and not one of these would speak to either of the others.

CAUSE OF CHRIST'S DEATH.

Occasioned by Rupture of The Heart Caused by Mental Agony.

"The most remarkable event in the history of the world was the death of Jesus Christ," said Rev. Dr. Thomas A. Hoyt, pastor of the Chambers Presbyterian Church, of Philadelphia, recently, in beginning a special sermon to the medical students. "Its hidden meanings," he continued, "are transcendant and it was, without parallel, the most sublime tragedy ever enacted." The speaker had chosen his text from St. John xxxiv. 19. John, he said, stood only a few feet from the Saviour, and subsequently related what he saw. The subject discussed by the speaker was, "What was the physical cause of Christ's death?" Several eminent physicians had devoted years to the study of the question and a book on the subject had been published by Dr. Stroud, of Edinburgh, about thirty-five years ago, in which he ascribed Christ's death to rupture of the heart. During a convention of physicians in Scotland several years ago the deductions arrived at in this book were presented for their consideration, and they were confirmed. There are, the minister said, many cases on record where death has resulted from violent passions of joy or grief. Pliny tells us of a Lacedamonian who fell dead from joy at hearing that his son had won a prize at the Olympian games. The speaker read several opinions on the subject of heart rupture, and continued: "There is no pretense that the spear thrust into the Saviour's side caused death. In fact, he was dead before the wound was received. Christ was crucified at 9 o'clock in the morning, and expired at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, or two hours before the centurian dealt the blow with his spear. The crucified generally lived from two to three days, and sometimes as long as five days on the cross. There is no evidence that disease might have caused His death, and no reason to believe that he was not of perfectly sound health. Some have thought that He might have died from exhaustion, but we are told that He was miraculously sustained during His trials. It was not weakness. Some declare that He voluntarily gave up life, but He did not take His life; He simply submitted to the conditions under which He died. The answer to the question, "What was the physical cause of Christ's death?" is, 'Rupture of the heart caused by mental agony.' Literally, He died of a broken heart." The speaker read extracts from many letters from eminent physicians giving their opinions on Dr. Stroud's book, and on his deduction as to the death of the Saviour. They all endorsed his conclusion that Christ had died of a ruptured heart.

"John says," continued the speaker "that when the spear was thrust into the Saviour's side 'forthwith came there out blood and water.'" Dr. Hoyt then proceeded to explain this from a medical point of view. He said that when the spear-head punctured the pericardium the blood and serum from the ruptured heart escaped. He said that all this was simply a fulfillment of a scriptural prediction, as was the parting of His raiment and the casting of lots among the soldiers for His vesture.

"But what was the mental anguish that broke our Saviour's heart?" asked the speaker. "It was not fear of death, for He looked toward that with longing. 'If I be lifted up,' He said, 'I will draw all men to Me.' He anticipated death as the consummation of His labors. 'Reproach hath broken My heart,' He said, and then died. He died for us. The weight of human guilt broke His heart.'"

"The city undertaker of Palatka, Fla., is a woman." Down South women seem capable of undertaking almost anything.

AN UNFORTUNATE CHILD.

A Touching Incident from a London School Teacher's Journal.

To-night I saw one of my lads sitting on a doorstep, doubled up over his slate, and he screwed his head this way and that in his vain endeavors to avail himself of the light of the street-lamp. When I took the slate out of his hands, I found that the poor little man had worked out his sums in the sprawling fashion. The light was so very uncertain and his little fingers were so cold that anything like neatness was out of the question, but he stuck gallantly to his post—or, rather, to his doorstep—and grinned all over his face while I patted him. I asked him what he was doing out on the street on such a nasty evening, and he replied: "We ain't got no candle, sir. Father and mother has got to sit in the dark, and I came out under the lamp to get my home lesson done." As I walked into a better neighborhood, and saw the bright lights in pleasant rooms, and heard the laughter of children and the tinkle of pianos, I thought rather kindly of my poor little man sitting with cold fingers groping through his sums by the yellow light of the gas. It is a curious kind of topsy-turvy business altogether. That little boy is as bright as bright can be. When I first knew him he was in dire distress because he could not read his little book right away. I explained to him that there were certain formalities and drudgeries to be gone through before one could tell what was inside books, and we had great fun while he was learning his alphabet. He christened the letters by names of his own. The small d he called "belly in front," and the small b "belly behind." And he was charmed when he had become able to tell the difference between d, p, b, and q with absolute certainty. He begged the loan of books to take home; he never played, and even when he was walking to and from school he puzzled himself over various "Readers" until he had mastered all we had in stock. The lad was fit for anything, but his parents managed to make only about 9 shillings a week at the best of times, so there is not much chance for him in the future. I have had to do with lazy boys who needed to be scolded into learning; but this poor little soul—the son of a coster-monger and a collar-maker—would go without his dinner to get an hour with a new book. Yet I rather fancy he will end as a laborer, or something of that sort. The struggle for food will crush ambition out of him, and very likely by the time he is 20 years of age he will not care for reading even the Sunday newspapers.

The Caravan of the Dead.

We had to cross the Persian desert in its entire length to get to our next station. The silence of the night becomes, in this wilderness, doubly oppressive, and as far as the eye of the traveller can reach he will find no spot to repose it upon. Only here and there may be seen piled up columns of sand, driven about by the wind, and gliding from place to place like so many dark spectres. I did not wonder that these shifting shadows were taken by timid and credulous souls for evil spirits pursued by furies. My companion seemed to belong to the superstitious class, for, wrapping his cloak tightly around him, he kept close to the densest part of the caravan, and would not for the world, so much as glance at the wilderness stretching to the east.

It was about midnight when he heard the sound of bells, and upon my inquiry as to the meaning of this, I was told that a large caravan which had left an hour earlier than we did, was in front of us. We accelerated our march in order to overtake it, but had hardly come within a hundred paces from it when an intolerable stench, as of dead bodies, filled the air. The Persians were aware of the cause of this poisonous stench and hurried silently on; but it went on increasing the further we advanced. I could not restrain my curiosity any longer, but turning to my nearest neighbor, I pointed him what this meant, but he sorrily replied, betraying, however, great anxiety—"Hurry up, hurry up, this is the caravan of the dead." This information was sufficient to make me urge my wearied beast forward to greater speed, and after a while I reached, together with my companions, the caravan. It consisted of about forty animals, horses and mules, under the leadership of three Arabs. The backs of the animals were laden with coffins, and we made every effort to avoid the dread procession. In passing near one of the horsemen who had charge of the caravan, I caught sight of a face which was frightful to look at; the eyes and nose were concealed by some scraps, and the rest of his fividly pale face looked hastily by the light of the moon. Undaunted by the sickening atmosphere, I rode up to his side and inquired about the particulars of his errand. The Arab informed me that he had been now ten days on the way, and that twenty more would pass in taking the dead bodies to Kerbela, the place where, out of devotion for Hussein, the pious wish to sleep their eternal sleep. The custom prevails all over Persia; and every person who can afford it, even if he live in distant Khorassan, makes arrangements to have his remains carried to Kerbela, in order that they may be interred in the soil wherein the beloved Iman Hussein is reposing. It takes some two months before the dead body can reach its place of destination. One mule is frequently laden with four coffins, and whilst their conveyance during the winter is comparatively harmless, it is of deadly effect to beast and man alike in the heat of July in Persia.

At some distance from the caravan of the dead I glanced back at the strange funeral procession. The animals with their sad burden of coffins hung their heads, seemingly trying to bury their nostrils in their breast, whilst the horsemen, keeping a good distance from them, were urging them on to greater speed. It was a spectacle which seen anywhere could not fail to produce a profound impression of terror, but seen in the very centre of the desert, at the dead hour of night, in the ghastly illumination of the moon, it could not fail to strike the most intrepid soul with awe and terror.—*Arminius Vambery.*

It was at the Cataract House in Sioux Falls. A son of the Emerald Isle was ushered into the dining-room at the dinner hour and the polite steward took hold of the back of the chair to push it into place. The guest looked around suspiciously for a minute, and then said loud enough to be heard all over the room: "By the howly Moses, if yez jerk out that chair from under me I'll knock the whole top of yer head off o' yez."

CHINESE IN THEIR GLORY.

How the Advent of a New Year is Celebrated in China—Some Grotesque Customs—Amusements—Abandonment of Duties.

One who has had ample opportunity for observing the New Year holiday as it is kept in China, and who has the ability to put his observations into words, says that there during this period all public business is suspended, the mandarins' offices are closed, and the seals of office are committed to the custody of his worship's first wife, who keeps them from her lord's hands till the holidays have passed. During the whole of this period, lasting a whole month, no business but that of the most urgent character can be transacted. The stamping of documents and dispatches at this season would be an unheard of impropriety, and the contingency arising from urgent state business is anticipated by stamping a few blank sheets, that matters of pressing importance may not suffer from delay. The hearing of cases and the execution of criminals, too, would be a profanation of this sacred month too awful to contemplate. Wholesale jail deliveries are therefore disposed of before the holidays begin, while the surviving criminals feel sure of at least one short month's respite, and endeavor to take some morsels of happiness out of this festal season. During the last few days of the old year Canton streets present a scene of extraordinary rush and excitement. Every thoroughfare swarms with dense crowds of sight-seers, as if the whole city had thrown its population into the streets. The New Year's stores have to be provided, new clothes bought, or old ones got out of pawn, and purchases made for days to come. Gangs of blind beggars and detachments of vagrant lepers tramp to and fro finding an easy pathway and occasionally a charitable passenger as they pass along the thronged streets. The shops and stores are full of haggling customers, bent on striking good bargains, while salesmen are anxious to clear off their stock by selling everything at reduced prices. Everywhere is heard the jingle of money, which circulates with amazing rapidity during the busiest of all busy days. Business men are running hither and thither, hunting up debtors and collecting debts, or else trying themselves to pacify the clutches of some importunate creditor—all in a state of feverish excitement lest the New Year morn should dawn upon disorder, ledgers or find old scores not yet wiped away. Every Chinaman is naturally impecunious, but he abhors the idea of carrying his debts into the new year. So scrupulous is he to pay off his old creditors before the last hour of the year is gone that he will even borrow money at enormous rates of interest to meet the demands of the creditor clamoring at his door. Little is the sleep that would come to his eyes that night if his debts were unpaid, even if custom allow him to sleep on New Year's eve, for the creditor never ceases to badger his victim till the last cent is shelled out.

Business is now over—the old year is gone; a deafening roar of crackers, a banging of cannon and bombs and a general *feu de joie* announce that midnight has passed and the worship and ceremonies of the New Year have begun. For the first and only time during the year the city and ward gates are left open throughout the night. The atmosphere is heavy with sulphurous fumes of spent fire-crackers and burning incense. Every house is brightly lighted with scores of candles, lamps, and colored lanterns that hang at every door. Custom requires that every adult member of the family shall sit up the whole night and take part in those various exercises and services, the neglect or least omission of which would inevitably bring untold sorrows and calamities upon the sluggard's head throughout the coming year. In the small hours of the morning, take place several interesting ceremonies. One of the first New Year's duties is to worship to heaven and earth. A table is laid in the hall, upon which are spread a huge bowl of rice, five bowls of vegetables, an equal number of cups of wine and tea, plates of oranges and preserved fruits, with chop-sticks complete, and some paper money laid upon the dishes. A salvo of fire crackers calls forth the elder of the family, with incense sticks in his hands, who prostrates himself in front of the table, knocking his head three times upon the floor, giving thanks to heaven and earth for the blessings of the past, and beseeching their protection through another year. The burning of the paper money, which passes to heaven in smoke and in ashes to the earth, and the explosion of another string of fire-crackers concludes this ceremony. Another service of worship of departed ancestors, which is performed before a upright piece of wood fixed to a stand, the upright piece being in reality two pieces lapping together, inclosing some twenty or more characters, regarded with peculiar sanctity as the shrine where hovers the spirit of their departed ancestors. Here, also, rice, vegetables, fruits, tea and wine are offered in sacrifice before them. Lamps, candles, and incense are planted around the altar, and every member of the family, by order of birth and rank, solemnly performs the kotow three times before the spirit-tablets of his departed progenitors. Hereupon is laid aside for a time the toil of the household, and then begins the long and pleasant business of feasting, music and drama, three orders another dealing the fire-crackers, the object of which is to clear the household of all evil spirits which have congregated there during the past twelve months, and to secure the happy influences of the gods upon the household during the coming year. The young elders and representatives of the family next come in for their share of homage. Grandparents, father and mother, uncles and aunts, take their seats in order, while the junior members of the family kneel in lowly reverence before them and express their dutiful congratulations.

Perhaps the most imposing ceremony of all is that which takes place at the emperor's temple in every provincial city, and is an almost exact representation of what is taking place in Peking before the dragon throne in the presence of their august sovereign. Many foreigners obtain admission to the temple in Canton on New Year's morning, and the writer has witnessed these ceremonies on two or three occasions. In the midst building is erected in front of the dragon throne, approached by nine steps, on the top of which stands a table bearing an inscription in raised gilt letters, "May the emperor live ten thousand years, ten thousand times ten thousand years." The temple walking-rooms, court-yards, and corridors are hung with chandeliers brilliantly lighted up for the occasion. The principal civil and military authorities of the province, attended by their suites, begin to arrive soon after 1 o'clock in the morning, the juniors arriving first to receive their immediate superiors, and so on, in order of rank. They ride in sedans to the gates, where they dismount, walking solemnly along with bent heads to the waiting-room. No official would dare to insult his imperial master's throne and dignity by riding through these gates. At 4 o'clock the viceroy general and the viceroy, who are of equal rank, arrive almost simultaneously, when all present don their official caps of fur, with their different colored buttons or peacock feathers, their chains or necklaces of office, and their gorgeous state robes of costly ermine and fur, the breasts of which are glittering with embroidery of gold. They then repair in the darkness to the open court-yard, immediately opposite the emperor's tablet, which, by the way, always faces south, and take up their positions in order of rank, the civil officers on the right and the military on the left. When all are ready a bell sounds, and though the still night air is heard the shrill voice of the precentor whining forth the words "Kow tow, kow tow," upon which the whole assembly, numbering upward of one hundred, sink upon their knees and proceed to knock their heads three times upon the paved floor. After an interval of a few moments this is repeated twice, each time kowtowing thrice. At the conclusion of the third prostration the worship is over. They rise from their knees and in regular order march back to the waiting-room, where tea, coffee and cheroots and where pipes are smoked and tea drunk, accompanied with the usual amount of expectoration. They then proceed to other temples, where they pay their respects to the tablet of Confucius, to the god of literature, and to the god of war.

The vigils have been faithfully kept, and with the first rays of dawn the Chinaman, high and low, proceeds to call on his relatives and friends. He is decked out in official uniform, button and feather, if he is fortunate enough to possess these coveted regalia; in any case he brings out his very best, cleanest, and longest gown, the baggiest of pants, and a thick case of red visiting cards folded in orthodox fashion, on which are printed in unimpeachable integrity the characters which represent his name and "lofty surname." It is not unusual for the foreigner to see his back-yard coolie, or stable-boy, just emerged from twelve months of grease, filth, and unwashedness, standing on the doorstep with beaming face, his whole person got up regardless of expense in a long rustling gown of yellow or purple silk, satin breeches, cap and shoes, all hired for the occasion, in which he presents himself to his master, wishing him the compliments of the season, and at the same time handing him his card. He then dives into his pocket and brings forth several packets of cash wrapped up in red paper, which he takes for the "worthy young gentleman and the thousand coins (daughters) of the family," the value of the contents of these red packages being about 10 cents, representing but an infinitesimal portion of the sums of money which the oblique-eyed one has squeezed out of his master's pocket during the year. He then goes the round of all of his friends, to whom he exhibits his swagger clothing, making his obeisances at the regulated angle of New Year genuflection and observing the proprieties suited to the occasion with all the dignity and ease of a well-bred gentleman. In the afternoon he perhaps visits the crowded play-house, concert hall, or gambling dens, and comes home relieved of his superfluous cash. At home he gorges quantities of indigestible greasy food and imbibes pot after pot of samshu wine. In two or three days he takes his gay clothes back to the pawnshop and relapses once more into grime and into another twelve months of seediness, grease and dirt. An official or rich man pays his New Year's calls richly attired in furs, and rides in his sedan chair, followed by servants carrying boxes of cakes, cakes, grapes, oranges, dishes, and various delicacies, which he presents with eloquent declarations of filial affections to the seniors of his family, or with toadying obsequiousness of assurances of devotion to his superiors in office. He is regaled in turn with cakes, fruits, wine, and tea wherever he goes. Everybody comes in for his share of congratulation and good wishes except one lonely being, for whom New Year has few charms. It is the undertaker, to whom no pleasant greeting of "I wish you prosperity" ever comes.

Hand-Shaking.

The different modes of shaking hands will delineate human character better than any other single act can do, and many peculiarities of different persons may be noted in the performance of this social custom. Who would expect to get a handsome donation—or any donation at all—from a man who will give two fingers to be shaken, and keeps the others bent as upon an "itching palm?" The hand coldly held out to be shaken and drawn away again as soon as decently may be, indicates a cold, selfish character, while the hand which seeks yours cordially, and unwillingly relinquishes its warm clasp, gives token of a warm disposition and of a heart full of sympathy for humanity.

How much that is good and kind can be made to express itself through the agency of the fingers! Who, having once experienced it, has ever forgotten the feeling conveyed by the eloquent pressure of the hand from a dying friend when the tongue has ceased to speak? A right hearty grasp of the hand in locates warmth and armor, while a soft, lax touch, without a grasp, indicates the opposite characteristics. In the grasp of persons with large-hearted, generous minds, there is a "whole-soul" expression most refreshing and acceptable to kindred spirits; but when a man presents you with a few cold, clammy, lifeless fingers, feeling very much like a dead fish, and expect you to do all the shaking, it will naturally make you think of the hospital and other cheerful things.

Contrary to this style, there is a habit among a rude class of giving your hand a crushing grasp, which is often most painful. In these cases there may be the heartiness and a "strong" affection, but it is as crude as it is hearty. If the grasp is warm, ardent, and vigorous, so is the disposition. If it is cool, formal, and without emotion, so is the character. If it is negative and unfeeling, the disposition is the same. As we shake hands so we feel, so we are.

Dyspepsia and Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters can't live in the same system. If you have the one you can't have the Stomach Bitters. The people's own favorite family medicine, in large bottles at 25 cents.

JAY GOULD AT WORK.

How the Wall Street Magnate Puts in His Time—His Daily Routine.

Since Gould's return to New York from his recent trip to the West Indies there has been an unusual pressure at his office, but few, however, are favored with an interview. No man has more enemies on Wall street than Jay Gould, and there is no telling what shape their enmity may assume. Scores, and even hundreds, of ruined speculators ascribe their misfortune to him, and many of these are only awaiting a suitable opportunity of revenge. Gould seems to be conscious of this, and therefore keeps concealed as much as possible. He is, indeed, the hidden power of Wall street. He rarely leaves his office, and no one can obtain admittance until a series of statements have been made. A card is placed in the visitor's hand, on which is printed as follows: "State name," "State residence," "State business." These being printed one above the other, with broad banks to be filled out, have a rather forbidding appearance, and many who wish to see Gould are deterred at the very outset. When the card is sent in, the chances are much against an interview. There are not more than a score of persons whom Gould wants to see. Among these are Russell Sage, H. N. Smith, Washington Connor, Col. Hain, John T. Terry, and Gen. Eckhart. When Gould was the moneyed man of the *Tribune* he allowed its reporters admittance, but at present he excludes all of this class.

Gould reaches his office with a perfected scheme of operation. He is not obliged to look at the morning papers for stock reports, as these have been read from the "ticker" as they take place, and if he should be at his house they are sent up by telegraph. Before he goes to bed Gould has a complete idea of all that has been done in Wall street, and he awakens in the morning with a clear and decisive system for the day's work. It is this anticipation of the future which gives him such advantage over other operators, as soon as he is seated at his desk, Mirceti brings in the telegrams and also all newspapers articles that have a financial importance. This is all Gould wants to know. He cares nothing for politics or other public matters, except as they may bear upon his interests. It will take from one to two hours to reply to dispatches and to telegraph orders, and as Gould controls nearly five thousand miles of railroad track this is no small task. While sitting in his office he may be conferring with men in St. Louis, Chicago, and San Francisco almost at the same time. Then the stock-exchange "ticker" begins its reports, and a half-dozen brokers are kept under telegraphic orders. By this time business calls are made. Each man whose card is approved has a brief space given him. In this manner Gould does a tremendous amount of business in a short time. He seems always self-possessed, and generally holds the vantage ground, but even when cornered he concedes in a handsome manner what might be demanded under a legal process. No man can be in Gould's presence five minutes without feeling his power. His eyes have a penetration which seem to reach the hidden depth of thought. Those eyes, indeed, are a curiosity—so black, so piercing, and so sullen. They at once proclaim the selfish power of a relentless autocrat, whose motto has invariably been, "rule or ruin."

A Crisis at Pekin.

The latest advices from Shanghai report a serious political crisis at Pekin. The Empress has publicly degraded Prince Kung and four members of the Privy Council. They were stripped of all their honors because of the dilatory manner in which they have dealt with Tonquin affairs.

Prince Kung, who had been degraded, is one of the most eminent, and has been one in his time of the most powerful of Chinese statesmen. He was an uncle of the reigning Emperor Ki-tsiang, and brother of the Emperor Hieng fung, who died in August, 1861. For many years he had held important positions in the Empire, and after the death of his brother he became Regent, and held that office during the minority of Ki-tsiang, during the whole of whose reign he was the practical ruler of China. In January, 1875, his nephew, Tsai-tien, a boy only three years of age, became Emperor under the title of Kwang-su, and Prince Kung was continued as Regent, but since then he has been compelled to subordinate his views and policy to those of the two Empresses—the one the Dowager Empress and the other the Empress Mother, and both of them widows of the Emperor Hieng-fung. The Empress Dowager died in April, 1881. Prince Kung first obtained a reputation in Europe and America at the time of the diplomatic quarrel which followed the war between China and Great Britain and France. Appointed absolute Plenipotentiary to negotiate a treaty, he astonished the representatives of the allies by a display of diplomatic skill they had hardly expected to meet with in China. The treaty which he concluded was as advantageous to his country as to England and France, and was observed with scrupulous fidelity until lately. To the influence of Prince Kung was due the appointment of Mr. Burlingame as Envoy Extraordinary to Foreign powers, and it is said that he gave the mission a hearty support, and did all in his power to make it successful. He has done much to extend the resources of China and to liberalize her policy, and place her on a footing with the civilized nations of Europe and America.

A Subscriber's Soliloquy.

To pay or not to pay—that is the question—whether 'tis better for me to refuse to take a local paper, and deprive my family of reading all the news, or pay up promptly what the printer asks, and by such a payment cheer him? No pay, no paper—then no more shall I be pasted on the news and local haps throughout the town, and divers topics—'tis a consummation that I long have feared. To pay—to stop! To stop! perchance to lose—aye, there's the rub! for in that stop no interest do I take in any of the affairs that move the town, and such a shuffling of all that's good may make me pause. There's the respect which every editor maintains for those who come down with the cash, and ne'er delay to settle up "that little bill." For who would bear the pointed sequibs and pungent paragraph, which far too oft reflect upon the man who fails to settle his subscription till? I'll haste me now to the editor, and, with my purse plethoric in my hand, will settle up in full, one year from date, by paying to him from my ready cash the sum which is his due.—*Hawkeye.*

"The man who can govern a woman can govern a nation." The woman who governs a man wastes her time.

Every one speaks highly of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters as a Stomach, Liver and Kidney medicine. "The best family medicine I ever used," is the way they all. Try a bottle this Spring as a blood purifier.

A.P 174

$1 will buy 12 Assorted Dahlia Roots or Scotch Fir Trees. JAS. RENNIE, Seeds, Toronto.

$250 to $1,000 per month. Lucrative & Gentlemen. Apply immediately. R. N. CURRIE, J.P., Sec.-Treas., London, Ont., Agents wanted.

SEND 10c. AND RECEIVE BY MAIL 40 Beautiful Chromo Cards with your name on. Address Eureka Card Co., Bolton, Que.

LOTS FOR SALE—28 AND 29, 1st CONCESSION South West of Toronto and Sydenham Road, Holland; mill site thereon. For particulars apply Box 126, Newmarket.

FOR SALE—A STOCK OF DRUGS AND fixtures on a leading avenue in Detroit; physician's office and practice in connection; a bargain. $1,250 cash. F. E. PARK, Attorney, Room 5, 120 Griswold Street, Detroit.

SHORTHAND. LESSONS GIVEN BY mail in Isaac Pitman's system, by practical Shorthand Reporter. Send for terms and plan to FRANK TEIGH, 302 Sherbourne St. Toronto

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The accomplishment of the age. A railroad system of condensing thought—A railroad by reason of its expedition—A railroad by reason of its ease. Complete set of books for self instruction for beginners, post free for $1. Send for circulars. PROF. E. ANGWIN, B.A., and Co., Ontario Shorthand Emporium, 34 King St. East, Toronto.

SEND Five Cents and get a sample copy of TRUTH, the best 16 page Weekly Magazine published. See the big list of books given FREE to each yearly subscriber. Send for sample. F. F. NEW WILSON, 28 & 30 Adelaide St., West, Toronto, Canada.

1883-St. John Exhibition-1883

Leather Belting, Fire Engine Hose, &c. Four First Prizes and Two Diplomas. The highest or all Awards for Leather Belting and Fire Engine Hose were accorded by the Judges at the St. John Centennial and Provincial Exhibition, to ROBIN & SADLER, Montreal, over all competitors.

PIMPLES

'Common Sense' Brace AND L

No straps on shoulders or pants, requires no BUTTONS ON PANTS. Simple, cheap, effective. Sent by mail to any address by mail on receipt of 50 cts. or 75c. with "little Dorsal" H. N. GAYFER and Co., 207 King Street West, Toronto.

BEAVER S. S. LINE, WEEKLY BETWEEN LIVERPOOL, MONTREAL AND LIVERPOOL CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN AND BELFAST For rates and all particulars apply to H. E. MURRAY, BEAVER LINE, MONTREAL.

TO SALTERS.

The celebrated Elm City Harness Oil can be had from the following Saddlery Hardware houses:—Messrs. Field and Davidson, Hamilton; Morgan Bros, Hamilton; Fraser and Johnson, Hamilton; C. Davidson and Co., Toronto; Wm. Hendrie, Toronto; Woodhouse and Co., Toronto; W. Ellis, London; W. C. Martin, Kingston; J. Smith and Son, Brantford; or from F. F. DALLEY and Co., Hamilton. Sole agents for the Dominion.

F. E. DIXON & CO. Manufacturers of Star Rivet

Leather Belting!

70 King Street, East, Toronto.

Large double Drivin Belts a specialty. Send or Price Lists and Discounts.

Burton's All Healing TAR AND GLYCERINE SOAP!

The best in the world for all diseases of the Skin, on Man or Beast. Sold by all Druggists.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co.'s TRANSPARENT CARBOL ACID AND GLYCERINE Is the best in the market.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships.

Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday, and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland. Also from Baltimore via Halifax and St. John's, Nfld., to Liverpool, every Tuesday during winter. The steamers of the Glasgow line sail during winter between Portland and Glasgow, and Boston and Glasgow and Philadelphia and Glasgow every week. Also between Quebec and Glasgow and Boston and Glasgow every week.

For freight, passage, or other information apply to Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Thos & Co., St. John's, N.F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N.B.; Allan & Co., Chicago; Love & Allen, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; H. & Allen, Portland, Boston, Montreal.

Agents Wanted

FOR THE

Citizens Insurance Co., of Canada.

Established 1864.—Capital, and Assets, $1,438,925.

—Government Deposit $122,000 Cash.—

As the Company transacts Fire, Life, and Accident business, a profitable agency is thus offered to those soliciting insurance risks.

Special inducements to those who have valuable connections. Farm property insured as low as by Farm Mutuals.

Address,

Head Office, 179 St. James Street, Montreal.

The stock of this Company is held by many of the wealthiest citizens of Montreal.

Dominion Line of Steamships.

Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every Thursday during the winter do.

PORTLAND TO LIVERPOOL.

Toronto,	Mar. 27.	Montreal,	Apr. 17.
Brunswick,	Apr. 3.	Oregon,	Apr. 24.
Sarnia,	Apr. 10.	Ontario,	May 1.

Rates of passage, Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool, $60, $80, $65, $80; return, $90, $105, $117, $144, according to steamer and berth. Intermediate, $40. Steerage, $24. The rooms and staterooms in steamers are marked thus: * are amidships, where but little motion is felt, and no cattle or sheep are carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent, or local agent of the Company.

DAVID TORRANCE & Co., General Agents, Montreal.

MUTUAL MARRIAGE AID ASSOCIATION.

$1,000 PAID ON MARRIAGES.

Over $100,000 Paid in Benefits to Date.

ISSUE IN 1883. OVER $2,000,000.

The only Company in Canada that has paid a claim.

UNDOUBTED SECURITY.

Premiums small. Address

Agents Wanted. W. P. WEBBER, Secretary, Hamilton.

PARIS GREEN GUARANTEED PURE.

Price Low For Future Delivery

Copland & McLaren, MONTREAL.

WANTED.—THE ADDRESS OF every reader of this paper who would like a salary of $15.00 a week for canvassing the most popular book published. Address A. C. JACKSON and Co., 24 King St. East, Toronto

That Large and Nicely Finished store in the Central Block, Waterloo, to rent—rent reasonable. Immediate possession. WILLIAM SNIDER & Co., Waterloo.

Mutual Marriage Endowment Ass'n, INCORPORATED. —HEAD OFFICE, LONDON, ONT.—

Issues Certificates from $125 to $3,000, payable on marriage or before, or half thereof.

For $500, or half thereof, $4 quarterly dues in advance $0.75.

For $1,000 Certificate, $8; quarterly dues in advance $1.50.

For $2,000 Certificate, $16; quarterly dues in advance $3.00.

For $3,000 Certificate, $15; quarterly dues in advance $3.00.

A percentage of the Fees applied towards a reserve Fund. The only society payments equitable at the time of making application for a certificate. The remainder of the liability is made up of assessments at the rate of $1.50 on each $1,000 upon the members of members. 25 assessments made the first year payable quarterly, which upon the present large membership secures the payment of a number of Endowments, and a safe and reliable investment for young people. Send for By-Laws, and full particulars to W. J. IMLACH, Secretary, London, Ont.

30 DAYS' TRIAL. DR. DYES

(BEFORE) (AFTER)

VOLTAIC ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES will be sent on TRIAL for 30 DAYS TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD, who are suffering from NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOST VITALITY, and all kindred troubles, or from KINDRED AFFLICTIONS, PERSONAL NATURE, resulting from ABUSES and OTHER CAUSES. Speedy relief and complete restoration to HEALTH, VIGOR and MANHOOD GUARANTEED. Send at once for Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address as above. No risk is incurred in the household we can testify to its excellence." Delivered to any express office in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. Charge paid $2.00. Send for circulars.

Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

AGENTS WANTED.

C. W. DENNIS, TORONTO BARGAIN HOUSE.

215 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

THE MODEL Washer AND BLEACHER.

Weighs but 6 pounds. Can be carried in a small valise. Illustration shows Machine in boiler. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

$1,500.00 REWARD FOR ITS SUPERIOR.

Washing made light and easy. The clothes have that pure whiteness which no other mode of washing can produce. Does not injure the most delicate fabric, as the friction is entirely between the clothes and the fabric. "A 10 year old girl can do the washing as well as an older person.

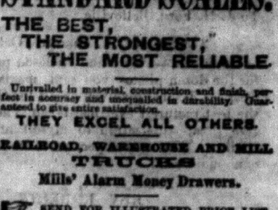
To place it in every household THE PRICE HAS BEEN REDUCED to $2 00, and if not found satisfactory, money refunded. See what the Canada Presbyterian says about it:—"The Model Washer and Bleacher, which Mr. C. W. Dennis offers to the public has many and valuable advantages. It is a time and labor-saving machine, is substantial and enduring, and in very active trial in the household we can testify to its excellence." Delivered to any express office in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. Charge paid $2.00. Send for circulars.

84,000 Sold in 18 Months!

BUY ONLY THE GLOBE

Walter Woods HAMILTON ONT.

GURNEYS & WARE,



STANDARD SCALES.

THE BEST, THE STRONGEST, THE MOST RELIABLE.

Unrivalled in material, construction and finish, perfect in accuracy and unequalled in durability. Guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.

THEY EXCEL ALL OTHERS.

RAILROAD, WAREHOUSE AND MILL TRUCKS

Mills' Alarm Money Drawers.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST.

GURNEYS & WARE, HAMILTON, ONT

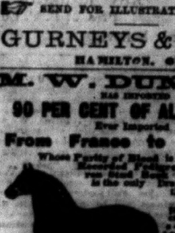
M. W. DUNHAM HAS IMPORTED

90 PER CENT OF ALL HORSES

Ever Imported

From France to America,

Whose Progeny of Record is established by their own merit, which is the only Perfect Guarantee and is the only Horse Ever Exhibited at the Provincial Exhibition that could produce a Winning Progeny of Record.



I have now on hand 25 Stallions and Mares, selected by myself personally from the best districts in France, and will be pleased to show them to intending purchasers. Also a few Thoroughbreds and Roadsters. Terms to suit purchasers. Prices moderate. Call and see them before purchasing elsewhere. Address

M. W. DUNHAM, Wayne, DuPage Co., Illinois. (30 miles west of Chicago, on C. & N.-W. R'y.)

200 STALLIONS & MARES

Were on hand. All Stallions Guaranteed Breeders. Catalogue free. Address P. HOWARD & SON, Bloomington, Illinois. (120 miles west of Chicago, on C. & N.-W. R'y.)

J. H. FORD,

PHOTOGRAPHER, BELLEVILLE.

Advertising has become so common among business men that the genera public give very little attention to any thing he may say about his business There is certainly a feeling among all classes of persons in favor of their own production. Now it is a common thing for us to say our photos are superior to any in the city, and it has been advertised thus time and again and the public say now give us something new. This we will now do by way of letters which you will find below. The letters are not old ones but letters received recently as you will see by the dates they bear. You will see by the way they are written that they were not intended as puffs, as they are short and most of them on postals. Again, they are from persons whose truthfulness is unquestionable, and well known in most instances. You will also see they are from gentlemen who live in the cities and large towns of our Dominion. With the hope that the publication of these letters will give you more confidence in our work than you now have, we submit the following:—

METHODIST MISSION ROOM,
TORONTO, OCT. 28, 1883.

J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: I received your Photo. It is regarded as excellen. Please send me a dozen, with the bill, and I will remit, as you did not state your price. Are you carrying out the album place for the group? What will be the price of that and the ordinary groups respectively?

Yours faithfully,
REV. A. SUTHERLAND, D. D.

WINGHAM, Oct. 30, 1883.

Mr. J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: The Cabinet Photo's you sent me last week came to hand all right. They are regarded as excellent by all who have seen them. If you carry out your design concerning the Conference Album you may put me down for one.

Yours faithfully,
REV. G. H. CORNISH.

MONTREAL, Oct. 18th, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—I am in recept of the dozen of photos. They are perfectly to my satisfaction and the price I paid you I thought very reasonable. I only regret that I did not ask you to take me full size and will do so, should I again visit Belleville. You will please send me one of the group, as I have no doubt it will be a work of art which all will appreciate.

Yours respectfully,
HON. JAMES FERRIER.

J. H. Ford, Esq., Belleville.

LAKESIDE, Nov. 2nd, 1883.

J. H. Ford, Esq.—Dear Sir: I received the photo's all right. They were sent to Embro and were transferred to Lakeside. They were well executed and give entire satisfaction. My wife says they are first-class, and so say they all. &c, &c.

Yours &c.,
CHARLES KITMER.

HAMILTON, Oct. 22, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—Photos to hand. I like them very well. Will you please print 38 more, making 50 in all, and on their receipt I will send you the balance of the money as per agreement. I would like them soon.

Yours truly,
REV. J. S. WILLIAMSON.

To J. H. Ford, Esq., Belleville.

Bond St., TORONTO, Oct. 24, '83.

DEAR SIR,—The photo to hand and am much pleased with its excellent finish. Enclosed you will please find pay for half a dozen, which you will oblige me by sending as early as possible.

Yours truly,
REV. J. COOPER ANLLEFF.

To J. H. Ford. Belleville.

248 Simcoe St., TORONTO, Oct.

DEAR SIR,—Please find enclosed pay for the dozen photos you sent me last week. I must give you credit for the the best picture I ever had taken. They give great satisfactron to myself and family. You may expect an order for some more soon.

Yours as ever,
REV. ROBERTS,
Pres. of B. C. Con.

To J. H. Ford, Belleville.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

I MUST go to BELLEVILLE for my

SHIRTS AND NECKWARE.

I ALWAYS BUY AT

S. C. RETALLACK'S

SHIRT FACTORY.

White, Oxford and Flannel Shirts made to order on short notice.

Agent for English, Canadian and American Bicycles and Tricycles. Bicycle hose, shirts, &c., in Stock. 360-6.

1858. —ESTABLISHED— 1858.

WRIGHT'S

GROCERY, PROVISION, WINE AND LIQUOR STORE.

CONFECTIONERY AND BISCUITS,

CROCKERY AND GLASSWAR

A quantity of Goods damaged by the late fire will be sold cheap. Call and see them.

JANE WRIGHT.

FIRE, FIRE, FIRE.

I have a very large assortment of Furniture, some of which was damaged in removal at the late fire, which I purpose selling cheap for cash.

Call Early and Secure a Bargain.

I have one $80 Raw Silk Parlor Suite, slightly damaged, which I will sell very cheap.

Also a full line of Couches, Parlor, Diningroom and Bedroom Furniture, &c., &c.

PICTURES FRAMED

in all styles of Moulding, very cheap.

N. M. MAYBEE.

Weiss' Block, Madoc.

1858.—ESTABLISHED—1858.

G. D. RAWE

Takes this opportunity to notify his numerous friends and customers, that his stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, and Fancy Goods is now complete, and has been selected with great care from the Best Houses in the Dominion.

His stock of Albums is the largest, cheapest and most varied in design that was ever (in Madoc) presented to those requiring such articles.

He would also call especial attention to the other portion of his stock, intended specially for Xmas and New Year Gifts, suitable for ladies and gentlemen, young men and misses.

One glance at the stock will prove that it is all new and offered at remarkably low prices.

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, December 5th, 1883.

1883. FALL and WINTER. 1884

Our stock of Fall and Winter Goods is now complete. An inspection solicited from intending purchasers. A large stock of Ready-made Clothing at lowest prices, and all other goods suitable for the season.

SPECIAL.

See our stock of China, Stone and Glassware.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

NUMBER 3, DURHAM STREET, MADOC, ONT.

—DEALER IN—

STOVES AND TINWARE.
HARDWARE AND WOODENWARE,
LAMPS AND LANTERNS,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS & PUTTY,

COAL—OIL,

Prices to Suit the Times. - Please Give me a Call.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

Great Bargains

AT THE "RIGHT HOUSE."

$10,000 WORTH OF GOODS thrown on the Market!

Having re-opened in building ONE DOOR east of Post Office, formerly occupied as carriage shop by M. Bristol, we shall for the

NEXT 30 DAYS MARK GOODS DOWN TO COST.

Goods damaged by removal from fire sell at LESS than manufacturers' prices.

All lines of Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats and Caps, cut **away down.**

Boots and Shoes *MUST BE RUN OFF* inside 30 days, to make room.

Don't forget the place—one door east of the Post Office, Madoc.

D. C. CLARKE

Madoc, Feb. 21st, 1884.

W[illegible]CHES, WATCHES, WATCHES.

Call and examine my stock, just arrived, which

I am offering for nearly COST PRICE, for cash.

E. L. WEISS.

C. G. WILSON,

CHEMIST

—AND—

DRUGGIST.

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

B.B. Casement & Co. Nails, Iron, Steel AND GENERAL HARDWARE Madoc, Ont.

North Hastings Review.

B. Casement & Co. Glass, Putty, Paints, Rubber of all kinds. MADOC, ONT.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 367. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, May 8, 1884. POSTAGE PREPAID

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

I saw that the Ontario Legislature had passed an Amendment on water courses and ditches and an amendment on drainage, but it seeme the Act has not reached Tudor yet. Some four years ago I cleared off a low piece of ground; the water ran across the road on my neighbor's land, which is a natural water course. My neighbor disputed the course two years ago. I then called on the Fence Viewers, and they decided that the water should run its natural course across the road and ordered him to remove whatever obstructions he had placed in the way. Last year he obstructed again. I went to P. M. Gunter, our Reeve and Magistrate; I told him I wanted level ground, there was fall enough to lay it dry. My neighbor went to him the same day, it being Council day. In the morning before my neighbor went out he opened the course, so I had not much to complain of and went home early. My neighbor remained longer and whatever conversation he and the Reeve had together I don't know; one thing is certain, next day he came with a man and team and constructed a dam with stone and ground three feet thick from bank to bank. I had my side planted with potatoes and he drowned out about six bushels planting, which is considerable loss to a man that provides for his family entirely from a rough farm. I have often read of the Indians and Arabians destroying the white peoples' crops by night, but I consider this far worse, here in civilized Ontario if a man is allowed to come in broad daylight and destroy a person's crop. If it had been Indians I would have a chance to protect myself, but as he is a white man and has nothing to take from him I hardly know what to do. Let any intelligent reader judge for himself what position I am in.

I may write more some other time.

Yours truly,

C. IMBACH.

Tudor, 5th May.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, and regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25c a bottle.

AN END TO BONE SCRAPING.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well. Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25c. per box, by all druggists.

SEED GRAINS

—AT THE—

North Hastings Warehouse.

The best quality of

SPRING WHEAT, PEAS and OATS.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, April 15th, 1884. 364

DON'T

BUY YOUR

CARRIAGE HARDWARE

until you have seen our stock and prices. You can save

From 10 to 20 per Cent.

as we wish to clear the whole stock, comprising:

Rims, Hubs, Spokes, Poles, Shafts, Clips, Armstrong's Buggy Springs, Seat Springs, Axles, Circles, Shackles, etc., etc.

JOHN DALE & SON.

Madoc, Apr. 21. 365-4w

Estate of the Late Colin Russel.

FROM this date no sales or business arrangements made by Hugh and John Russel, acting as power of Attorney for Mrs. Russel, (at present in Scotland) will be valid without the consent of all the heirs.

R. D. RUSSEL.

Madoc, February 18, 1884. 362

Wholesale & Retail

The undersigned begs leave to notify his customers and the public that his stock is complete once more, since the late fire.

Having just received a full and complete assortment of

GROCERIES, CROCKERY, WINES, LIQUORS,

&c.,—the very best that the

MARKET WILL AFFORD,

which will be sold as reasonable as any other house in the trade.

Hoping to receive a fair share of public patronage in the future as in the past.

D. W. WRIGHT.

RUSSEL PROPERTY,

MADOC.

Village Building Lots

FOR SALE.

MR. W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, MADOC,

will give all necessary information as to prices, terms, &c.

Mr. R. D. Russel has no further connection with Mrs. Sarah Russel's affairs.

(Signed.)

H. & J. RUSSEL,

Attorneys for Mrs. Sarah Russel, Montreal.

Feb. 18th, 1884. 361

Mortgage Sale

—OF VALUABLE—

FARM PROPERTY

in the Township of Madoc, in the County of Hastings.

UNDER power of Sale contained in a certain Mortgage which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction, at the

Madoc House, Village of Madoc.

—ON—

FRIDAY, 16th day of MAY, A. D.

1884, at one o'clock in the afternoon:

All that certain parcel of land situate in the said Township of Madoc, composed of the west half and north east quarter of lot No. 25, in the 9th concession, containing 150 acres, more or less.

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Belleville, Nov. 27, 1882. 293

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IN GOLDEN BONDS.

CHAPTER XXVII.—CONTINUED.

I heard the boy say "Thank y-," and then the footsteps of the man coming nearer to me. My only hope was that I might perhaps escape him in the blinding fog by crouching under the hedge till he had passed; but, to my horror, he was coming as slowly and as cautiously as I. I had found my way to the hedge and knelt down close under it, my face almost among the briars and thorns. He passed me; I could see the vague form as it went by. But in my joy at the sight I drew a sharp breath; he turned back groped for me, found, and raised me to my feet, all without a word. I closed my eyes and shuddered. For the first moment I felt too exhausted by the excitement of those awful minutes to struggle much. I could only feebly try to push him off, crying brokenly—

"Don't—don't hurt me!"

"Hurt you, my own darling! Look up at me. Heaven help me, I have nearly frightened you to death!"

I looked up with a cry, and flung my arms round his neck. It was Laurence, his face so haggard and so dirty as to be scarcely recognisable; but he told me, as he kissed me again and again, that I must not mind that, for he had travelled night and day without a moment's rest since he got my letter on the morning of the previous day.

"And, thank Heaven, I am in time, in time!" he cried, as he pressed me again in his arms.

"In time for what Laurence? I should have been near you in two days," said I wonderingly. "We were to start to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow morning! Just a few hours more, and I should have lost you!" cried the poor fellow, in such agony of horror and relief at the same time that only to see him in that state brought the tears to my eyes.

"Lost me, Laurence? Oh, do tell me what you mean!" I cried piteously.

"Oh, Violet, you are still so innocent as to think that that man would have brought you to me!"

"Why not?" asked I in a whisper.

"Because he loves you himself," said he between his teeth—"if the feeling even you inspire in such a man can be called love. Your innocence would not have protected you much longer. Oh, I was a fool, a blind fool, ever to leave you, for father—mother—anybody in the world! But I did not know quite all until your own sweet naive letter opened my stupid eyes."

"Oh, Laurence, Laurence, what dreadful things are you saying?" I cried, shaking with fear even in his arms.

"Never mind, my own darling; you are safe now," said he very gently. "I didn't mean to frighten you. I ought to have warned you long ago; but I could not bear to——"

"But, Laurence, my mother is going with us. Didn't I tell you that? I had a letter from her——"

"Which she never wrote. On my way back to London, I telegraphed to your mother to meet me at Charing Cross Station, and there she told me she had never seen Mr. Rayner and never heard a word of the journey to Monaco."

This blow was too much for me; I fainted in his arms. When I recovered, I found that he had carried me some distance; and, as soon as I began to sigh, he put me down and gave me some brandy and water out of his flask.

"I'm always wanting that now I think," said I, trying weakly to smile as I remembered that two or three times lately Mr. Rayner had given it to me when I seemed to be on the point of fainting. "You are the first person who has made me go off quite, though," I said.

And poor Laurence took it as a reproach, and insisted on our stopping again in the fog for me to forgive him. We were making our way slowly, in the increasing darkness, down the lane to the high road.

"But what am I to do, Laurence?" I asked trembling. "Shall I tell Mr. Rayner—oh, I can't think he is so wicked!—shall I tell him you have come back, and don't want me to leave England?"

"Not for the world, my darling," said he quickly. "Nobody in Goldham—not even at the Hall—knows I have come back. That is why I had to send for you on a pretext, and frighten you out of your life. The boy I sent for you did not know me. I got here in a fly from the station only a few minutes before I met him, and sent him off with the promise of a shilling if he brought you back with him.

"Ah that is why he was so anxious not to lose sight of me for a moment! But what is all this mystery about, Laurence? Why don't you go to the Hall and see your father?"

"Ah, that is a secret! You won't mind waiting till to-morrow to know that, will you, darling?"

"Oh, yes, I shall! I want to know now," said I coaxingly. "Won't you trust me with your secret?"

He did not want to do so; but I was curious, and hurt at his refusal; and, when he saw the tears come into my eyes, he gave way.

He had been so much struck with the postscript to my letter, telling him of a suspicious looking man whom I connected with with the Dunham Court robbery hanging about the Hall, and promising to visit it again on Wednesday, that he had obtained, be telegraphing to the chief of the metropolitan police, a force of constables to lie in wait upon the Hall that night. He had appointed a trustworthy person to meet them at Bensonsburgh station and conduct them to a rendezvous he had obtained in the park, where they were probably waiting now. He was going to station them himself, under cover of the fog, in places round the Hall, among the shrubs, where they would be well concealed, and yet be near the approaches of the house, especially on that side where the strong room was. The fog might work for them or against them; it might throw the thieves—if indeed they came, which was a matter of chance—into the constables' hands or it might help them to escape. That must be left to fortune.

"And you know you said in your letter that Sarah was always raving about a bad man named James Woodfall, who seemed to have a great influence upon her and to be mixed up in everything evil she talked about. Well, I have brought down among the constables a man who knew James Woodfall, and swears he could identify him. This Woodfall used to be a clever forger, and got caught only once, when he was quite a lad; but he has been lost sight of for years. There is only an off-chance of his having anything at all to do with this; but I mentioned his name to the chief constable, and he thought it worth trying. So now, my darling, you know everything, and you must keep my secrets, every one, like grim death. As for your journey, don't be alarmed. I shall be in the same train with you; and your mother will really meet you at Liverpool Street Station, for I have told her to do so."

Laurence insisted on seeing me home. We had crept along the high road until we were close to the cottage nearest to the Alders, when we heard the sounds of hoofs and wheels, and men's voices hallooing through the fog. Laurence opened the gate of the cottage garden and led me inside till they should have passed.

It was the dog-cart, with Mr. Rayner on foot leading the horse, and Maynard still in it.

"Lucky you are going to stay the night!" Mr. Rayner was saying. "I wouldn't undertake to find my way to my own gate tonight."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

We followed the dog cart at a safe distance, which was not very far off in the fog, until it stopped at the stable gate. Then we slipped past quite unseen on the other side of the road, while Mr. Rayner was busy opening the gate; and at the front gate Laurence left me, and I groped my way down the drive as fast as I could, and got in some minutes before Mr. Rayner and his companion. And, as I could rely upon the silence of Mr. Rayner and the cook, I said nothing to anybody else about my excursion.

We were about an hour over dinner, and, when Mr. Rayner had been to the cellar—not the dreadful store room cellar—himself to get out a bottle of port, he asked Mr. Maynard if he was fond of music.

"Well, I'm not much of a dab at it myself, though I used to toodle a little upon the cornet when I was a boy," replied the detective, whose language had grown a little easier and was less carefully chosen as he knew us better. "But I don't mind a tune now and then."

"Ah, you are not an enthusiast, I see!" said Mr. Rayner. "Now I can never be happy long without music. Did you ever try the violin?"

"Well, no; that is rather a scratchy sort of instrument, to my mind. Give me the concertina" replied Mr. Maynard genially.

"Then I won't ask you to listen to my music," said Mr. Rayner. "I'm only a fiddler. However, I think I must console myself for this disgusting weather by a—a tune to night; but I'll be merciful and shut the doors. My wife and Miss Christie will entertain you, and—let me see, it is half past seven—at nine o'clock I'll come and inflict myself upon you again, and we can have a game at backgammon. Do you care for backgammon?"

Mr. Maynard having declared that he did, Mr. Rayner asked me if I could go into the drawing room and hunt out *La Traviata* and Moore's "Irish Melodies." I went obediently, and was on my knees turning over the great piles of music that stood there, when he came in and softly shut the door. Before I knew he was near I felt something passed round my neck and heard the snap of a clasp behind. I put up my hand and sprang to my feet, startled. Mr. Rayner, bright and smiling, drew my hand through his arm and led me to the looking glass. Flashing and sparkling round my throat was a necklace of red jewels that dazzled me by their beauty.

"Don't I keep my promises? I said I would bring you some garnets. Do they please you?"

But they did not at all, after what Laurence had said; the magnificent present filled me with terror. I put up both hands, tore them off, and flung them down with trembling fingers, and then stood, panting with fright at my own daring, wondering what he would do to me.

He did nothing. After looking at me for what seemed to me a long time, while I stood trembling, at first proud and then ashamed of myself, without the least sign of displeasure he picked up the necklace, slipped it into his pocket, and said quite gently—

"That is a very pretty spirit, but is rather ungrateful, isn't it? Never mind; you shall make amends for it by-and-by. Now will you go and help Mrs. Rayner to entertain our lynx-eyed friend? You shall come back and fetch me at nine o'clock. Run along now, my dear."

He gave me a gentle little tap of dismissal and, rather crestfallen, I turned to the dining room. But neither my entertaining powers nor Mrs. Rayner's were called into play; for Mr. Maynard was already rather drowsy and, after sleepily muttering "Bravo—very good!" as the last sounds of Schubert's "Adieu" died away on Mr. Rayner's violin, he had to make an effort to listen to a selection from *Rigoletto*, and during some airs from *Martha* which followed I heard the regular breathing of a sleeping person from the arm-chair where he was sitting. But I was paying little attention to him. The door being shut, I had gone closer and closer to it, as if drawn, by an irresistible fascination, as Mr. Rayner seemed to play the "Adieu" as he had never played it before. Every note seemed to fibrate in my own heart, and nothing but fear of his displeasure if I disturbed him before nine o'clock kept me from returning to the drawing room, where I could have heard each plaintive passionate note unmuffled by the two doors between. When the last note of the "Adieu" had died away, and Mr. Maynard's coarse voice has broken the spell by his "Bravo—very good!" I listened for the next melody eagerly, and was struck with a chill sense of disappointment as an air from *Rigoletto* followed.

It was not that I did not care for that opera, though it is scarcely one of my favorites, but a certain hardness of touch, which struck me at once as being unlike the rich full tones Mr. Rayner generally drew from his loved violin, grated upon my ear and puzzled me. Of course Mr. Maynard did not notice any difference, and muttered approval from time to time indiscriminately. But my glances stole from him to Mrs. Rayner; and I could see that she also was struck by the curious change of style in her husband's playing. It was as brilliant as ever; the execution of one of the difficult passages in the arrangement of *Martha* was clever, more perfect than usual; but the soul was not there, and no brilliancy of shake or cadenza would repay one for the loss. It did not sound like the playing of the same man, and my interest in the music gradually died away; and, after watching Mrs. Rayner curiously for some minutes and noting the intentness with which, sitting upright in her chair, she was listening to the violin and at the same time keeping her eyes fixed upon the slumbering Maynard, I gave myself up to my own agitated thoughts.

What was going on at the Hall now? Had the constables been able in the fog to find their way safely to the park, and would the thieves come after all? Would they catch Tom Parkes? Would Gordon prove to be mixed up in it? Above all, would they catch the dreaded James Woodfall, whose influence seemed so strong and the memory of his name so fresh, though he had not been seen for years? It was an awful thing to think that I, by my letter to Laurence, had set on men to hunt other men down. I began to hope, even though I felt it was wrong to do so, that Tom Parkes would make his escape; he had never done me any harm, and I had rather liked him for his good-natured face. As for the unknown James Woodfall, the case was different. From Sarah's words and the eagerness with which the police had snatched at the least chance of catching him, it was plain that he was a very desperate criminal indeed, for whom one could have no sympathy. I hoped with all my heart they would catch him; and I was rather anxious to see what such a very wicked man looked like. Poor Tom Parkes was probably only a tool in the hands of this monster, who had made even the terrible Sarah a submissive instrument of evil.

And then I fell to thinking very sadly of what Laurence had told me that day about the deception practised upon me concerning the journey to Monaco, and I remembered Mrs. Rayner's warning. Could it be true that Mr. Rayner, who had always been so kind, so sweet-tempered, so patient, who had always treated me almost as if I were a child, and who had borne my rudeness in the drawing room just now with such magnanimous good humor, could really be such a hypocrite? There must be some explanation of it all which which would satisfy even Laurence, I thought to myself—almost, at least: for that letter from my mother, which she had never written—could that be explained away? My tears fell fast as this terrible proof rose up in my mind. How could he explain that away? But one's trust in a friend as kind as Mr. Rayner had proved to me does not die out quickly; and was drying my eyes and hoping that a few words from him would make it all right, when suddenly the silence round the house was broken by a howl from Nap, Mr. Rayner's retriever, who was chained to his kennel out side.

Mrs. Rayner started. Still Maynard slumbered. I looked at the clock; it was seven minutes to nine. Another and another howl from the dog, followed by loud and furious barking. We two women sat staring at each other, without a word. I would have spoken; but Mrs. Rayner glanced at the sleeping detective and put her finger to her lips. Still the sounds of the violin came to us from the drawing-room without interruption.

When nine o'clock struck, I jumped up, much relieved, opened and shut the door softly, crossed the hall, and turned the handle of the drawing room door. It was locked. I tapped; but there was no answer. He was playing a brilliant concerto, and I supposed he had not heard me. I knocked again and said softly—

"Mr. Rayner it is nine o'clock. You told me to come at nine."

Still there was no answer, which I thought strange, for his hearing was generally very sharp indeed. It was of no use for me to stand there knocking if he would not hear me, or did not yet wish to be disturbed; so, after one more unsuccessful attempt to attract his attention, I took a lamp from the hall table and went into the schoolroom. It was now ten minutes past nine. Nap was barking more furiously than ever. I knew by the mist there was all through the house how dense the fog must be outside; but I was so much struck by the noise the dog was making that I unfastened the shutters and opened the window about an inch to listen.

The fog was blinding. I could not see a yard in front of me. I heard nothing but Nap's barking for a minute; then I saw the dim glow of a lantern and heard a muffled whisper through the fog—

"Who's that?"

"It is I—Violet Christie. Is that you Laurence?"

"Hush! All right!" he whispered back. "Let me in."

He got in softly through the window, and, rather to my alarm, a middle-aged man in plain clothes, also with a lantern, followed him. Laurence himself looked more alarming than any thief. His face was ghastly white with fatigue, and dirtier than ever through long watching in the fog. He listened for a minute to the violin, then said quickly, but still in a low tone.

"Who is that playing?"

"Mr. Rayner," I answered.

He turned sharply to the other man, who nodded as if to say it was just what he had expected.

"How long has he been playing?" asked Laurence.

"Ever since half-past seven."

He turned to the other man again.

"A trick," said the latter simply.

"Who is with him?" asked Laurence again.

"Nobody," said I surprised and rather frightened by those questions. "Mrs. Rayner and Mr. Maynard are in the dining-room."

"Maynard?"

"Yes. He is asleep."

The middle aged man gave a snort of disgust.

"Hasn't Mr. Rayner been in the dining room at all, dear, this evening?" asked Laurence gently.

"Not since dinner. I left him playing in the drawing room at five and twenty minutes to eight, and he told me to call him at nine. He has been playing ever since."

"But it is past nine."

"Yes. When I went to the drawing room door just now I found it locked, and I knocked; but he did not answer."

"Will you go and knock again, and say you wish to speak to him particularly, dear?" said Laurence gravely.

I hesitated, trembling from head to foot.

"Why?" I asked, in a low voice.

"Because we want to speak to him particularly," said the other man gruffly.

But I looked at his hard face and pasted out—

"You are a policeman, I know! What do you want with Mr. Rayner?"

"Never you mind, my dear; we won't hurt you. Just go and say you want to speak to him."

"No, I won't!" I cried—not loudly, for my voice seemed to grow suddenly weak. "Whatever you think he has done, or whatever he has done, I will never help to harm Mr. Rayner!"

The man shrugged his shoulders, walked to the window, and whistled softly. Laurence put me into a chair, whispering "That's a brave girl!"—but with such an anxious, stern face. And the other man came back into the room, followed by a policeman with his staff ready in his hand.

"We must break open the door," said the elder man.

I started from my seat. I wanted to rush to the drawing room door and warn Mr. Rayner; but Laurence prevented me, whispering gravely—

"My darling, you must leave it to us now."

Every word, every movement had been so quiet that the music still went on while they opened the schoolroom door and crossed the hall. I stood watching them breathlessly.

The three men, Laurence, the most stalwart, foremost, placed themselves against the drawing-room door, and by one mighty push burst it open. I ran forward to the doorway just in time to see Gordon, Mr. Carruther's servant, fling down the violin and rush to the opposite window, the shutters of which were unfastened. But I heard the crash of glass, and at the same instant two policemen dashed through the shattered French window, seized and handcuffed him. Then he stood between them, white and immovable, without a struggle.

"It's no go. We know you're one of the gang," said the middle-aged man. "Game's up. We've got your leader."

"What leader?" asked Gordon calmly.

"James Woodfall."

"It's a lie!" snapped out the immoveable Gordon. "Jim Woodfall wouldn't let himself be nabbed by such as you."

"Why not? We've got you."

The man did not answer.

"All his fault for getting soft on a girl! Wish I had her here!" Gordon muttered presently.

He caught sight of me at the doorway and shot at me a sort of steely look that made me shudder. But I did not connect myself with his words. I was too bewildered to think or to understand clearly what was going on until I saw him, handcuffed as he was, quietly draw a tiny revolver from his pocket and, without raising it, point it at Laurence. With a scream I rushed forward into the room and flung myself in front of Laurence, and I heard a report and felt something touch my arm—I did not know what at first—and Laurence sprang forward with almost a yell. But he was encumbered with my form, and, before he could put me down, Gordon had wrenched himself away from his captors, and, snarling, "I meant to have done for her!" had dashed through the open window out into the fog and darkness.

I knew by this time that I was shot in the arm, for the blood was trickling through my sleeve; but the wound did not pain me much yet—I was too much excited for that, and too much occupied with Laurence's pitiful distress. He did not attempt to join in the hopeless chase of the escaped Gordon, but put me on a sofa, tore off the body of my frock, and bandaged my arm himself.

"Tell me what it all means, Laurence!" said I. "I am not badly hurt—I am not indeed—and I want to understand it all. Did you catch the thieves? Who were they? Have they really caught James Woodfall? And I hope—oh, I hope poor Tom Parkes has escaped!" I whispered; for the middle-aged man had not joined in the pursuit, but stood on the watch, half in and half out of the window.

[TO BE CONTINUED].

Why She Broke Up the Game.

On the train running down from Nashville to Memphis a couple of travellers called for the card table and began a game of euchre. Near them sat an old woman who had been industriously reading for an hour or two. At the sight of the cards she dropped her book and spectacles and pricked up her ears, and only three points had been made when she rose up and walked over to them.

"I pass!" said one of the players as he looked up.

"Young man!" she replied in a very solemn voice, "do you know the infernal wickedness of them pasteboards?"

"Yes'm, and I take that king with the ace," he answered.

"Want to take a hand in?" asked the other.

"I shall take a hand in if you don't put them keerds up. Poker killed my son Jim afore he was 25 years old. Old sledge brought my boy Sam to prison when he was only 18. Euchre was what separated me and the old man. I can't bear the sight of keerds, and I won't have no playing in this kyar if I have to fight for it."

"What's trumps?" queried one of the players of his companion.

"Clubs!" replied the old woman, as she brought him a cuff with one hand and seized the "deck" with the other. "Boys, hand me over them devil's darning needles."

One refused to comply until she had cleared him, but when she had the pack in hand she walked to the door and gave it a fling clear of the track. Then, returning to the pair, she handed one of them a well-worn Testament and said:

"Now read a chapter and pass it over to your friend, and if you haven't been brung up to know Moses from Judas Iscariot, don't be afraid to turn around and ask me! If both of you don't admit in half an hour from this that you feel a hundred per cent. better, I'll treat you to some elderberry wine and fried cakes."

Her Goetze, the tenor, had to travel from Cologne to Frankfort and appear the same evening in "Lohengrin." He arrived at the wings just in time to "go on." After vanquishing the villian who aspersed the *Elsa* of the occasion, he embraced her. As he did not know her, he whispered, while holding her fondly in his arms, "Allow me to have the honor of introducing myself to you. My name is Goetze of Cologne."

The Weather Prophet looks for spring this month. The wise man looks for a blood purifier that will put vigor into his system; he can find what he wants in Dr. Clarson's Stomach Bitters, the greatest of all blood purifiers. In large bottles at 50 cents!

Human skin and that of young rabbits have been successfully applied in small pieces to large healing surfaces in wounds. Dr. Wilson, however, in the *Medical News*, claims to have obtained very much better results from the use of the internal membrane of hen's eggs. The egg should be fresh and warm.

A TRAGIC EVENT.

A Father's Despair and Self-Inflicted Death. His Son's Final Rescue, Too Late to Save His Parent.

The graphic correspondence that is described below is one of the most remarkable episodes in the domestic history of America. It is absolute truth which can readily be verified by any citizen of Cortland.

The inhabitants of the pleasant town of Cortland, N.Y., were shocked one morning by the announcement that Mr. Clinton Rindge, one of their most prominent citizens, had committed suicide. The news spread rapidly and roused the entire neighborhood where Mr. Rindge was so well and favorably known. At first it seemed impossible that any one so quiet and domestic could do so rash a deed, and the inquiry was heard on every side as to the cause. The facts as developed on investigation proved as follows:

Mr. Rindge was domestic in his tastes and took the greatest enjoyment in the society of his children and pride in their development. And indeed he had good reason to be proud, for they gave promise of long lives of success and usefulness. But an evil day came. His youngest son, William, began to show signs of an early decay. He felt unusually tired each day, and would sometimes sleep the entire afternoon if permitted to do so. His head pained him, not acutely but with a dull, heavy feeling. There was a sinking sensation at the pit of the stomach. He lost all relish for food and much of his interest for things about him. He tried manfully to overcome these feelings, but they seemed stronger than his will. He began to lose flesh rapidly. The father became alarmed and consulted physicians as to the cause of his son's illness, but they were unable to explain. Finally severe sores broke out on his arms and he was taken to Buffalo where a painful operation was performed resulting in the loss of much blood but affording little relief. The young man returned home and a council of physicians was called. After an exhaustive examination they declared there was no hope of final recovery and that he must die within a very days. To describe the agony which this announcement caused the father would be impossible. His mind failed to grasp its full meaning at first; then finally seemed to comprehend it, but the load was too great. In an agony of frenzy he seized a knife and took his own life, preferring death rather than to survive his idolized son. At that time William Rindge was too weak to know what was transpiring. His face had turned black, his breath ceased entirely at times, and his friends waited for his death believing that the fiend Bright's disease of the kidneys, from which he was suffering, could not be removed. In this supreme moment William's sister came forward and declared she would make a final attempt to save her brother. The doctors interposed, assuring her it was useless and that she would only hasten the end by the means she proposed to employ. But she was firm, and putting all back, approached her brother's side and administered a remedy which she fortunately had on hand. Within an hour he seemed more easy, and before the day was over he showed signs of decided improvement. These favorable signs continued, and to-day William B. Rindge is well, having been virtually raised from the dead through the marvelous power of Warner's Safe Cure, as can be readily vertified by any citizen of Cortland.

Any one who reflects upon the facts above described must have a feeling of sadness. The father, dead by his own hand, supposing his son's recovery to be impossible; the son restored to health to mourn the loss of his father and the agonized relatives with a memory of sadness to forever darken their lives. Had Clinton Rindge known that his son could recover he would to-day be alive and happy, but the facts which turned his brain and caused him to commit suicide were such as any one would accept as true.

However sad this case may be, the truth remains that thousands of people are at this moment in as great actual peril as William Rindge and in as great danger of causing misery if not death to their friends. Liver and kidney diseases are become the most common and most dangerous of any or all modern complaints. They are the most deceptive in their beginnings and horrible in their final stages. They are far more deceptive than Consumption, and can rarely be be detected even by skillful physicians unless a microscopic analysis be resorted to, and few doctors understand how to do this. Their slightest approach, or possibility of approach should strike terror to the one who is threatened as well as to all his or her friends. These diseases have no distinct symptoms, but come in the form of lassitude, loss of appetite, aching muscles and joints, dull head-ache, pain in the back, stomach and chest, sour stomach, recurring signs of cold, irregular pulsations of the heart, and frequent dizziness. If neglected, these symptoms are certain to run into chronic kidney and liver or Bright's disease, from which there is sure to be a great amount of agony and only one means of escape, which is by the use of Warner's Safe Cure. The importance of taking this great remedy upon the slightest appearance of any of the above symptoms cannot be too strongly impressed upon the minds of all readers who desire to escape death and pain and prolong life with all its pleasures and blessings.

Dyspepsia and Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters can't live in the same stomach, one of them has got to go and it isn't the Stomach Bitters. The people's own favorite family medicine in large bottles at 50 cents.

To make beef cakes, chop some beef that is rare, with a little bacon or ham; season with pepper and a little onion; mix well serve with some good gravy made from soup stock thickened with browned flour.

A Three Cornered Weapon.—The triangular shape of the Triangle Dye Package, added to their undoubted superiority have won the day and driven all others from the field. 30 colors. 10c.

As a rule the nearer the surface the seeds are planted, where the soil is reasonably moist, the better chance there is for a quick, steady and vigorous growth.

Purely Vegetable.

First the bud, then the blossom, then the perfect fruit. These are the several stages of several of the most important ingredients composing the painless and sure corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. The juices of plants greatly concentrated and purified, gums and balsams in harmonious union, all combined, give the grand results. Putnam's Extractor makes no sore spot, does not lay a man up for a week, but goes on quietly doing its work until a perfect cure results. Beware of acid substitutes.

FOR THE FARMER.

Rhubarb Culture.

Rhubarb, like currant bushes, will grow almost anywhere and under any treatment, and consequently receives more ill usage than any other "green thing growing." But for this reason it should not be supposed that when growing under neglect and abuse it will do its best and produce as abundant crops and of equally good quality as when good treatment is given.

After it is once planted rhubarb requires little cultivation, but it must have at all times deep, rich soil, the richer the better. In field culture the roots are planted about four feet apart each way, and cultivated like any hoed crop. In the family garden they should be planted two to three feet apart, in a single row, at least four feet distant from other plants.

It may be raised from seed, but as there is little reliance to be placed in the seedling being of the same variety as the parent plants, division of the roots is the usual method of propagation usually employed. Any piece of root with a bud or eye will grow if planted about two inches deep, the soil firmly pressed around it. Plants may be planted in autumn or early spring. Plantations are usually renewed every four or five years, yet when a liberal dressing of manure is given every fall the roots will produce a crop for an almost indefinite period. Heavy manuring, clean cultivation, and liberal space are the essential requisites for raising large, succulent rhubarb. The varieties best known are:—

Linnæus, grown extensively for market as well as home use. It is early, very productive, and of a brisk, spicy flavor. Its principal fault is that it seeds so freely that unless all flower stalks are cut off as soon as they appear the crop deteriorates rapidly.

Victoria is later, has larger leaves and stalks, and requires very rich, rather heavy ground for its best development.

Paragon. This is a new variety, originated in England, and now introduced here. The stalks are bright red, heavy, and produced in quick succession and great abundance. It is earlier, of more delicate flavor, and decidedly less acid than any other variety we are acquainted with. But its most remarkable and most valuable qualifications is that it does not produce flower stalks, to which fact its great productiveness is mainly attributable, all the strength of the plant being used for the development of its leaves.

Weight of Milk.

A great many little things are constantly passing before our eyes that most of us fail to notice. Every one who eats apples knows that they contain seeds, but not everyone who eats apples can tell whether the seeds of the apples as they lie in their little seed cases or "nulls," lie with their small end or large end towards the stem of the apple. We have heard the question asked repeatedly in large congregations of apple eaters, without bringing out half a dozen correct answers, the large majority appearing among the number who did not pretend to know, while of those who thought they knew, more usually voted wrong than right. Most persons, probably, know as much about milk as they do about apples, and perhaps one ought not to be surprised that in a mixed gathering there might be a difference of opinion concerning so simple a thing as milk. Yet we are hardly prepared to find, upon a recent occasion, where a number of farmers were discussing the milk question, that scarcely one could tell for a certainty which of the two liquids, milk or water, was the heaviest, while of those who thought they knew, the larger number were in the wrong. Because milk contains fat, which is lighter than either water or milk, many think that the milk itself must be lighter than water. Probably very few farmers ever took the trouble to weigh a gallon of either water or milk to ascertain their weights or difference. The difference is comparatively slight, though varying according as the milk is rich or poor in the several milk solids. Take a vessel that will hold exactly 100 pounds of pure water, and fill it with pure milk of average quality, and the weight will be found to be about 103 pounds. In other words milk is 3 per cent. heavier than water.

Mr. O. S. Bliss, who is good authority on dairy matters, gives, in a recent letter to the *Rural New Yorker*, the specific gravity of pure milk, as found by many tests, to be, 1.032. The standard gallon of pure milk, taken at a temperature of 60°, is now generally understood to weigh 8.6 pounds, or 2.15 pounds per quart. By this rule ten quarts of pure milk at a temperature of 60° will weigh just 21½ pounds, which are easy figures to remember, and from which it is easy to reckon the number of quarts given by a cow after finding the number of pounds by weighing. A good many owners of large milkers have come to reckon two pounds of milk as a quart, which is wrong and very misleading.

Barbed Wire Fencing.

A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker* gives the following experience:—From my own long experience with barbed-wire fencing and still longer experience with hedges, I can find no weighty objections to the former. I have heard some complaints and some expressed fears of possible danger to stock; but these objections have been few in comparison with the commendations given wire fencing. Its advantages as to durability, low cost and capability of resisting wind storms, are certainly evident. Economically considered, there is no fence that can compare with it. We do not in this vicinity, as a general rule, build fences of wire alone, preferring to use two six-inch pine boards at the bottom, with three wires above.

The principal objection urged against barbed-wire fencing, is that stock is liable to serious injury from running violently against the barbs. So far as my observation has extended, this objection arises only from an apprehension of danger, and is not based on actual facts. Of course, one can conceive of such a thing, and shudder at the thought of a favorite animal being maimed; and at once the objection *theoretically* becomes a potent one; but I think very few persons have suffered loss in this manner. I have not heard of such an instance in this part of the country, and there are hundreds of miles of barbed-wire fence within a very few miles of this place. I notice that stock generally acquaint themselves with the nature of the fence, and after that leave it severely alone. The difficulty is largely obviated by the board and wire fence, for horses running towards the fence, see the board and turn away.

Another correspondent in the same paper writes thus:—As to wire fences, I have about 400 yards of the barbed and more of the buckthorn, and like the latter much better, except for special purposes, such as a pig fence or a top wire on a board fence. when I should prefer the close set barb. I use chestnut posts three inches square, sharpened and driven down from 16 to 20 feet apart, and at every ninth and tenth post an eight-inch chestnut or oak straining post is planted three feet, and well rammed. The end straining posts only are braced. I find the best way to brace is to plant a stout post eight feet from the end post; put a brace from near the top of one to the bottom of the other, at the surface of the ground; then nail a thick eight-inch board from the top of one post to the top of the other. Put up in this way the straining-post will not "give." Without the board, it is apt to push the second post over when cold weather arrives. I have not found wire fences dangerous to stock so far. I first used three strands of wire, but now use four one foot apart, and the first one foot from the ground. This makes a good fence, and is about the right height. Cattle will put their heads through to reach grass outside the fence, but do not get hurt in doing so. I have never had an animal attempt to break through except an old boar, and in this case the fence was too low and he jumped it, and in doing so pulled the wire from the post.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Why is love like a potato? Because it shoots from the eyes.

It is said that girls who sing "Baby mine" seldom get married.

Leap year advice—Be sure your victim is rich before you jump at him.

Patience is the panacea; but where does it grow, or who can swallow it?

Those sentiments of love which flow from the heart cannot be frozen by adversity.

"Ye pays no more attention to me,' said Patrick to his children, "than if I was a dumb baste talking to yez."

She that has never known adversity is but half acquainted with others or with herself. Constant success shows us but one half of the world.

A health journal says that you ought to take three-quarters of an hour for your dinner. It is well also to add a few vegetables and a piece of meat.

Many people economize the wrong way. They will worry the pennies and waste the pounds. A fortune, or so much saved and put away, is not made this way, but by a careful outlook all the way round.

Lady of the house (to cook)—"Maggie, I want you to be sure and baste the duck you are cooking." Cook—"Oh, yes, mim, I will. And ye see I was just afther comin' for a nadle and a thrid to do it wid."

A gentleman once asked Abernethy if he thought the moderate use of snuff would "injure the brain." "No, sir," was the doctor's prompt reply; "for no man with a single ounce of brains would think of taking snuff."

A bookkeeper riding through a street in the West End of London, and seeing "Dr." on every other house, remarked that it would look a little more regular if there was an occasional "Cr." on the other side of the street.

What a lovely example of domestic simplicity is set by that sweet animal, the domestic cat, which rises at three in the morning, washes its face with its right hand, gives its tail three quick jerks, and is ready for the day's cares and pleasures.

"If your wife faints, do not spoil her dress by dashing a pitcher of water over her. Loudly kiss the back of your hand. She will immediately revive and want to know whom you are kissing. Do not tell her, and she will not faint any more.

"Any good shooting on your farm?" asked a hunter of a farmer. "Splendid," said the agriculturist; "there's the tax-gatherer in the parlor, and my mother-in-law in the kitchen. Climb over the fence, young man, load both barrels, and shoot the lot."

Distinguish exactly what one is, when he stands alone, and acts for himself, and when he is led by others. We know many who act always honestly, often with delicacy, when left to themselves; and like knaves when influenced by some overbearing characters, whom they slavishly submitted to follow.

An Ayrshire farmer who had been out in the late boisterous weather and got himself very wet went into a public-house in a country village and ordered a glass of whiskey. After taking off the contents neat without an effort he said, "Man, that whusky's uncommon mild; it's a wee like mysel'; I think it's been out in the rain!"

A minister, when visiting a farm-house observed one of the inmates begin to a large cog of porridge without having first asked a blessing on the food. Desirous of teaching the lad his duty in this respect, he said to him, "Without asking a blessing, are you not afraid the porridge will choke you?" "No," said the youth instantly; "there's nae fear o' that; they're no nae thick."

A gentleman who considered himself a crack shot with a rifle "at a mark" took a deer-forest last autumn. The first day's stalking, says a Northern contemporary, seemed to him "a day bewitched," for he missed every chance and several of them were good ones. He asked the headkeeper if he could account for his missing so often. Like a true Scot, the keeper replied by asking another question. "Are your rifle and cartridges gude?" "Yes, quite good—Westley Richards, you know." "Then youre no gude yoursel'."

Andrew Douglas, author of "The History of Ferryden," used to keep an evening school during the winter for the benefit of the fisher lads who were engaged with their fathers during the summer. One of his pupils had got as far advanced as cloth measure, in reduction, when going up one day to the master with his slate, the master (who had an impediment in his speech), after looking it over, told him his answer was wrong. "Fat's the matter wi' the coon't, maister?" says the scholar. "W'wy, d'don't you s-see that you h-h-have got h-h-half a yard t-t-too m-m-much in your answer?" "Oh!" says the scholar, "that's nae fau't ava, maister, for it will a' be needit, for there's a great big hole i' my breeks."

ROMAN FOX HUNTING.

Sport that Is no Child's Play—Dangerous Ground and Reckless Riders.

The Romans as a rule do not "go in" for manly sports much. There is something in the soft southern air which predisposes them to inaction. They are quite content with the mild exercise of a drive on the Pincio, varied, perhaps, from time to time, by a day's shooting over the Alban hills. But one sport, and that one of all others the most exciting, does flourish here—fox hunting. The hunt meets two or three times weekly throughout the season, and there is generally a good master. On some mornings as many as forty or fifty riders may be seen on the trail of poor reynard, and not unfrequently there are twice as many people go out "on wheels," especially if the meet happens to be at Ceciliæ Metellæ, by the Via Appia, or at the Tre Fontane—the two most popular rendezvous in the Campagna. It is the fashion among many smart sportsmen who never saw a meet to sneer at Roman fox hunting and Roman foxes. But they would find, if they condescended to try it, that the sport is perhaps often more exhilarating than would suit their fancy. The foxes are bona fide, "natural" foxes. They are not, as an Englishman insinuated the other day, "shaken out of a bag," or "numbered," or "put down" a couple of hours before they are "sighted."

The hounds are kept at a farm outside the Porta Salaria, about three miles from Rome. It is chiefly supported by the subscriptions of the Roman nobles, though a dozen foreigners are members of the hunt and contribute their quota. Duca Grazioli, the M. F. H., is a great favorite. To look at his delicate face and figure in a drawing room you would never credit him with the dash and endurance he really has in him. But put him in the saddle and he is a changed being. He is a splendid rider—takes the stiffest rails and walls as though they were kitchen-fenders. His only rivals are Reynolds, the huntsman (who hails from Leicestershire), Count Zucchini, a hard but rather unlucky rider, and a gentleman in the Italian foreign office named Simonetta, who usually bestrides a superb chestnut steeplechase mare, which has played him several ugly tricks lately, and, indeed, nearly broke his neck the other day. Count Zucchini, by the by, also had a narrow escape a short time ago. While hunting a particularly knowing fox at Conto Celli one morning his horse stumbled into a hole, and he came a regular "neck and cropper." He was picked up with a broken shoulder-blade and a damaged collar-bone, which obliged him to go into hospital for over a fortnight.

Among the other patrons of the noble sport Prince Odescalchi (Mario's great friend) is one of the most constant. He is the only man in Rome who wears an ulster, and he wears it ostentatiously, even going the length of riding to meet in it. Very often Prince Rossano Borghese and his brothers also join the "pink 'uns." Duca Magrignano and Prince Dora have been less assiduous of late, and we have too often missed Princess Doria, the dashing daughter of his grace of Newcastle. But though one fair huntress has thought fit to desert us the field has rarely been quite deprived of feminine attractions. Only very important engagements or illness would induce Countess Bobinsky, for instance, to forego her periodic run with the Roman hounds. Countess Celeri, a go-ahead Roman lady, has been out pretty often during the last two or three winters. She has five English hunters in her stable—regular "flyers" some of them—and will ride at anything when her blood is up.

The low, rolling plain between Rome and the mountain is rather ticklish ground for a novice or a stranger to hunt over. The soil is treacherous, pitfalls are plentiful, and the ruins strewn about in the grass constitute awkward stumbling blocks—especially if you alight on them after taking a flyer over a four-foot rail or a good hedge. Near the city the land is comparatively level, however. The danger begins about Roma Vecchia, where the relics of the dead past lie so thick together that you have to pick your way as if you were riding through the cemetery. And, indeed, the Campagna is a cemetery, the greatest, grandest, and most crowded in the world. Besides natural obstacles, you have to reckon with artificial obstacles in the shape of rough stone walls (very like those in the English lake country), fragments of tombs, and forgotten chips of fallen temples.

There was some exciting, though rather disappointing sport out toward the Roman race-course the other morning. We mustered about thirty strong, among the number being, of course, Duca Grazioli, Prince Odescalchi (in pink, like many of the men, but unlike the rest, disguised in the inevitable ulster), M. Simonetta, etc., and last, but not least, one lady—Countess Celeri. The fox was sighted shortly after 11, and away we swept, over the brow of a rather high hillock and down again into a deep dip, the hounds owning the scent faithfully for some time. After a sharp run of twenty minutes, however, they were seen to be at fault, and after all reynard succeeded in getting away with his brush, to the intense disgust of Reynolds, the huntsman, and the hunt generally.

Lavish Hospitality.

Entertaining, even when it is simply done, if carried to excess, will make great inroads on a limited property, and in Virginia hospitality was literally unbounded. Even to this day, to ask a Virginian to come and stay from Monday till Friday, or from Wednesday till Saturday, mentioning, that is to say, a limit for his visit, would be considered a most barbarous outrage. There is something almost ludicrous, if it were not so pathetic, in the picture of poor Mr. Jefferson's declining years at Monticello. His property, which had amounted to something over £40,000 when he left office, was literally eaten up by the swarms of visitors of all kinds, whom his ideas of hospitality forbade him to close his doors to, and when he died, the sale of his property failed to cover his debts.

There was a musical entertainment in Denver a short time ago, and a local publication thus describes it: "Sweet strains of music floated out upon the gentle breeze of the quiet night with that enchanting melody which lifts the soul of man from the narrow limits of human enjoyments to pleasant anticipations of those seraphic pleasures in which the angels are wont to engage."

Time once passed never returns; the moment which is lost is lost for ever.

Different Appreciations of the Day of Rest.

The great *Reformers*, the early fathers of the church, and, I venture in all humbleness to think, the Founder of our religion, entertained very different views as to the utility of the day of rest to those which have molded the laws regulating Sunday observance among us. The modern Sunday is distinctly the outcome of the great Puritan movement. The opinions of the Puritan divines on this point are formulated in the Westminster confessions. None can impeach the loftiness of conception and purity of motive that actuated those divines. But their conception was too lofty; it could not be realised. It was above and beyond the compass of human nature. It was an ideal attainable only by ideal men and women. The Puritan Sunday never has been, is not, and never can be, observed among us. If it was unsuitable to the wants of human nature more than 200 years ago, it is much more inconsistent with the needs of men in this present age. Great multitudes of people were not divorced from nature at that time, nor were the minds of men and women so active and so intolerant of mere idleness as they are now. The struggle for existence, and the consequent necessity for true recreation which is only to be obtained by change of occupation were not so pronounced then as now; the surroundings and occupations of the people are far more depressing now than in the days of the Puritan divines. The day of rest must be made to suit the times, or it ceases to be a day of rest. Human nature is many-sided, and unless some latitude of observance is allowed, Sunday as a day of rest cannot satisfy its various needs. No institution of divine origin can fail in its objects or clash with the requirements of man. If it does so the fault lies not in the command, but in the interpretation thereof. It is in the mistaken construction put by our Sabbatarians upon the command to keep holy the Sabbath day that the danger to Sunday as a day of rest lies. Sabbatarians accuse the advocates of Sunday opening of being unmindful of the value of Sunday. The accusation is not true. It is on account of my appreciation of the value of the day of rest that I approve of Sunday opening. The feeling of reverence for Sunday as a divine institution should be preserved; anything tending to weaken it should be removed. If Sunday ceases to be a day of true rest to the weary, of real recreation to the exhausted mind and body, the sense of reverence will surely weaken and die out, and one of the safeguards of our English Sunday will have passed away. The religious objection to Sunday opening has been tacitly suffered to drop out of the controversy in Parliament, and I have touched but lightly upon it, partly on that account and partly because it is a subject naturally difficult for a layman to deal with. But it must not be forgotten that the religious objection is the real backbone of the opposition throughout the country. It would not be hard to show how mistaken is that opposition. I only wish that the spiritual leaders of the people of all denominations would speak out their minds freely on the subject. Surely not many of them can hold in their inmost souls that such reasonable recreation as is involved in Sunday opening is contrary to Scripture or hostile to a proper and religious observance of Sunday. But they fear to offend the weaker brethren. The weaker brethren theory is, like all other good things, apt to become inconvenient and dangerous when carried to extremes. Respect for prejudice or mistaken principles should not be allowed to weigh down the truth. Even if conscientiously believing that it is a sinful thing to spend an hour in a museum on Sunday afternoons, many ministers of religion and numbers of those committed to their charge must allow that it is a matter concerning which a man may justly claim to be guided by his own conscience and to exercise his right of private judgment. The fact that a certain number of English men and women visited art galleries on the Sunday cannot be as obnoxious to the feelings of their fellow-countrymen as to the existence and toleration among us of forms of worship which are held by many to be false and damnable. And yet the most violent antagonists of Sunday opening, the strongest opponents of liberty of conscience in this small respect, the most intolerant of our adversaries, are to be found among those who fought the hardest for liberty of conscience in their own behalf, and who owe immunity from civil disabilities and religious persecution to the tolerance of others. Enough, however, has been said on the religious aspect of the question; the secular objection is in some respects the most important, since it is on that field that the battle is now usually fought.—*Earl of Dunraven, in the Nineteenth Century.*

The Mexican Lasso.

The lasso itself is a rope made of the twisted fibre of the *maguey*, or aloe, known in European markets as Sisal hemp. There is a great difference in the quality; the best and strongest are twisted so extremely tight that it is almost impossible to untwist the strands. One end is worked into a small loop, lined inside with leather, through which, when about to throw the lasso, the other end is passed. The rope is about 30 feet long, about one-third of it formed into a noose, which is grasped a little above the loop—*i. e.*, where the rope is double, the rest of it is coiled round and held in the left hand, ready to let go, the extreme end being kept separate, and of course retained. The noose should hang well clear of the ground when held level with the shoulder, and, when open, forms a circle of four or five feet in diameter. The lasso is swung over the head and left shoulder, and back over the right shoulder, a peculiar turn of the wrist as it begins to return keeping the noose open. It is thus made to circle round and round his head by the thrower until he is within distance of his object, when it is launched and flies off at a tangent, the noose assuming a circular form, and settling quietly around the object aimed at. Before it settles the thrower seizes the other end with the right hand, and gives it two rapid turns round the *cabeza* of his saddle, so as to get a purchase. If he is not quick enough at this, and the bull tightens the rope before a good purchase has been effected, the result is that the fingers get caught between the rope and the *cabeza* and are very much injured. It is no unfrequent thing to see a man who has lost one or two fingers in learning the art. It is beautiful to see the exactitude with which an adept will throw the lasso from or to any point over either shoulder, behind or in front. There is no credit in catching a bull by the horns, for he can not be thrown by them; but considerable skill is required to pitch the noose just in front of him when he is at full gallop, so that next step he treads into it; then, on its being tightened with a sudden jerk, rolls over in the dust. The horse, too, has to learn his part or the business, and bear at the right moment in the opposite direction, or he might be thrown instead of the bull, to which indeed he is often inferior in weight. It is considered disgraceful to have to loosen the lasso, and to let the bull carry it off with him. A good hand will catch by either leg alone a bull galloping past at any angle. The most difficult feat of all is to lasso him round the quarters when at full gallop at the moment when his hind legs are doubled up under him. Usually the noose slips off, and nothing happens; but if it be thrown precisely at the right instant, his hind legs are pinned tight up under his belly, and he is brought to a standstill in the position of a sitting dog, looking indescribably silly in such an unwonted position. These and other feats of lassoing are seen at their best at a hacienda, on the occasion of the annual *herradero*, when the young bulls are driven in from the plains, thrown down, and marked with a hot iron with the initials of their proprietors' names. Friends and neighbors come together from afar, and vie with one another in the display of dexterity and horsemanship.—*The Saturday Review.*

Religious Items.

The Christian women of the United States during the past year gave $600,000 to Christianize the heathen.

Mr. Spurgeon's Pastors' College, in London, in 27 years has educated 652, of whom 486 are employed as pastors, missionaries, or evangelists, in connection with the Baptist Church.

The new church erected in Pont street, Belgravia, London, for the Crown Court congregation, was opened on March 28th by the Rev. Principal Tulloch, St. Andrews. The cost of the edifice was £22,000.

The number of churches of various denominations in Canada in 1881 was: Church of England, 1257; Baptist, 944; Catholic, 1485; Congregational, 110; Disciples, 55; Lutheran, 98; Methodist, 3017; Universalist, 7; others, 326.

A sect is said to have been discovered in Bostov, South Russia, who poison children with narcotics. It was founded by a woman who murdered her children in order to relieve them from earthly suffering and procure for them celestial happiness.

Rev. George F. Pentecost, pastor of the Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklin, in response to an urgent call from Mr. Moody, has sailed for England to assist the evangelists there in their great and constantly extending work. He is accompanied by Mr. Stebbins, and they will probably be absent four months.

Dean Chisholm says he became acquainted a few years ago with an old man residing in the Canseyside of Paisley who remembered the time when there were only a dozen Roman Catholic families in that town; now, according to the Dean, Paisley is favoured with the presence of about 12,000 Romanists.

The late Mr. White, of Overtoun, has bequeathed £34,000 to religious and charitable institutions. The sum on £5,000 goes to the sustenation fund, £3,000 to the Foreign, £500 each to the Home and Livingstonia mission, to the Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund, and to the Society for the Children of Ministers and Missionaries.

There has been an increase of upwards of 30,000 members of the Wesleyan body in Great Britain during the last three years. The returns for this year, which are now being made up, are expected to prove that during recent years there has been the greatest development of Methodism since the days of John Wesley.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, organized in 1810, conducts missions in India, Ceylon, Hawaiian Islands, Turkey, South Africa, China, Micronesia, Japan, Spain, Mexico, Australia and West Africa. There are 21 missions, 804 stations, 154 ordained missionaries, six of whom are physicians; 270 other assistants, making 433 missionaries from America. The native helpers number 1827, of whom 512 are pastors and preachers. There are 278 churches with 19,364 members; 58 theological and training schools, with 1538 pupils; 832 common schools, with 31,016 pupils, making a total of 35,625 pupils. The receipts of the Board for the year ending August 31, 1883, were $590,995.67.

AN ELEPHANT AT LARGE.

Demolishing Fences and Breaking into a House—The Inmates Flying.

An elephant belonging to a circus at present located in Coventry broke loose early one recent morning, and went in the darkness toward several detached cottages. Finding his progress barred by a fence and a gate, he smashed the gate into fragments, and carried a portion of it with him. Having gained access to the gardens which surrounded the cottages he discovered a tub containing food for pigs, of which he made a meal, and then, in continuing his explorations, he became wedged between a tree and the wall of one of the houses. In his efforts to turn round he burst open the door of the house, the noise alarming the inmates to such an extent that they dared not leave the upper rooms. Proceeding to the next house, the elephant broke open the door with his trunk, which he pushed into the room, and when the man of the house came down stairs to ascertain the cause of the noise he was struck with consternation, and quickly retreated to the upper room.

The man threw first a flower pot and then a board at the intruder, who manifested the utmost indifference, and eventually quietly walked away. He was followed through the garden by several of the alarmed householders, one of whom was despatched for the keeper. Meanwhile the elephant reached the street, and was met by a policeman, who turned on his bull's-eye, the flash of light drawing from the elephant a contemptious grunt as he moved onward. Before he had proceeded very far his keeper got within hailing distance, and at the sound of his voice the elephant turned about and marched quietly back to his quarters.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Put a few ears of corn into the oven and let them remain until reduced to charcoal. Feed this to the fowls and notice the increased egg production.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, MAY 8, 1884.

—THE resignation of Sir Charles Tupper from the Dominion Cabinet is expected to bring about some important changes in the *personell* of the Government. Some of the younger members of the party, it is said, will be taken in. Hon. M. Bowell, Minister of Customs, is sure and safe, however, as he is acknowledged to be one of the best qualified officials in the Cabinet.

—TORONTO has also had its little dynamite scare, and it was badly frightened. A few days ago some one found three dualin cartridges stored about the old parliament buildings, and the fun began. First it was a grand fenian outrage, then it assumed a political aspect,—the Grits said it was another Tory "conspiracy," and the Tories alleged it was a piece of Grit rascality. The general impression appears to be that the cartridges were placed there by some watchmen employed by the Government, in order to secure their snug little berths for the summer.

—OUR American cousins are nothing if they are not progressive, especially in science and—deviltry generally. They are particularly "big" on mischievous inventions. The latest candidate for posterity's honors is a Pittsburg man, and he has earned his fame by inventing a process by which whisky can be solidified and carried in the pocket like a plug of tobacco. Thus will every man who wishes be his own bar-tender. He can bite off a "lone drink" when and where it may please him to do so—in the pew, on the street or at his work. There is nothing like having things convenient.

The Lazier Murder.

THE PRISONERS ON TRIAL.

The trial of Joseph Tompsett, David Louder and George Louder, charged with the murder of Peter Lazier, of Belleville, at Bloomfield on the 21st of December last, began at Picton on Tuesday, before Mr. Justice Patterson and a jury.

The Grand Jury returned a true bill against the prisoners, who were arraigned in court. They pleaded not guilty. They will be defended by Dalton McCarthy, M. P., and Geo. D. Dickson, Q. C. The case is exciting a great deal of interest.

The Last Spike Driven.

THE TRACKLAYING ON THE ONTARIO AND QUEBEC RAILWAY COMPLETED.

The last spike of the Ontario and Quebec railway was driven on Monday afternoon by Mr. Hugh Ryan (superintendent of construction) at a point five miles east of Argincourt. Mr. Harrison, contractor for laying the rails on the Peterborough end, also drove a spike. Tracklaying was going on from both ends, and at five o'clock in the evening the joint was made, the last two rails fitting into a T. Mr. Lumsden, the chief engineer, and other officials were also present. A large crowd of farmers with their families welcomed the driving of the last spike. As soon as the rails were completed one of the construction trains backed up and allowed the other to cross over with the happy sight-seers. There was lots of cheering. All that remains to be done now is the ballasting, and the Ontario branch of the C. P. R. will be completed, and Toronto and Ottawa directly connected.

Resignation of Sir Chas. Tupper.

OTTAWA, May 5.—Sir Charles Tupper has come to the conclusion to resign his seat in Parliament and in the Cabinet. In an interview with Sir John Macdonald on Saturday he stated that the condition of his health was such that he could not do justice to both the positions he had been holding. Sir John gave him his choice, and Sir Charles Tupper to-day stated that, availing himself of the kind offer of the Premier, he had chosen the High Commissionership. Sir Charles will continue Minister of Railways till the 24th May. Hon Mr. Pope will be Acting Minister during Sir Charles' absence, between now and the 24th, on which date he sails for Liverpool.

M. E. Conference.

Ontario Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

[Special to the Globe.]

STIRLING, May 1.— The Ontario Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada met for its final session in the church belonging to that body in the village of Stirling on Wednesday, at 7:30 p.m. The Bishop opened the Conference with prayer. The roll having been called and a few corrections made therein, the Conference proceeded to re-elect as secretary the Rev. J. Curts, who has served the Conference in this capacity from its organization, till the present time. A Committee on Nomination was appointed consisting of the presiding elders, together with Revs. A. Campbell, F. B. Stratton, J. Hilts, and R. Large. A number of committees were ordered, representing various church interests, such as Sabbath Schools, education, church extensions, Sabbath observance, temperance, superannuation, &c. This part of the business being completed, the Conference preacher, Rev. E. N. Baker, M. A., proceeded to discharge the duty to which he had been appointed. He based his discourse on Phillipians ii chapter, 9th verse, "The name which is above every name."

The preacher showed that from the works and words of men educationally, philosophically, scientifically, and theologically there is something in a name, but the name of Christ is above every other name, as He is the wisdom of God and the power of God—the only source of light, life and salvation. His name was above every name because never man spake like this Man. No teacher ever appeared that could for one moment be compared to Him. No name was so embalmed in song, no name so deeply engraven on so many hearts, no one so much conversed about or thought of as Christ. He is extolled by both friends and enemies, and never in the world's history had He so firm a hold upon the world's heart as now. When all other names shall have sunk into oblivion the name of Jesus will still be high over all in hell, or earth, or sky. The sermon was earnest, interesting, and eloquent.

Owing to the United Methodist Conference which will meet in June very few changes were made in the stations, but will remain the same, with those few exceptions, as last year.

Obituary.

THOMAS WATSON.

The subject of this notice was born in the County of Durham, England, in the year 1802. At the age of sixteen, his parents emigrated to the United States and settled at Champlain in York State. In 1832, he found his way into Canada, and, after a short stay on Lake Champlain, on the Canadian side, he settled in the township of Thurlow. From here he moved to Huntingdon where he spent the greater part of his time in Canada. He was converted to God at the age of thirty-two, and immediately associated himself with the Methodist Church, of which he remained a faithful member, until death called him to the church triumphant. During his connection with the church, he occupied, for many years, the position of class-leader, which position, he filled with great acceptability. Some six years ago, he came to Madoc, and here he ended his earthly career. Much personal suffering marked the winding up years of his life, especially the last two, but with true christian fortitude and patience, he bore it all. The comfort of redeeming love, the thought of heaven's amazing bliss seemed to take the sting out of the pain which he experienced in his last moments. He was devotedly attached to the church of his choice and when no longer able to attend her means of grace—the class meeting and the prayer meeting—a weekly prayer service was conducted in his own home. On the morning of March 30th, he peacefully fell asleep in Jesus.

"May we triumph so when all our warfare is past."

COM.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

LOST.

ON Saturday, May 3rd, between Bannockburn and my place, a leather pocket book, containing a note from Thos. Darks in favor of Sidney Fox, and some receipts and two dollars in money. Any person finding said pocket book and returning to me will be rewarded.

SIDNEY FOX.

Bannockburn, 6th May, 367-4w

COURT OF REVISION.

THE Court of Revision for the Municipality of Mayo and Carlow, in the County of Hastings, Ontario, will meet at the Town Hall, Carlow, on Saturday, the 17th of May, for the purpose of hearing and determining all complaints against the assessments of this year.

Given under my hand at Conroy's Farm, this 29th day of April, 1884.

JOHN TREMNER,
Township Clerk,
Conroy's Farm, P.O.

367-1w

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Municipal Council of Dungannon and Faraday, in the County of Hastings, will pass a By-law at its next meeting to be held at L'Amable, May 31st, 1884, for the purpose of establishing a deviation on the Carlow Road, commencing at lot 8 in 10th concession of Dungannon, and running thence north about 40 rods to lot 7, and thence about 45 rods south east, on said lot No. 7, 10th concession of Dungannon, till it joins the present travelled road.

A By-law will also be passed, to establish a piece of road running from north to south, through the middle of lot 10, in the 9th concession of Faraday.

A. L. BARKER,
Township Clerk.

L'Amable, may 5th. 367-4w

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by all Druggists.

COURT OF REVISION.

Township of Madoc.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Court of Revision for the Township of Madoc, will be held in the Town Hall, Madoc Village, on Monday, 26th day of May, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of hearing and determining complaints against the assessment for the current year. All parties interested are requested to govern themselves accordingly.

J. R. KETCHESON,
Township Clerk.

Madoc, May 1st, 1884. 366-4t

Farm for Sale.

THE undersigned is offering for sale that desirable property, described as Lots 29 and 30, in the 11th concession of the Township of Dungannon, containing 177 acres, near 60 acres cleared, with good, new frame house, 18x24, cook house attached, 12x12, log barn 24x36, and log house used as stable and granery. All in good repair. There is an orchard containing 80 apple trees, part bearing. It is situated between L'Amable and Bancroft. Terms, half cash; balance on time at 7 per cent. interest. For further particulars apply to

W. M. SPURR,
Apr. 28, 1884. 356 L'Amable.

Lacrosse Shoes,
LADIES'
Long Rubber Boots,
—AND—
Gent's Cloth Guiters,
—AT—
T. ROBERT'S,
BOOT AND SHOE STORE,
also a large assortment of
TRUNKS, VALISES,
ETC.

FIRE IN MADOC.

D. FOX,

Is opening out in Madoc with
FRESH "NEW GOODS,"
far ahead of, and much cheaper than any damaged goods.

Wait for his opening, which will be in a few days, and will be duly announced.

D. FOX.

April 24th, 365

Clothing, Clothing.

The Great One-Price Clothing House.

We will give every purchaser or a

$12.00 SUIT OF CLOTHES, AND UPWARDS,

—ONE OF THE—

CELEBRATED STEM WINDING WATCHES,

guaranteed to keep correct time.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.
POST OFFICE BLOCK,

Tenders Wanted.

TENDERS for the erection of a Town Hall at Coe-hill, Wollaston, are invited.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the residence of the Reeve or at the office of the Clerk, The Ridge. Tenders received up to the 20th May, on which date the Council will meet at the Coe-hill mine. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

The successful applicant will be required to enter into bonds to the satisfaction of the Council for the due performance of the contract.

By order,
H. T. MILLER,
Township Clerk.

The Ridge, April 25th, 1884. 366-3t

JULY EXAMINATIONS,
1884.

III CLASS (non-professional) will be held in Madoc, beginning at 9 a. m. on Monday, July 7th.

II CLASS (non-professional) at the same place, beginning at 11 a. m. on Wednesday, July 9th.

Candidates for Distict Certificates, and all candidates who are not in attendance at High Schools, must unite at Madoc (or Belleville). The examination for District Third Class will be on Reading, Writing, Grammar, Composition, Dictation, Arithmetic and Mensuration, History, Geography, Mental Arithmetic and Literature, and on the same papers (in these subjects) as the examination for regular Third Class. In Literature, however, candidates for such certificates will not be expected to answer the questions on Burke's Reflections.

All candidates must forward to the undersigned, on or before June 1st, notice of the place where, and the class of certificate for which he desires to write, carefully mentioning the options he wishes to take, and the certificate (if any) he already holds. This notice must also be accompanied by a certificate of character and a fee of one dollar for each examination (excepting that for District Certificates) at which he wishes to write. Third Class teachers desiring an extension, either in July or at the end of the current year, must write at the July Examinations, otherwise the Minister of Education will refuse extensions, except in very exceptional cases.

Examinations for Entrance to High Schools will be held, beginning, at 9 a. m., on July 3rd and 4th, at Madoc and Stirling, and, if necessary, an effort will be made to have one held at Bancroft.

WM. MACKINTOSH,
Inspector of Schools, N. Hastings.

Madoc, April 29.

Hardware!

Builders, and those intending to build, will find our prices RIGHT for all their requirements, such as

BUTT HINGES,
STRAP & T HINGES,
[illegible] HINGES,
NAILS,
LOCKS,
LATCH[illegible]
HAS[illegible]
H[illegible]
[illegible]S,
[illegible]UARES,
HAMMERS,

and all the other sundries, also

GLASS,
PUTTY,
TURPENTINE,
VARNISHES,
JAPAN,
BOILED & RAW OIL,
WARRANTED WHITE LEAD,
RED LEAD.

and various dry colors,

PAINT BRUSHES,
WHITE WASH BRUSHES,
SCRUB BRUSHES,
SHOE BRUSHES.

FULL LINE OF MACHINE
OILS.

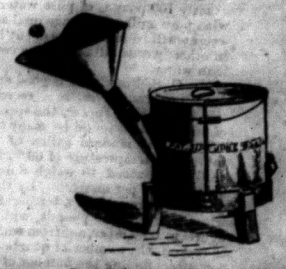
BABBIT METAL.

TINWARE.

We are offering special value in
MILK CANS,
MILK PANS,
MILK PAILS,
MILK STRAINERS,
STRAINER PAILS,
BOILERS,
TEAKETTLES,
STEAMERS,
CULLENDERS,
WASH BOWLS,
DIPPERS,
TEAPOTS,
OIL CANS.

and all the other sundries belonging to Housefurnishing.

No man can sit on the fence and plant onions, but he can sit on this



Patent Combined Milk Bucket and Stool,

and milk with perfect ease, and save time, milk and money. Just call and see it—it speaks for itself. No farmer should be without it.

FULL LINE COOK STOVES.

SPECIALTIES.

SARVEN — PATENT — BUGGY WHEELS,
BENT RIMS, BENT SHAFTS, BENT POLES, HICKORY & OAK SPOKES (all seasoned), ARMSTONG'S PATENT BUGGY SPRINGS, ARMSTRONG'S PATENT SEAT SPRING, PLASTER PARIS, PORTLAND CEMENT, STOVE & BLACKSMITH COAL, LAND PLASTER.

BUCKTHORN FENCING.

R. R. CASEMENT & CO.,
Sign of the Circular Saw,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc, Ont.

Latest Local News.

—Gardening is making progress.

—Rhubarb has made its appearance.

—The County Attorneyship is not yet settled.

—Rev. Mr. Baker returned from the Conference on Tuesday.

The rain of the past few days has aided vegetation wonderfully.

—Efforts are being made to have a lacrosse match here on the 24th of May

—Cross & Mouncey have put up showy window curtains in their new store.

—Three Bicyclers took a run down to the nine mile house and back on Sunday morning.

—We understand the work of rebuilding the engine-house at the hematite mine will be at once begun by Mr. Coe.

—Two of the village "heavy-weights" had a scrimmage on Tuesday morning. The most harm done was the loud and profane language used.

—Three different consignments of fruit and ornamental trees and shrubs, from different nurseries, have arrived in this village this spring.

—A camel will work for seven or eight days without drinking. In this he differs from some men, who will drink seven or eight days without working.

—A circular has been issued by the Grand Master of the A. F. & A. M. to the effect that all who belong to the order and who are infidels or atheists should withdraw.

—The Judge will not give his decision in the Wardenship case until a few days before the June sitting of the County Council. It is evident from this that the case will result in the present occupant being unseated, but the decision is held back so as not to put the County to the expense of calling a special meeting.

Our Visitors.

S. E. Lennox, W. A. Hungerford, Charles Kirk, E. Gaujot and Rev. B. L. Hetton, have visited the village during the past week.

Break-Down.

When about half the edition of the REVIEW was printed off last week our press broke down, delaying the balance over a day. This is the reason part of our subscribers were late in getting their papers.

Clothes Line Thieving.

We unintentionally omitted last week inserting the following item furnished us by a Bridgewater correspondent:—On the 24th of April a worthless loafer, who went by the name of McElroy, and also by the name of Berry, stole some clothes off a line, but was overhauled by the owner and made to give them up. He was allowed to depart without being prosecuted.

Methodist Pulpits.

The Rev A. T. Ferguson, of Parlermo, occupied the pulpit of the M. E. Church last Sabbath morning, and that of the C. M. Church in the evening. Mr. F. is a pleasing speaker, and his sermons were well thought out and well delivered. Both audiences speak of his sermons as being exceedingly good. The Rev. B. L. Hutton, a former pastor, preached in the C. M. Church in the morning and in the M. E. Church in the evening. His friends were all pleased to hear him again.

Brigade Camp.

The 49th Battalion are under orders for Brigade Camp again this season, being the only rural "Rifle" corps in the district. The Madoc Brass Band has been invited and will probably accompany the Battalion to camp this year as a regimental band. Last night Lt.-Col. Brown and Captain Ponton, Adjutant of the Battalion, visited Madoc in connection with this matter, and heard the band play, with which they were well pleased. The camp will be held in June and will probably assemble at Kingston.

Raised to the Ministry.

At the last meeting of the Kingston Presbytery, Mr. James Murray, who some time ago labored with so much ability and acceptance, as a missionary, in Madoc township, was formally licensed to preach. During his course in the University and Divinity Hall, Mr. Murray has covered himself with honors. He is now B. A., M. A., and B. D. We are sorry to learn that physically he is not as robust as he was, but we trust that he may soon recover his former health. As one of his friends the REVIEW congratulates him on his success.

Building.

The foundation of Mr. Sydmer Ross's new residence is nearly completed. The house will be one of the most expensive in the village. Mr. F. Houston is the builder.

Excavating for Mr. Fred. Rollins' new house, north of Dr. Dafoe's, commenced yesterday. Mr. Houston will also build this one.

The rear part, including the bar-room, of Mrs. Moon's hotel is almost completed, and will be occupied in a few days. The contract for the main part has not yet been let.

Father Davis is having the interior of his residence overhauled and improved.

Messrs. J. Dale & Son will add a large addition to the rear of their dry goods store this summer.

Wilson's block is going steadily forward. The first story is completed as far as the brick work is concerned.

Mr. Wareham Tuller is putting up a new dwelling house on Elgin street.

T. & O. Railway.

To be Operated to Bridgewater.

We learn that the Grand Trunk has just given orders to have the line of the Toronto & Ottawa railway between Madoc and Bridgewater, ballasted and put in running order at once, it being the intention to put on regular trains. Men are now being engaged for the work, which will commence the end of this week or the beginning of next, when a gravel train will be put on the road. The operation of this branch will be quite a boon to the inhabitants of Bridgewater.

A couple of weeks ago the steel rails which were first laid on this road were taken up and a good quanity of iron rails substituted. The steel ones were required for the main line.

Magistrate's Court.

On Tuesday Policeman Huff arrested S. Wellington for fighting. He was taken before Reeve O'Flynn, and $1.00 and costs, $2.50 in all.

Correction.

Mr. Geo. W. Rose has requested us to correct an error which appeared in the obituary notice of his late wife, in our last issue. She was married to Mr. Rose in 1841, instead of 1847 as published.

24th June.

The Masonic fraternity of this village purpose celebrating the festal day of St. John the Baptist, June 24th, this year. A Committee has been appointed to prepare a programme for the occasion, and a good time is expected, of which due notice will be given.

Confirmation.

The Lord Bishop of Ontario will (D. V.) administer the rite of Confirmation at 10:30 a. m. on Monday next, the 12th inst., at the Church of St. John the Baptist, in this village. It is expected that about twenty candidates will be presented to receive that solemn ordinance.

Runaway.

On Wednesday 30th ult., a team owned by J. M. Ashley, Esq., of West Huntingdon, ran away with the harrow to which they were attached. One of them, a fine three-year-old mare, received a serious wound in the gluteal region. Mr. Ashley sent immediately for a legally qualified Veterinary Surgeon to treat the same, as he says he has had enough of charlatans and quacks. Our friend M. W. Sine, V. S., responded promptly, to the call, and the mare is doing finely under his treatment, and will be able to resume work again, in a few days.

A Lucky Youngster.

The Picton *Times* says an infant daughter of Mr. H. S. Williams, of Hallowell, may fairly be considered to have the prospect of a lengthier sojourn on this mundane sphere than the average babe. All of its grandparents, all but one of its great-grandparents, and two great-great-grandparents are living. The list of living lineal ancestors of the infant given to us is as follows:—

Father and Mother	2
Grandfathers	2
Grandmothers	2
Great-grandfathers	3
Great-grandmothers	4
Great-great-grandmothers	2
Total	—15

A Fine Machine.

Our attention was directed a few days ago to a self-binder now on exhitition in this village. It was brought here by Mr. W. I. Tumelty, who is agent in these parts, and is from the manufactory of A. Harris, Son & Co., of Brantford, Ont. It is called the "Little Brantford two-horse twin binder." We believe there are only two or three self-binders in the township, but those have given the best of satisfaction. The "Little Brantford" seems to be a model of neatness and simplicity, and it does its work sure and complete every time. It can be easily run with two horses, and has a new improvement whereby it can be tilted to run through any ordinary width of gate or field opening. It is claimed that these reapers will do the work of six men. We would advise farmers to see the machine, and believe it would be money profitably invested by its purchase.

Village Council.

Council met in the Town Hall on Monday evening. Present—the Reeve, and Councillors Maybee and Kerr.

A communication from Mr. J. H. Dunn, respecting a sidewalk to his place, was received and laid over to next regular meeting.

Moved by Mr. Maybee, seconded by Mr. Kerr, that the Reeve procure handcuffs for the village police.—Carried.

The claim of James Mooney for injury received owing to defective sidewalk, on east side of bridge at the mill, was laid over.

Moved by Mr. Kerr, seconded by Mr. Maybee, that the application of Samuel Rollins to have the sidewalk from the station extended to the limit of the corporation, be granted, and the Road Surveyor instructed to put down a two foot plank walk, Mr. Rollins to find the bel pieces.—Carried.

Police report for the month received and filed.

The following accounts were ordered to be paid: S. Rollins, lumber supplied last year, $5.18, Road Surveyor, $44.55.

Council adjourned.

Birth.

ORR.—In Madoc, on the 3rd May, the wife of Mr. J. R. Orr, editor of the REVIEW, of a daughter.

BAKER.—In this village, on the 9th inst., the wife of Rev. E N Baker, M. A., of a son.

Another elopement of a white girl with a negro occurred on Saturday from an Ohio town. The pair were subsequently married. The girl is believed to be of unsound mind.

Warner's Safe Cure only one dollar per bottle at Deans' Drug and Seed Store.

—Farmers and consumers of oil will do well to use the Queen City Oil Co's celebrated "Peerless" Machine Oils. For sale by all first class dealers. See their advertisement elsewhere.

For Root Crops! Red and Yellow Mangels, White Belgian Carrots, Yellow Belgian Carrots, for farm cultivation at Deans' Seed Store.

TO BLACKSMITHS—No. 9 polished and pointed Horse Shoe Nails $2.50 per box at J. DALE & SON'S.

Deans sells 2 papers Maroon's Seeds for 5 cents; 2 papers Steeles' Seeds for 5 cents. Don't forget the place, please.

Citizens and militia are guarding property at Gainesville, Florida, against the attempts of incendiaries to destroy the town by fire.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

Mr. Wm. Johnson, of Huron, Dak., writes that his wife had been troubled with acute Bronchitis for many years, tnd that all remedies tried gave no permanent relief, until he procured a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which had a magical effect, and produced a parmanent cure. It is guaranteed to cure all Diseases of the Throat, Lungs, or Bronchial Tubes. Trial bottles free at all Drug Stores. Large size $1.00.

You can get the Burdoch Blood Bitters for 75 cents the year round at Deans' Drug Store.

Holloway's Pills.—Changes of temperature and weather frequently upset persons who are most careful of their health, and particular in their diet. These corrective, purifying, and aperient Pills are the best remedy for all defective action of the digestive organs. They augment the appetite, strengthen the stomach correct biliousness, and carry off all that is noxious from the system. Holloway's Pills are composed of rare balsams, unmixed with baser matter, and on that account are peculiarly well adapted for the young, delicate and aged. As this peerless medicine has gained fame in the past, so will it preserve it in the future by its renovating and invigorating qualities, and the impossibility of its doing harm.

Lands for Sale.

THE following lands have been placed in my hands for sale. Prices and terms of sale can be ascertained by application at my office:—

W ½	13	1st concession	Madoc,
	29	5th "	"
	29	7th "	"
W ½	30	9th "	"
N-E ¼	13	10th "	Marmora,
	27	11th "	"

I am instructed to prosecute any one trespassing on these properties.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, April 14th, 1884. 364

LUMBER.

BRIDGEWATER MILLS.

Constantly on hand

SHINGLES,
LATH,
JOISTING,
SCANTLING,
PLANK,
BOARDS,

at lowest cash prices. Bill stuff cut to order.

J. D. BREEZE.

Bridgewater, April 14th, '84. 364

FOR SALE.

WEST half 29, in 2nd concession Madoc, and west half 27, in 1st concession of Madoc. Apply to A. F. Wood, Madoc, or to

JOHN C. T. COCHRANE,
P. O. Box 178, Brockville.

March 17, 1884. 362

FURNITURE.

Look out for N. M. Maybee's

new advertisement next week

N. M. MAYBEE.
Weiss' Block, Madoc.

Established - in 1862

WHITE'S AGRICULTURAL WORKS,

MADOC, - ONT.

Wanted Immediately 1000 Farmers

TO BUY

1000 Mowers, Reapers, Horse Rakes, Steel Plows, Iron Plows, Gang Plows, all wrought iron and steel Horse Hoes, Cultivators, Drags, etc. etc.

Farmers beware of silver mouthed agents selling western machines. Rest assured you will suffer as others have in getting repairs for them in the busy harvest season. Our

MODEL MOWER AND IMPROVED REAPER

for lightness of draft, fine finish, and good workmanship and simplicity stand without a rival. Our MODEL HORSE RAKE is one of the finest Rakes in the County. We give a written warranty with all our machines that they will do good work.

—We carry in stock—

BARK-TANNED LEATHER BELTING, BEST LEATHER AND RUBBER PACKING, ETC., ETC., PURE BABBIT METAL, AND PURE MACHINE OILS

The past year we have increased our facilities by adding new machinery and nearly doubling the number of men in our employ. We are better prepared than ever to do all kinds of repairing.

REPAIRING THRESHING MACHINES A SPECIALTY.

Sincerely thanking the farmers of this county for their very liberal patronage in the past we hope to more than merit a continuance of the same for the coming season. And now

Come one and all ye yoemen bold,
And of our Implements, take hold;
Before you buy we'll let you try
Our Reaper in the harvest field.
And you'll conclude, as well you might,
That Western Reapers have no sight.
Come buy them, try them, farmers all.

JAMES WHITE. JOHN WHITE.

HARDWARE!

40 Gal. Iron Clad Milk Cans, No. 24 Tin, $5.45.

30 Gal. Iron Clad Milk Cans, No. 24 Tin, $4.25.

6 qrt. Milk Pans, per doz. $1.10.

And all other Tinware equally low.

J. DALE & SON.

A DAY IN CEYLON.

Among Scenes of Oriental Magnificence and Splendor Baffling Description.

Dancing of the Nautch Girls—The Sacred Drama of Harischandra.

There is no twilight in Ceylon. When the sun sets darkness falls suddenly upon the earth, and the stars shine out as if some hand had turned on the starlight. And it is thick darkness, too; so that an anthropological speculation is born in my mind, that the dark complexions of these people are due to the primitive survival of the night-like. A Shinghalese man is invisible against the night, and the tread of his bare foot is inaudible. The lighter, more visible varieties of their race would have been killed off by invaders and wild beasts, and those who mimicked the night would be passed by. In addition to this the predatory class would be successful in the proportion that, as it is said in the book of Job, they were marked by the night. The Colombo coachman will not drive a step after 6 o'clock unless his lamps are lit, lest he should run over a sleeping native. This darkness lends a special beauty to the bungalows of the rich, which appear illuminated, the rays from their lamps shining through the foliage in a mystical way, especially if they be cocoanut-oil lamps, which give a soft, spiritual light. The most palatial bungalow in Columbia, I should say, is that of Mutu Camara Swamy, whose hospitality and that of his brothers was extended to me in consideration of my friendship for their uncle, the late Sir Cumara Swamy. As I drove up through the large park of palms, radiant with fire-flies, the bungalow looked like

A FAIRY PALACE IN THE DISTANCE;

but when I arrived and entered, it was a fairy palace. I feel sadly in need of some new similitudes. I am trying to write without referring to the "Arabian Nights," but it is not easy when I recall the verandahs, portices, rooms of such a mansion and the entertainment of last evening. The tropical heat was made pleasant by the gentle wind blowing from the neighboring sea through the open doors. It was difficult, as one passed amid the flowering trees and floral festoons, to say just where the garden ended and the verandah began, or even the drawing-room, which had flower-laden trees in each corner, flowers and wreaths everywhere. In front of the chair of honor to which I was conducted, stood a high table, and thereon a silver salver covered with stemless flowers, arranged with artistic skill. From the centre of the salver, which was nearly a yard long, rose several slowly-burning stems, whose incense filled the air with a sweet and subtle perfume. The odors, mingled with the soft light of the cocoa lamps, shed their influence upon seers and scene with a sensuous effect quite indescribable. When our beautiful hostess entered, with her rich Oriental robe, and the turbaned Tamil took his place behind her with large peacock fan, I said—"No doubt, that is Maya, goddess of illusion, who has waved her wand and begun her air-woven mask." But when presently a blonde young lady entered, in unmistakable English evening dress, realism came with her humorous clear eyes. There were but four or five foreigners present, and we had an opportunity of satisfying our curiosity in several things—for instance, chewing a little betel and making our teeth red with it. On the walls were sacred pictures, one of the infant Krishna and his mother, the new-born babe's head haloed with light. One side of the drawing-room was partly open, and from the room beyond we presently heard a slight jingling of silver ornaments, next caught flashes from jewelled hair, and after this the flash of dark eyes glancing into the room. Five Nautch girls entered with five men, singers and musicians. The girls sat in a row on the floor facing us, and the men behind them, the plain snow-white of the latter making a background for the

RICH COSTUMES OF THE DANCERS.

These Nautch costumes, though glowing with color and laden with jewels, were not gaudy, nor even gorgeous; they were somewhat barbaric, but had a certain antiquarian character about them that was very pleasing. In old conventional pictures of goddesses and heroines—Draupadi, Damyanti, Sita—one may see dresses resembling these, with the exception of the silken trousers. These probably are the addition of a more prudish age. The Singhalese Nautch girls are dressed with scrupulous regard to decorum. These are all small of stature, several of them pretty, and the pearls and gold they wear, always excepting the nose-gems, and the silver anklets above their bare feet, well become their dusky beauty. Soon after they had seated themselves on the floor all, men and women, began to sing. It sounded as a chant with grace-notes at the end of each bar, and my host, who sat beside me, told me it was a hymn to Siva. I did not like it much; it impressed my ear as nasal, not to say whining, and decidedly monotonous. Then followed a love-song, and for a few moments it sounded like the same hymn over again; but as I listened more closely—as I tried to detach the accompaniment of tom-tom, pipe, and viol—I perceived that there was more variety and more science in this music than my ear could easily take in. For the first time it occurred to me that part of the fault I found in Oriental music might lie in my ear being not sufficiently cosmopolitan. But at the same time I felt sure that this music was not a product of art in the European sense of art; it was not a thing that aimed at beauty alone; it had ulterior purposes, to move the compassion of a god or a lover, and was a cry wrung one of the struggle for existence. It is a remarkable fact that all the ancient love-songs of India are uttered by women to men. My host, whose studies of such subjects have been careful and extensive, told me that, judging by the ancient love-songs, the love-making used to be entirely on the part of women. These Nautch girls belonged to the Hindu temple, and they sing and dance only these very ancient themes, transmitting them to their children with extreme literalness,

PRECISELY AS THEY RECEIVED THEM.

The great piece of the evening was a long dramatic love-song of extreme antiquity, sung by all the performers, male and female, accompanied by full instrumentation, and danced by the leading Nautch girl, who alone did not sing. Her gestures were very expressive, and I was at times reminded of the French saying: "What can't be said can be sung, and what can't be sung can be danced." The feet had little more to do with the dance than to bear forward and backward the swaying, or rather undulating, form, while the arms were ever on the move, and the fingers twisted themselves into a thousand variations. None of these hand movements were the same, and each meant something. The first scene pantomimed, so to say, was the first glimpse of the beloved, told its embarrassment, meditation, and then the flinging up of the arms in appeal to the god of love. Then followed the first coquettish attempt to fascinate him—now by coyness, next by a display of charms. Then follows dismay—the beloved makes no sign of requital. The maiden becomes melancholy, weeps; then she becomes passionate, and confesses to him her love. He is still cold, and she is jealous. Finding he loves no other, she asks if he is a man who is thus unmoved by woman's love. He then proposes illicit love; that she refuses with an indignation that turns to sorrow. Then she becomes angry—and when her anger melts the heart of her beloved also melts. Then her finale of joy is danced. Much in this dance was touching, much was exciting, and it was all of absorbing interest; when the girl sat down, breathless, it for the first time occurred to me that she had been dancing fifteen minutes without an instant's pause; and yet the last thing I should have ascribed to it is exhaustion. It was all too serious for that. It is a strange thing to reflect on the sublime secularism of the fact that such a chant and dance as that just described at times make part of the Hindu temple-service. When David danced before the ark could it have been—but I musn't get too profound. There were other dances, one of the most striking being a dance to the words,

"MOTHER, A SCORPION HAS STUNG ME!"

These words were endlessly repeated in the chant, though in varying tones, while the dancer goes through all the drama of pain, illness, parting, faintness, death. This was skillful, and so were all the dances. Those in which all the Nautch girls danced—especially one in which they fenced with each other—were more beautiful; but it was the more ancient dances, representing love and death, which I found most interesting. After the dances were over I had an unexpected delight in hearing the singing of the closing acts of the great sacred drama of "Harischandra." I first made the acquaintance of this wonderful play, which may fairly be described as the "Passion Play" of India, through a translation by the late Sir Cumara Swamy. It is of epical dignity and pathetic beauty. Harishandra is "The Martyr of Truth." The prologue is in the court of the supreme deity, Indra, where the truthfulness of the great king is affirmed by one and denied by another. The result is a wager. Harischandra is subjected to the most terrible ordeals in order to induce him to tell a lie. He stands by his word at cost of his kingdom, his wife, his child—these and himself becoming slaves. In the end all their prosecutors throw off their disguise and are shown to be gods, and everything is restored. The poem is much the same as that of Job in the Hindu Puranas, where the test is not of Harishandra's veracity, but of his fidelity to his promise of gold for a sacrifice to the gods when he no longer has the gold (his property being destroyed, as Job's was.) This gold he obtains by

SELLING HIMSELF AND FAMILY

into slavery. The popular form has humanized, but not exactly raised, the motive. My friend who sat by me translated for me in a low voice every sentence as it was sung, and then I began to appreciate something of the meaning of Hindu music. The singer was a man over 30, with a fine voice—very flexible—and though a slight inclination of the head occasionally was his only gesture, the persons of the drama seemed to live in his tones. There is one part of the drama where the wife of Harischandra, Tamavati, finds her only son dead, bitten by a serpent. She says to him: "Why do you not speak to me? What have I done that you do not reply or look on me?" One could hardly refrain from tears when the man sang these words. And again when Harischandra, ordered to be the executioner of his wife (charged with child murder), says: "Tamavati, my wife, lay thy head on the block, thy sweet face turned to the east!" The voice was here most plaintive, and suddenly rang out triumphally when the sword of execution becomes a necklace of pearls on her neck, and the gods pay homage to the inflexible "Martyr of Truth." It is notable that while so many charge these Orientals with being liars, this should be their national drama. It looks as if the Hindu Job were combined with the hero Otaye, whose memorial has been translated by Mr. Alger:

Otaye, from his earliest youth,
Was consecrated unto truth,
And if the universe must die
Unless Otaye told a lie,
He would defy the fate's last crash,
And let all sink in one pale ash,
Or e'er by any means was wrung
One drop of poison from his tongue.

As I left my friend's house it occurred to me whether it might not be possible for us to import from the Orient something in the way of an occasional evening entertainment quite as dainty as their now fairly Angelicized curry—some æsthetic dish such as that for which I was indebted to the thoughtful kindness of Mutu Camara Swamy,—*M. D. Conway in Glasgow Herald.*

Well Met.

"There," she said, as she raised a window in a Pullman car the other day: "now I can breathe. The air in this car is stifling. Why don't they have better ventilation? If I couldn't sit next to an open window I believe I should die."

Presently a slender female sitting directly back leaned over and asked her if she wouldn't just as lieve close that window now, as the draught was more than she could stand.

"No, madam, I shall not close this window. I could not live with it down. I was just thinking how delightful it was with it open, now you want it shut, but I shall not shut it: so there."

"Then you are a selfish thing, and I shall have to change my seat."

Just then a gentleman sitting close by reached over and said: "Ladies, that window being raised makes no difference, as this car has double windows, and not a breath of air can possibly get through the one that is still down."

Then the one that had raised the window turned to the other, and, with a crushed look on her face, said: "Madam, I beg your pardon, but I think two fools have met at last."

Of the 27,672,048 inhabitants of France, 1,101,090 are foreigners, of whom 432,266 are from Belgium, 240,733 from Italy, 81,996 from Germany, 73,781 from Spain, 66,281 from Switzerland, and only 47,066 from the British Isles. The number of naturalized persons is but 77,046.

JUST AS SHE TOLD IT.

BY JULIE K. WETHERILL.

What time is it? Lor-rd! we'll have half an hour to wait, and I do hate sitting round in a hotel with nothing to do.

Ain't New Orleans an awfully funny place? It can't hold a candle to Chicago. Some one told us to visit the French quarter; but, my goodness!—its awfully shabby; just awfully shabby; and as for the French Market, you get up at an unearthly early hour in the morning, and the coffee they have's fit to poison you. I think it's your duty to see everything that's to be seen; so I said to the chamber-maid, the other day, "Where are your handsome dwelling-houses?"

"Ah! out Prytania and St. Charles, mum, there's ilegant fine mansions," she said.

So we went, and—would you believe it?—they're all made of *wood!* Did you ever! Yes; this is a dreadfully queer place. I used to have sort of romantic notions about the South—thought it must be just per-r-fect. I thought, don't you know, you wore white dresses all winter, and sat on piazzas in hammocks, and that the Southern men were all dark, and tall, and very fiery; and the darkies were so funny, and sang, and played on banjos; but, gracious; they behave just like every one else; and as for white dresses, I've never come so near freezing to death in all my life.

Fred would say that's because I never read anything, nor listen to what any one's saying. But that ain't it at all.

You'd just die if you knew Fred. He's the funniest boy. Awfully nice, don't you know, only he will prose so about literature and culture. Oh! he's too funny. Why, when he likes one book by an author, he must rush right off and read all the rest of 'em. He read *David Cop'field*—did you ever read *David Cop'field*? Well, I did, and I declare I thought I'd be old and gray before I got through; but I'd promised Fred I'd read it. Well, then he read all of Dickens. Same way about Thack'ray. He began *Vanity Fair*, and just went crazy about Thack'ray. Ever read *Vanity Fair*? Ain't it simply awful? I told Fred I just wouldn't read it, if he never spoke to me again.

Then that Becky Sharp, too. A girl at our school wrote a composition about Becky Sharp. What did she say about her? Lor-r-d! I didn't listen to it. All I know is, it was about Becky Sharp.

Fred ain't a bit like me. Now when I like one book by an author, I never read another, because I think I'd be sure not to like it half so well, and then I'd get to hate the whole lot like poison.

But you mustn't think Fred ain't nice. He's real handsome and fascinating; has big brown eyes and the cutest moustache; only he *will* be superior, and it's so fatiguing. Now what's the use being superior? Why can't you just be happy and sensible?

I've known Fred for per-r-fect ages. Why, he used to walk to school with me, and carry my books. But that was last year, for I've been out ever so long.

We used to quarrel like cats. One day he said to me, "Marie Cassidy, do you ever intend to be anything but a frivolous butterfly?"

"Frivolous fiddlestick's end!" said I, and I spoke very severely, too. "If you want superiority, just visit mommer seven evenings a week."

Mommer's superior enough, gracious knows. The way she goes in for general information is simply awful.

"Well," said he, "if you are content to remain—"

"Fred Delbert," I said, "am I a griffin or a Cyclops?"

"Why, of course not," he said opening them big eyes of his.

"Well, then I ain't a Cyclops, that's settled, and popper has lots of money—just dead loads of it—so what do I want with superiority? I'm sorry you find me so unattractive. There's De Lancy Witherington, he says my eyes are like bits of heaven on earth, and—"

Fred got so mad he regularly stamped. "Don't quote to me the inane remarks of an idiot," he shouted.

"Anyhow," I said, "he likes me just as I am, and he isn't always treading on my poor little pug."

"I hate pugs," said Fred. "They always look as if they're making faces."

Well, somehow or other we made up again, and I made him kiss Gibi, because he'd said such horrid things about the poor little pet. Gibi's just killing; you ought to see him.

Fred and I were sort of engaged. Not quite, though, because popper said Fred was young, and I was young, and he didn't want to give up his little girl just yet awhile. That made me cry, and feel real badly, because I've never been anything but the bother of his life.

But Fred and I had a serious row once.

You see, there was a girl staying with Mrs. Calvin, in our block; Pamela Stonehenge was her name, and she came from somewhere East. Some people said she was so elegant and charming, and talked about her "classic outline," but. Lor-r-d! she was so tall and thin, and her nose was miles too long. I don't care what anybody says, it *was* long.

She was dreadfully profound and high-toned, and Fred began to fly around her a little. I didn't let on I cared a bit, because I wasn't going to set him up, but I just flirted awfully with De Lancy.

It was at Mrs. Jenifer's ball, and De Lancy and I were sitting on the stairs, when I saw Fred and the classic Pamela skipping off to the conservatory. Ain't men too heartless? I was sure he must have something important to say to her, so I told De Lancy I wanted to stroll about and look at the flowers; and of course he agreed, for he was mashed—regularly mashed. I passed as close to Fred and Pamela as I could. They were talking in a low, earnest tone, and I heard something about "a scheme of cosmic philosophy."

Now did you ever! The idea of dragging a girl off into a conservatory to whisper such jaw-breaking things in her ear! I felt sort of relieved, for it's a comfort, after all, to have a lover who's too big a goose to flirt with other girls.

But when I thought it over that night, while I was taking out my hair-pins I began to think there might be more in it than met the eye. I don't know but it was the intellectual way of making love.

I was very cold to him when he brought me chocolate creams. I told him I abominated chocolate, and it was very plain he found it too troublesome to remember my likes and dislikes.

Well, then, in the midst of this, he had to go to St. Louis on business; and while he was away I repented, and began to feel sort of soft about him.

He had written he was pretty sure to be home Tuesday evening. I was sitting by the window, and the gas was turned low, and somehow I felt blue. I could see Mrs. Calvin's house, where that horrid Pamela Stonehenge was staying; and as I was looking two men went up Mrs. Calvin's steps. It was a hateful showery night; but they were laughing and talking, and when they put down their umbrellas I saw something that made me jump.

Fred has an umbrella with the funniest head, an ebony skull with Rhine-stone eyes that flash in the most life-like way, and there that thing was winking at me in the gas light across the street. I was so mad I just cried—regularly howled. To think that Fred would go to see her first of all!

Well, who should walk in bright and early the next morning but Fred himself! He looked pale—with remorse, I thought. But icebergs and polar bears were nothing to me in the way of coldness.

He began, "I wanted to see you the first thing Marie—"

"Indeed?" I interrupted. "I feel quite honored."

He turned very red, and stared at me. Then he said: "What do you mean? What are you talking about?"

"Oh! of course you haven't an idea," I said; and so it went on from bad to worse, until he just got up and remarked, with the most dreadful dignity.

"You seem to be accusing me of some thing; but as you will not do me the justice to explain yourself, I will bid you good-morning and good-by, Miss Cassidy."

Of course I never meant him to get on his dignity, and when I saw him going I had half a mind to run after him, only I was too proud.

Two or three days passed, but still no sign nor symptom of Fred. Mommer was getting ready to go to Chautauqua, and the house was turned upside down, and I was fairly distracted. At last I just wrote him a few lines, telling him I wished to explain something. I waited all that day, and all the next, but no answer came.

Then I got desperate. I just decided life wasn't worth living, and I'd be superior, and go in for sociology and demonology, and all that sort of thing.

So I told mommer I was going to Chautauqua with her, and she said she was glad I had awakened at length to a sense of my own deficiencies; and we started off.

It isn't any fun to travel with mommer. She always declares she's suffocating in the Pullman, and she thinks the train is running off the track every few minutes, and drives the conductors half crazy asking questions. Then she's always dropping her eyeglasses and hand-bag and handkerchief—particularly her handkerchief. I tell her it's like the French exercises, "*Ou est le mouchoir de ma mere?*" But that makes her hopping mad.

Chautauqua's an awful bore, don't you know—a lot of old drones and mummies going about, and pretending they enjoy it so much. I believe they really hate it, only they think it looks nice to be profound.

And then Palestine Park! Oh, my! how those Eastern people can make such guys of themselves, and dress in bags that hav'n't any hang, or fit, or anything. I can't imagine. Mommer would drag me about everywhere, to improve my mind, she said. She has a mania for measurements and calculations, and one day she was calculating the dimensions of the Great Pyramid, and I said, "Lor-r-d, mommer! you must have been evolved from a measuring-worm." She didn't like it one bit, but I think she ought to have been glad I knew how to apply my knowledge.

I was so broken-hearted I took up Hebrew, and it most blinded me. How people could ever have talked in such a language!

Well, one day I was in the steamboat on the lake, and I was looking over my account book. Popper always makes such a point of my keeping accounts, because he says it teaches me the value of money, but no one ever knew the value of money better than I do. I had Gibi with me, and its awfully expensive boarding with a dog; and then the servants are always so grasping! I declare they're just like those horrid daughters of the horse-leech that said, "Give! give!" though why the daughters were a bit worse than the sons I never could see, only people are always slandering women.

Somehow or other I never can get my accounts to come exactly right. There were four dollars I couldn't account for, so I just put them down to "charity," because "sundries" has such an unbusinesslike look, though, to tell the truth, I'd only given ten cents to an organ-grinder.

I was so hard at work that I never noticed that I'd been taken ever, so far past where I ought to have got out, so I just stepped at the next stopping-place, and waited for another boat to take me back. It was quite a pretty spot, with trees and things, and a sort of cave not far off; and I sat and gazed at the beauties of nature till I was most starved. All at once I heard a noise behind me, and I looked around and there was Fred coming out of the cave!

I thought for a moment maybe remorse had driven him to retire from the world and be a hermit. Wouldn't that have been romantic?

I glanced at him very haughtily, but he began right away: "Miss Cassidy—oh, Marie! don't let us make ourselves miserable by keeping this up!"

"Who's miserable?" I enquired. "Speak for yourself, Fred—I mean Mr. Delbert."

A horrid, unfeeling twinkle came into his eye, and he said, "Do you remember Miss Stonehenge?"

"Oh yes," said I, coldly. "She has such a long nose!"

"She has it still—"

"Don't just on such a subject, if you please," I said.

"Well," said Fred, "I admit that it is a serious one. The point is that she was married last week to a Professor of Sanskrit."

"I suppose she's refused you," I said; "and you've come to me to be consoled."

Then he said a lot of absurd things I won't repeat; and I told him how I thought he'd gone to see Pamela that evening. It turned out that the poor boy had come back sick with malarial fever, and wasn't able to leave the house; and Ned Parkinson had dropped in and borrowed his umbrella.

"But that doesn't explain your not answering my note," I said.

"You see, when it came I was very sick at my rooms, and there wasn't a soul to do anything for me but an [illegible] wig—"

"Well, did his wig prevent you from writing to me?" I asked; "or [illegible] be very sarcastic when I feel like it.

"Of course not; but I was too sick even to raise my head. As soon as I could stand, I rushed around to see you; but you had gone. Delia Jones told me that you had gone to Chautauqua; so I followed you, and here I am."

"Well," I said, very sternly, "I'll forgive you this time, Fred; but you've treated me very badly. And, Fred, she *has* got a long nose—hasn't she?"

"Shockingly," he said.

So we were married, and came South for a wedding journey; and—Oh! there's Fred, It's time to start. Ain't he a darling? Do tell me—is my bang all right? Thanks, ever so much! By-by.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Chinese Lepers—A Great Bell—Hotels in Switzerland—Hard Times in Cuba—&c. &c.

From 1876 82 the population of Norway creased 104,000.

The Norwegians, twenty or twenty-five years ago, had plenty of oysters, but now they have scarcely any.

The Austrian Parliament has lately passed a measure assuring compensation to persons who have been wrongly convicted.

It is reported that the French Government is about to lay a further length of 4,530 miles of underground telegraph wires, the cost of which will be about $11,000,000.

There are nineteen Chinese lepers in a San Francisco hospital awaiting return to their native land. The return is delayed because of the difficulty the steamship companies find in landing such cases at Hong Kong.

Cholera is increasing at Calcutta, two hundred and fifty-seven deaths having occurred there from the scourge last week. A steamship which has arrived at times had two deaths on her voyage from Bassein, Bombay.

A despatch from Matamoras, Mexico, say the condition of affairs of the Government is deplorable, charges financial rottenness, and intimates a revolution if a greatly better state of things is not speedily brought about.

At the temples of Kroto, Japan, is the great bell cast in 1633. It is 18 feet high, 9 feet in diameter, and 9½ inches thick. Its weight is nearly 74 tons. About 1,500 pounds of gold are said to have been incorporated in the composition. Its tone is magnificent. When struck with the open hand its sound can be heard at a distance of a hundred yards.

In regard to the state of affairs in Egypt the following dispatch from Cairo tells a sad tale:—There are 138 men, women, and children of all ages in the infirmary at Tourah, living like wild beasts in indescribable filth and neglect. Among the inmates are several raving madmen who are sometimes unchained. There are other inmates in every stage of the most loathsome diseases. Two black men walk about entirely naked.

In New South Wales all labour is paid by the day of eight hours. Carpenters, 10s. to 12s. (city), 13s. (suburbs); stonemasons, 11s. to 12s; stonemasons' labourers, 8s. to 10s.; plasterers, 11s. to 14s.; plasterers' labourers, 8s. to 10s.; bricklayers, 12s. to 13s.; bricklayers' labourers, 8s. to 10s.; painters, 9s. to 11s.; joiners, 10s. to 12s.; plumbers, 11s. to 12s.; gasfitters, 9s. to 11s.; sawmill hands, 9d. to 1s. per hour.

At Cœur d'Alene, says a traveller who recently arrived at Denver, everything is very dear. It costs twenty-five cents to get a paper by mail, and fifty cents for a letter. Nothing is considered less than a quarter. Shaving is a quarter, hair cutting fifty cents, any kind of a meal costs $1, and eggs fifty cents extra. You can't get a place to sleep for less than 1, even though you bunk on the floor.

Some bad dividends have been lately announced by steam shipping companies, but the Cunard Company has, according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, made an exceptionally wretched report. No dividend whatever has been earned for the past year, while 4 per cent. was paid in May last, 3 per cent. in May, 1882, and 6 per cent. in May, 1881. The times are explained to have been generally bad for steam shipping during the past year, as to which there is no sort of doubt, and the lines of shipping running to America have not been the last to feel the want of remunerative freight.

In a recent scientific *feuilleton* in the Paris *Debats*, M. Henri Parville quotes a reference to the singular action of oil on waves by Theophylactes, the Byzantine historian of the sixth century. The passage occurrs in a dialogue on "various natural questions." The question propounded is, why oil makes the sea calm? and the answer given is to the effect that as the wind is "a subtle and delicate thing," and oil is "adhesive, unctuous, and smoothe," the wind glides over the surface of the water on which oil has been spread, and cannot raise waves. The wind, in fact, slips over the water without being able to obtain a grip, so to speak.

A Parisian correspondent says that the archæological researches on the site of ancient Carthage, conducted by Messrs. Solomon Reinach and Ernest Babelon, have brought to light a number of objects of historical and artistic importance. Conformably to the instructions of the French Institute, this scientific mission has been chiefly occupied in determining the relative levels of the Roman and the Punic soil on the site of Carthage. The great accumulation of rubbish and stones which forms the upper layer of the Carthaginian soil renders the work of excavation long and difficult. Five metres deep a series of wells, cisternæ, and cellars of the Punic epoch has been discovered.

Cuba is at present passing through a period of extreme commercial depression. One result of this is to increase the discontent with Spanish rule. Even the wealthy planters who formerly were fierce Spanish partisans, and aided in suppressing that long-continued insurrection which ended only a few years ago, are now somewhat disloyal themselves, and inclined to favor independence or annexation to the United States. They do not want Cuba; and as that is pretty well understood, independence is mostly discussed. The country is ripe for any revolt that may be started. Aguero's attempt, which a few days ago was so insignificant as to be laughed at by the Spanish officials, has already met with such encouragement that [illegible] ow undeniably formidable, and there [illegible] telling what may be its outcome.

UNITED STATES.

The value of Black Walnut—Terrible Fires in North Carolina—Lake Superior Trade—Prairie Ordinance, &c., &c

English specialists are reported to have purchased $1,000,000 worth of black Walnut in Ohio, Indiana and Iowa for shipment to England.

New England maple sugar makers are complaining of an exceptionally late and and very unproductive season.

The barbed wire manufactures of the West, having adjusted their quarrels, are now combining to put up the price, having made two advances in the last sixty days.

Northern capitalists are busy buying up the pine lands of Eastern Texas. As the forests of the north disappear, new sources of supply are being sought.

A supplementary arrangement has been concluded between this country and Spain relative to the removal of restrictions on the trade between America and the Spanish West Indies.

The Judiciary Committee of the United States House of Representatives has agreed to report against proposing an amendment to the National Consitution giving women the right of suffrage.

By the burning of a great distillery at Petersburg, Ky., a few days ago, eight hundred cattle, which were kept upon the premises, and which could not get out, were burned.

The proportions of the exodus from Quebec to the United States are becoming alarming. From one parish in Montmagny alone last week 325 persons left, of whom 200 never intend to return to Canada.

The date of the national wool growers' Convention at Chicago has been changed from May 7 to May 19, in order that the delegates may be present and participate in the proceedings of the national industrial congress, which will be held at Chicago, May 21.

Terrible fires in the turpentine regions of North Carolina raged for several days, destroying hundreds of thousands of trees, and some of the largest turpentine orchards in the State. Several houses were destroyed and a number of families were rendered homeless.

The *American Grocer* finds that in 1883 3,000,000 cases of tomatoes were packed in the United States, each containing two dozen tins. The exact figures are 70,645,896 cans. Their value at wholesale was probably $6,000,000. Maryland puts up about one half of the product, and New Jersey over a fifth.

Among the bills pending in the New Jersey Legislature is one to prohibit the manufacture of dynamite and other explosive materials, or any dynamite machine, or the transportation thereof intended for the unlawful wounding of anybody, under a penalty of from $1,000 to $5,000 fine, or imprisonment ot from thirty days to five years.

They are having trouble in Texas over a man who has just received two sentences one of 50 years' inprisonment and the other to be hanged. They want to hang him now, but the man claims he ought to serve his time first, as that sentence was pronounced prior to the one of hanging. A juror gave it as his opinion that "as the prisoner was a dead sure loser, he'd better close out with the bank and swing to wunst."

The Lake Superior ore trade is reported to be in a worse condition than it has been for twelve or fifteen years. Seven out of every twelve mines in the region are idle, and those which are running are owned by the largest and wealthiest corporations who are restricting the output. At least one half of the ore is of the best quality and is selling at Cleveland for six dollars per ton, which is lower than for many years past. At this price there is only a profit of five cents a ton.

A bill has been introduced in the United States Senate to provide for the creation of a silk culture bureau which shall constitute one of the bureaus of the Agricultural Department and shall embrace in its organization five silk culture stations, to be established as follows: One to be located in the State of Pennsylvania, one in Florida, one in Alabama, one in Iowa and one in California. The bill provides for the appropriation of $150,000 for carrying on the object of the bill.

In 1881 a Fargo (Dakota) farmer noticed a single stool of wheat in his oat field, which consisted of twenty-two stalks, headed out. These contained 860 grains, of which 760 were planted in 1882, yielding one-fifth of a bushel. Last Spring this wheat was planted and carefully cultivated. The product is seventeen bushels, an increase of eighty five fold, and a yield of fifty-six bushels and thirty-two pounds to the acre. Seventeen bushels from a single kernel in three years is a good growth.

Elephants for Farm Work.

I am pulling along here very well; managed to secure several hundred bushels of coffee more than I had estimated, and this is always pleasant. Value of our crop, about $3,000. Never had the pleasure before of working with elephants. Sent away our crop with them this season. I did not intrude myself too much upon their attention. You see I did not feel entitled to the honor of an intimate acquaintance, I treated them with great respect and deference, much the same as a street Arab does a policeman. I can't get over my antipathy to that "trunk." The Malay style of feeding elephants has certainly the merit of simplicity. When the day's work is done they are turned out into the jungle to find their own food; and so they go rambling about, all night, pulling and tearing away at any tree or shrub they fancy. When morning comes the drivers, tracing them by their own apparent marks, put the driving hook over their ears and lead them off to work. Elephants seem to graze in a forest quite as contentedly as cattle in a pasture. Their ability to scramble up and down apparently impassable places is wonderful. I never saw any animal before show the intelligence to break a branch off a tree to fan away the flies. They helped themselves to our coffee trees for this purpose.—*Letter from India.*

Some fruit raisers keep a book in which they register the age and variety of every tree in their orchard, together with any items in regard to its grafting, productiveness, treatment, etc., which are thought to be desirable.

A CALIFORNIA WELL.

Tremendous Flow Struck—Water and Gas Found at the same Time.

Oscar Salmon of French Camp, not far from Stockton, Cal., sunk a well with a seven-inch tube to a depth of about 840 feet, and struck a copious stream of excellent water. Desiring to learn whether he could increase the flow by going deeper, and fearing that, should he continue the well the same size, he might injure the quality of the upper strata of water, Mr. Salmon hit on the plan of of sinking a four-inch tube inside the seven-inch one, and thus making what might be called the experimental well four inches in diameter. This inner one he bored to a depth of 1,250 feet, and then came to water again. This lower stream came came to the surface, and, indeed, rose in a tube twenty-two feet above the ground. The last water found was unfit for drinking, and but for an accidental discovery of its wonderful properties might have been considered a nuisance. It was found that there was a large amount of gas in this water from the lower depth. This came bubbling to the surface, making one think of a gigantic soda fountain.

Some one suggested the idea of seeing if the gas would burn. A coal-oil can was put over the top of the tubing, and having a few holes punched in it, an impoverished gas fixture was at hand. Only a match was required to complete the preparations. The match was lighted and applied to a hole in the can, and flames shot up three or four feet in the air and burned steadily. The gas would burn. Mr. Salmon had fire and water coming out of the same hole in the ground. The tube of the outer well, that which was only 480 feet deep and furnished the good water, was tapped and sufficient water for all domestic uses and for the stock &c., was led off in pipes to the house and other localities. A curbing was built around the twin wells in such a way that it formed a reservoir for the water from the 1,250-foot level and that portion from above which was not conveyed away in the pipes. All through this water in the reservoir came bubbling up the gas, generated somehow, somewhere down below. When Mr. Salmon next went to Stockton he had a gasometer made with a stop-cock in the top, and this he took home and fastened over his wells. The bottom was beneath the surface of the water in the reservoir, and the gas speedily filled the bell-shaped receiver. The next thing was to attach a gas pipe, and connect his home-made gas machine with the house.

He put a pipe perforated with small holes across his large open fire-place, turned on the gas, applied a match, and the problem of cheap fuel was instantly solved. After that gas pipe was put into the fire box of the kitchen stove, and now the meals are prepared with the new fuel. Mr. Salmon has also used this gas for illuminating, but it does not seem to entirely fill the bill, although it is a great improvement on a tallow dip. It has been suggested that, as this gas seems to be almost pure hydrogen, it might be carburetted and its illuminating quality improved. The gas throws off a great amount of heat, and, without a doubt, such a well would supply a large number of families with the means of warming their hotses and preparing their food.

How to Mind a Baby.

First, a man need have one to take care of. It isn't every man that is fortunate enough to have one, and when he does his wife is always wanting to run over to the neighbor's only five minutes, and he has to attend the baby. Sometimes she caresses him, but oftener she says sternly,—

"John, take good care of the child till I come back."

You want to remonstrate, but cannot pluck up courage while that awful female's eye is upon you; so you prudently refrain and merely remark,—

"Don't stay long, dear."

She is scarcely out of sight when the luckless babe opens its eyes, and its mouth also, and emits a yell which causes the cat to bounce out of the door as if something had stung it. You timidly lift the cherub and sing an operatic air; it does not appreciate it, and yells the louder. You try to bribe it with a bit of sugar; not a bit of use, it spits it out. You get wrathy and shake it.

It stops a second, and you venture another, when, good heavens! it sets up such a roar that the passers by look up in astonishment. You feel desperate; your hair stands on end and the perspiration oozes out of every pore as the agonizing thought comes over you, what if the luckless child should have a fit. You try baby talk; but "litty, litty lamb" has no effect—for it stretches as if a red hot poker had been laid upon its spine, and still it yells. You are afraid the neighborhood will be alarmed, and give it your gold watch as a last resource, just in time to save your whiskers; though it throws down a handful of your cherished moustache to take the watch, and you thankfully find an easy chair to rest your aching limbs, when down comes that costly watch on the floor, and the cause of all the trouble breaks into an ear-splitting roar, and you set your teeth and prepare to administer personal chastisement, when in rushes the happy woman known as your wife, snatches the long-suffering child from your willing arms, and sitting down, stills it by magic, while you gaze mournfully at the remains of your watch and cherished moustache, and, muttering a malediction on babykind in general, and on the image of its father in particular, vow never to take care of a baby again—until the next time.

Every one, rich and poor, takes a dip once a day in a caldron of hot water in Japan. The rich bathe before dinner and at night. The whole household dip in the same water. Precedence is given to visitors, then the elders, followed by the young people according to age, and then the servants. On getting out of the caldron each bather gargles mouth and throat with cold aromatized water. They then fan each other until they are all dry.

Meissonier had the good taste to refuse the banquet offered to him as a protest against the destruction of one of his works by Mrs. Mackay, though the list of tenderers included E. Renan, Alexandre Dumas, Berthelot, and Pasteur. "I shall soon be starting for Italy," he wrote. "If people wish to give me a dinner, let it be later, on the occasion of the exhibition of my works; but on the morrow of the Mackey affair I cannot accept it."

In the Public Garden, Boston, there will be planted this year 500,000 pansies. The first floral display will continue through April, May and June.

HOW SHAKESPEARE WORKED.

The Methods of the Great English Dramatist—Definitions of Genius.

Of one conception of genius (a very low one, in my judgment) Shakespeare's work is totally destructive, says Richard Grant White in the *Atlantic* for May. Genius has been defined as the ability to take great pains. Genius is rather the ability to conceive and to do, with or without pains, that which is admirable and which is peculiar to the doer. The former definition seems as if it were contrived for the comfort and countenance of that large body of men who regard themselves as undeveloped, or at least possible geniuses,—men who could have written "King Lear" "if they had a mind to do it," and who have been prevented from elaborating that tragedy, or one equal to it, by adverse circumstances. Nevertheless, it has been growing in favor of late; probably because of the daily increasing importance of science, which proceeds by the careful collection and comparison of facts, and which demands that the most daring and imaginative theories shall be advanced by the slow and patient steps of toil and caution. However true this conception of genius may be in science, it is not true in art, in literature, the annals of which are studied with splendid lights, which have been spoken into existence by the creative will, if not by the creative word of omnipotent genius, exercising its native powers almort unconsciously. Of Shakespeare, at least, it is to be said that great pains were no condition of the working of his wonders. On the contrary, the achievement of this genius was always in directly inverse ratio to the height of his aim and the greatness of his endeavor. When he toiled, when he wrought with deliberate effort, when he set up for himself a high standard of attainment, he was comparatively feeble and dull and insignificant, with no fire in his prophecy, no truth in his fable. It was when he was doing his journey-work, with small trouble to himself, with the lowest purpose and the least possible labor either in planning or in finishing, that he was splendid and beautiful and strong, with a splendor, a beauty, and a strength that are beyond the conception of any other man who has left the mark of his hand upon the ages. When he set out to be a poet, to do something that would bear criticism and give him a place in literature, he produced "Venus and Adonis," and "The Rape of Lucrece," which would have been utterly forgotten long ago had they not been his. When, with lower purpose, he undertook only to please "his private friends," he evolved the marvelous mystery of his fascinating sonnets. But, when grinding in his daily mill, he blindly put out his hands, and took for grist almost any old play or old tale the story of which he thought would interest a miscellaneous London audience, he turned out such job work as "Romeo and Juliet,' "As You Like It," "Hamlet," "King Lear," "Othello," "Antony and Cleopatra." Nothing is made clearer by a study of his work than that at the times when he wrote those dramas, it was in him to write them in the way in which they were written, and in no other. It was just as easy for him to turn them off as he did as it was for any minor journalist of nowadays to elaborate his little paragraphs.

Dangers of Gambling.

The Canada *Presbyterian* says:—With some people gambling seems to be an infatuation. In all cases it is a dangerous and a ruinous one. Others try to make it a means of livelihood. As a trade, it would be difficult to find one more disreputable. Rag-picking is an honorable occupation compared with gambling. Professional gamblers are about the worst scoundrels that prey on society. It is no mitigation to say that were there no dishonest simpletons, there would be no pigeon-pluckers. There are degrees of wickedness; the fools who make a habit of gambling are descending rapidly, but the knaves who live by it have little further to fall. In a recent trial in Buffalo several gamblers sought to evade justice by corrupting the members of the Grand Jury. This coming to the Judge's knowledge, they were told that if there was any violation of the law, its penalties would be rigidly enforced. The Judge was in earnest, and the jury felt it. They gave the names of those who approached them, and speedy arrests followed. There is no good reason why an American judge should not be just even though the judiciary is elective.

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A percentage of the Fees applied towards a reserve fund. The only cash payments required at the time of making application for a certificate. The remainder of the liability is made up of assessments at the rate of $1.60 on each $1,000 upon the marriage of members. Assessments made the first year payable quarterly, which upon the present large membership secures the payment of a number of Endowments, and a safe and reliable investment for young people. Send for By-Laws and full particulars. W. J. IMLACH, Secretary, London, Ont.

Dominion Line of Steamships

Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from

QUEBEC TO LIVERPOOL.

Montreal,	May. 10.	*Vancouver,	May. 31.
*Sarnia,	May. 17.	Toronto,	June. 7.
Brooklyn,	May. 24.	*Oregon,	June. 14.

Rates of passage: Cabin, Portland to Liverpool $50, $60, $70. Return $90, $110, $130, according to steamer and berth, all outside rooms and comfortably heated by steam. Intermediate $40. Steerage, at lowest rates. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus: * are amidships, where but little motion is felt, and no cattle or sheep are carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent or local agents of the Company, or to

DAVID TORRANCE & CO.,
General Agents, Montreal.

FREE

HOMESTEADS!

IN THE

TEMPERANCE COLONY

N. W. T.

160 Acres Free To Actual Settlers.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES.

☞ First Class Land.
Healthy Climate. No Fevers.
Plenty of Pure Water.
☞ Convenient to Coal Mines.
Navigable River passing through it.
Season longer than in Manitoba.
☞ Located in the centre of fertile Belt.
Sober, Thrifty, Moral Neighbors.
Supply Store in the Colony.

SASKATOON,

The capital of the Colony, already shows prospects of being the most important city on the Saskatchewan River.

☞ FOR SALE CHEAP AND ON EASY TERMS.

Excursions from Ontario every week.

For Particulars apply to HEAD OFFICE 114 KING ST., WEST, TORONTO.

M. S. SMITH, *President.* W. PEMBERTON PAGE, *Manager.*

Import Orders.

BAR IRON,
SHEET METALS,
FIRE CLAY GOODS,
CHEMICALS AND OILS.

Orders to import solicited.

Copland & McLaren,

Wellington Street, Montreal. Wellington Chambers, Glasgow. 26 Paternoster Row, London.

BEAVER S. S. LINE

WEEKLY BETWEEN

Quebec, Montreal, and Liverpool,

CALLING AT

QUEENSTOWN AND ELFAST

For lowest rates and all particulars apply to

H. MURRAY, BEAVER LINE, Montreal, Que.

F. E. DIXON & CO

Manufacturers of Star Rivet

Leather Belting!

70 King Street, East, Toronto.

Large double Driving Belts a specialty. Send for Price Lists and Discounts

The Newell Patent Universal Grinder.

Award of Gold and Silver Medals.

NEWELL & CHAPIN
Proprietors,
95 St. James-st. west
Montreal.

These Mills save time, grind any kind of grain very fast and without heating. Larger size Mills working on same principle with different style of cutter, grinding phosphates, gold and silver ores, quartz, plaster, clay, bones, fish-scraps, bark, &c. Please call or write for particulars.

Agents Wanted

—FOR THE—

Citizens Insurance Co., of Canada.

Established 1864.—Capital and Assets, $1,635,985.

—Government Deposit $122,000 Cash.—

As the Company transacts Fire, Life, and Accident business, a profitable agency is thus offered to those soliciting insurance risks.

Special terms to those who have valuable connections. Farm property insured as low as by Farm Mutuals.

Address,

Head Office, 179 St. James Street, Montreal.

☞ The stock of this Company is held by many of the wealthiest citizens of Montreal.

MUTUAL

Marriage Aid

ASSOCIATION.

$5,000 Paid on Marriages. Over $100,000 Paid in Benefits to Date.

ISSUE IN 1883. OVER $2,000,000.

The only Company in Canada that has paid a claim.

UNDOUBTED SECURITY.

Premiums small. Address,

Agents Wanted. W. B. WEBBER, Secretary, Hamilton.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships.

Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday, and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday, to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland. Also from Baltimore via Halifax and St. John's N. F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow line sail during summer between Portland and Glasgow, and Boston and Glasgow alternately; and during summer between Quebec and Glasgow and Boston and Glasgow every week.

For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; G. Cunard & Co, Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's N. F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N. B.; Allan & Co., Chicago; Leve & Alden, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; H. A. Allan, Portland, Boston, Montreal.

THE MODEL

Washer AND BLEACHER

Weighs but 6 pounds. Can be carried in a small valise Illustration shows Machine in boiler. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

$ 1000.00 REWARD FOR ITS SUPERIOR.

Washing made light and easy. The clothes have that pure whiteness which no other mode of washing can produce. No rubbing required, no fretting to injure the fabric. A 10 year old girl can do the washing as well as an older person.

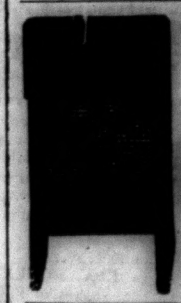
To place it in every household THE PRICE HAS BEEN REDUCED to $5.50, and if not found satisfactory, money refunded. See what the Canada Presbyterian says about it—The Model Washer and Bleacher which Mr. G. W. Dennis offers to the public has many and valuable advantages. It is a time and labor saving machine, is substantial and enduring, and is very cheap. From trial in the household we can testify to its excellence. Delivered to any express office in the Province of Ontario and Quebec. Charges paid $5.50. Send for circulars.

AGENTS WANTED.

C. W. DENNIS,

TORONTO BARGAIN HOUSE,

213 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.



84,000

Sold in 17 Months.

BUY ONLY THE

GLOBE

Walter Woods

HAMILTON ONT.

M. W. DUNHAM

HAS IMPORTED

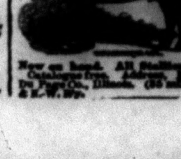
90 PER CENT OF ALL HORSES

Ever Imported

From France to America,

Whose Purity of Blood is established by their Recorded Pedigrees in the French Stud Book, the only Publication which in the only Draft Horse Record of that country.

Mr Dunham has just published a 24,000 edition of his handsomely illustrated 140 page catalogue for 1883, containing descriptions and pedigrees (many for 10 generations) of



450 STALLIONS & MARES

Now on hand. All Stallions Government Registered. Catalogue free. Importer's Barns, Prairie Farm, DuPage Co., Illinois, (35 miles west of Chicago, on C. & N. W. R'y.

J. H. FORD,

PHOTOGRAPHER, BELLEVILLE.

Advertising has become so common among business men that the genera public give very little attention to any thing he may say about his business There is certainly a feeling among all classes of persons in favor of their own production. Now it is a common thing for us to say our photos are superior to any in the city, and it has been advertised thus time and again and the public say now give us something new. This we will now do by way of letters which you will find below. The letters are not old ones but letters received recently as you will see by the dates they bear. You will see by the way they are written that they were not intanded as puffs, as they are short and most of them on postals. Again, they are from persons whose truthfulness is unquestionable, and well known in most instances. You will also see they are from gentlemen who live in the cities and large towns of our Dominion. With the hope that the publication of these letters will give you more confidence in our work than you now have, we submit the following:—

METHODIST MISSION ROOM,
TORONTO, OCT. 28, 1883.

J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: I received your Photo. It is regarded as excellen. Please send me a dozen, with the bill, and I will remit, as you did not state your price. Are you carrying out the album place for the group? What will be the price of that and the ordinary groups respectively?

Yours faithfully,
REV. A. SUTHERLAND, D. D.

WINGHAM, Oct. 30, 1883.

Mr. J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: The Cabinet Photo's you sent me last week came to hand all right. They are regarded as excellent by all who have seen them. If you carry out your design concerning the Conference Album you may put me down for one.

Yours faithfully.
REV. G. H. CORNISH.

MONTREAL, Oct. 18th, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—I am in recept of the dozen of photos. They are perfectly to my satisfaction and the price I paid you I thought very reasonable. I only regret that I did not ask you to take me full size and will do so, should I again visit Belleville. You will please send me one of the group, as I have no dobt it will be a work of art which all will appreciate.

Yours respectfully,
HON. JAMES FERRIER.

J. H. Ford, Esq., Belleville.

LAKESIDE, Nov. 2nd, 1883.

J. H. Ford, Esv.-Dear Sir: I received the photo's all right. They were sent to Embro and were transferred to Lakeside. They were well executed and give entire satisfaction. My wife says they are first-class, and so say they all. &c, &c.

Yours &c.,
CHARLES KITMER.

HAMILTON, Oct. 22, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—Photos to hand. I like them very well. Will you please print 38 more, making 50 in all, and on their receipt I will send you the balance of the money as per agreement. I would like them soon.

Yours truly,
REV. J. S. WILLIAMSON.

To J. H. Ford, Esq., Belleville.

Bond St., TORONTO, Oct. 24, '83.

DEAR SIR,—The photo to hand and am much pleased with its excellent finish. Enclosed you will please find pay for half a dozen, which you will oblige me by sending as early as possible.

Yours truly,
REV. J. COOPER ANLLEFF.

To J. H. Ford. Belleville.

248 Simcoe St., TORONTO, Oct.

DEAR SIR,—Please find enclosed pay for the dozen photos you sent me last week. I must give you credit for the the best picture I ever had taken. They give great satisfactron to myself and family. You may expect an order for some more soon.

Yours as ever,
REV. ROBERTS,
Pres. of B. C. Con.

To J. H. Ford, Belleville.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, outfit, sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

I MUST go to BELLEVILLE for my

SHIRTS AND NECKWARE.

I ALWAYS BUY AT

S. C. RETALLACK'S

SHIRT FACTORY.

White, Oxford and Flannel Shirts made to order on short notice.

Agent for English, Canadian and American Bicycles and Tricycles. Bicycle hose, shirts, &c., in Stock. 360-6.

1858. —ESTABLISHED— 1858.

WRIGHT'S

GROCERY, PROVISION, WINE AND LIQUOR STORE.

CONFECTIONERY AND BISCUITS,

CROCKERY AND GLASSWAR

A quantity of Goods damaged by the late fire will be sold cheap. Call and see them.

JANE WRIGHT.

CHAMBERS & WHITE!

THE | BIG | TEA | POT | SIGN.

(Successors to J. A. Chambers.)

O'FLYNN BLOCK, - MADOC, ONT.,

where will be found a choice stock of fine

GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
CROCKERY.
GLASSWARE, &C.,

—ALSO—

FANCY CHINA WARE, OF THE LATEST DESIGNS.

Fine goods always a specialty with us.

James White. *J. A. Chambers.*

1858.—ESTABLISHED—1858.

—G. D. RAWE—

Takes this opportunity to notify his numerous friends and customers, that his stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, and Fancy Goods is now complete, and has been selected with great care from the Best Houses in the Dominion.

His stock of Albums is the largest, cheapest and most varied in design that was ever (in Madoc) presented to those requiring such articles.

He would also call especial attention to the other portion of his stock, intended specially for Xmas and New Year Gifts, suitable for ladies and gentlemen, young men and misses.

One glance at the stock will prove that it is all new and offered at remarkebly low prices.

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, December 5th, 1883.

1883. FALL and WINTER. 1884

Our stock of Fall and Winter Goods is now complete. An inspection solicited from intending purchasers. A large stock of Ready-made Clothing at lowest prices, and all other goods suitable for the season.

SPECIAL.

See our stock of China, Stone and Glassware.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

NUMBER 3, DURHAM STREET, MADOC, ONT.

—DEALER IN—

STOVES AND TINWARE.
HARDWARE AND WOODENWARE,
LAMPS AND LANTERNS,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS & PUTTY,

COAL OIL.

Prices to Suit the Times. - Please Give me a Call.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

Great Bargains

AT THE "RIGHT HOUSE."

$10,000 WORTH OF GOODS thrown on the Market!

Having re-opened in building ONE DOOR east of Post Office, formerly occupied as carriage shop by M. Bristol, we shall for the

NEXT 30 DAYS MARK GOODS DOWN TO COST.

Goods damaged by removal from fire sell at LESS than manufacturers' prices.

All lines of Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats and Caps, cut **away down.**

Boots and Shoes *MUST BE RUN OFF* inside 30 days, to make room.

Don't forget the place—one door east of the Post Office, Madoc.

D. C. CLARKE.

Madoc, Feb. 21st, 1884.

W[illegible]CHES, WATCHES, WATCHES.

Call and examine my stock, just arrived, which

I am offering for nearly COST PRICE, for cash.

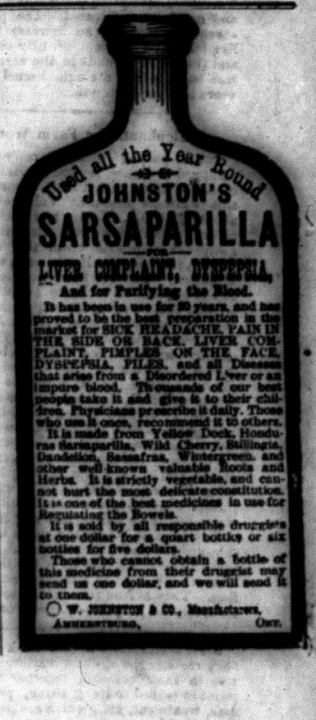
E. L. WEISS.

C. G. WILSON,

CHEMIST

—AND—

DRUGGIST.



APRIZE Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

22 Casement 40 Nails Iron, Steel AND GENERAL HARDWARE Madoc, Ont.

North Hastings Review.

2 & Casement & Cr. Glass, Putty, Paints, Varnishes of all kinds MADOC, ONT.

JOHN R ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 368. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, May 15, 1884. POSTAGE PREPAID

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I ask for space for the statements of Messrs. George Allen and Charles Payne. As Mr. Tait has thought proper to deny, and pronounce as "positively untrue" the statement in my communication in your issue of April 10th, i. e., that I had declared that he "knew nothing about the matter." I will leave your readers to judge whether this is not sufficient justification for my statements.

Yours, P. M.

Faraday, May 5th.

Wollaston, May 5th, 1884.

I, Charles Payne, was in company with Mr. George Allen at Mr. Tait's when he went to see about some lots of land that were for location, but he could not tell anything about it, CHARLES PAYNE.

MR. EDITOR,—Having seen in your issue of 24th April a communication signed J. R. Tait, in which he takes exception to, and pronounces as positively untrue a statement made by your correspondent P. M., in your issue of the 10th of April. Allow me to state that on the 20th of March last I applied to the agent, Mr. Tait, to be located for lot 13 in the 5th concession of the township of Wollaston. He told me the lot was not open for location. I asked him to name lot or lots that were; he said he could not tell me anything about it. I was in company with parties stopping over night at Mr. Jarman's, who said they had been on similar business and fared the same fate as I did. By publishing this you will confer a favor.

GEORGE ALLEN.

Wollaston, May 5th.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR,—In one of your contemporaries the following paragraphs recently appeared. I can conceive of no movement more apropos to the times and more urgently needed than the one referred to. For this reason, I ask you to reproduce it.

Yours, &c.,

ALPHA.

THE WHITE CROSS ARMY

WHICH NURTURES THE WHITE FLOWER OF A BLAMELESS LIFE.

At the conclusion of the meeting of the St. Thomas' Literary Society Monday night Canon Curtan asked the young men to remain as he wished to bring before them the necessity of forming a society in the city on the same basis as the White Cross Army of England. The object of the association is to promote the principles of true manliness—to frown down by word and deed all impurity. It asks of its members to promise—

1. To treat all women with respect, and endeavor to protect them from wrong and degredation.
2. To endeavor to put down all indecent language and coarse jests.
3. To maintain the law of purity as equally binding upon men and women.
4. To endeavor to spread these principles among my companions, and to try to help my younger brothers.
5. To use every possible means to fulfil the command, 'Keep thyself pure.'

After many present had expressed themselves well pleased to have such a christian organization formed, it was suggested before definite action be taken that Dr. Reynolds be instructed to write to the Hon. Secretary in England for further particulars and papers and books respecting the working of the Army. It was noticed that the Secretary was none other than the Rev. J. G. Norton, the newly appointed rector of Christ's Church, Montreal.

There can be no doubt that such a society as the above would do much to elevate the moral tone of the masses. All who love mankind should not only be prepared to join it, but to labor hard to encourage its interests.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, and regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25c a bottle.

MR. New Dress Goods in all the new shades, at Cross & Mounce's.

AN END TO BONE SCRAPING.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well. Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25c. per box, by all druggists.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Municipal Council of Dungannon and Faraday, in the County of Hastings, will pass a By-law at its next meeting to be held at L'Amable, May 31st, 1884, for the purpose of establishing a deviation on the Carlow Road, commencing at lot 8 in 10th concession of Dungannon, and running thence northeast about 40 rods to lot 7, and thence about 45 rods southeast, on said lot No. 7, 10th concession of Dungannon, till it joins the present travelled road.

A By-law will also be passed, to establish a piece of road running from north to south, through the middle of lot 10, in the 9th concession of Faraday.

A. C. BARKER,
Township Clerk.

L'Amable, may 5th. 367-4w

Wholesale & Retail

The undersigned begs leave to notify his customers and the public that his stock is complete once more, since the late fire.

Having just received a full and complete assortment of

GROCERIES,
CROCKERY,
WINES,
LIQUORS,

&c.,—the very best that the

MARKET WILL AFFORD,

which will be sold as reasonable as any other house in the trade.

Hoping to receive a fair share of public patronage in the future as in the past.

D. W. WRIGHT.

RUSSEL PROPERTY, MADOC.

Village Building Lots FOR SALE.

MR. W. H. HASTINGS, SOLICITOR, MADOC,

will give all necessary information as to prices, terms, &c.

Mr. R. D. Russel has no further connection with Mrs. Sarah Russel's affairs.

(Signed.)

H. & J. RUSSEL,
Attorneys for Mrs. Sarah Russel,
Montreal.

Feb. 18th, 1884. 361

DON'T

BUY YOUR

CARRIAGE HARDWARE

until you have seen our stock and prices. You can save

From 10 to 20 per Cent.

as we wish to clear the whole stock, comprising:

Rims, Hubs, Spokes, Poles, Shafts, Clips, Armstrong's Buggy Springs, Seat Springs, Axles, Circles, Shackles, etc., etc.

JOHN DALE & SON.

Madoc, Apr. 21. 366-4w

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517. Meets on the first Thursday in each month. JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070, Meets every first Saturday in each month. D. LUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, GlanmireP. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094, Meets on the first Saturday in each month. DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624, Meets every Friday on or before full moon. ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O. B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437, Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon. F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285. Meets on the first Monday in each month. J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253. Meets every Monday on or before full moon. S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P.O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389, Meets every first Monday in each month. T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4. J. F. MORRILL, D.M., Millbridge, C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

MADOC LODGE, No 179, I.O.O.F.

MEETS EVERY MONDAY EVENING, in the Lodge Room, Weiss Block, at eight o'clock, sharp.

Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

JAMES WHITE, Secretary. G. A. ROLLINS, Noble Grand.

E. GUSS PORTER,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street.

Private money to loan at lowest rates.

THOMAS HANLEY, ARCHITECT & BUILDER, BELLEVILLE, - ONTARIO.

PLANS, Specifications, Details, and Estimates prepared for all kinds of Buildings. Contracts taken at reasonable rates.

OFFICE—At Pringle's Factory 356-3m

Farm for Sale.

THE Farm known as the McCillican stand, Thanet, west side of the Hastings Road, being composed of 150 acres of land. The property is first class, and offers a good opening for a general business. The post office is kept on the premises, which is also leased as a hotel. Terms easy. For further information apply to

JOHN CHRISTIE.

Madoc, Feb. 27, 1884. 357

HIGHEST CASH PRICE

PAID FOR

Hides, Sheep and Calf Skins, Wool, Tallow and Eggs.

Opposite Harper's Block, St. Lawrence Street.

363 B. A. S. WILSON.

WANTED—AGENTS to sell TUNISON'S New and Superior Canada Maps and Charts.

As paying as any agency in the world. For full particulars, free, address H. C. TUNISON, Map Publisher, 388 Richmond Street, LONDON, ONTARIO. 363

JAS. WHYTOCK,

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER, ETC,

MADOC, - ONT.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK
MADOC.

Banking House!
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

1883

NORTH HASTINGS WAREHOUSE.

I AM prepared to purchase all kinds of grain delivered at the North Hastings Warehouse, and for which the highest prices will be paid.

Mr. Alex. Miller is again engaged as warehouseman.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Aug. 14, 1883. 281.

GLEN LEWIS MILLS!

DOWNEY'S RAPIDS.

Are now in full operation, and all who have Grinding or Cracking to get done will find it to their benefit to go to the above mills, as you get the flour from your own wheat. We do not keep your spring wheat and give you fall wheat flour instead, which is worth less money.

All who bring over 12 bushels of wheat will get it put through the Merchants Bolts, where you will get a superior article, as there are three reels to dress the Flour instead of one like the common Bolt.

Cracking Done Cheap for Cash.

NO DELAY.

Flour and Feed always on hand, cheap. First-class millers always in attendance. Please give me a call and be convinced.

M. G. EASTON.

FURNITURE.

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IN GOLDEN BONDS.

CHAPTER XXVIII. (Continued).

"Tom Parkes has been caught, and James Woodfall has escaped, I am afraid," said Laurence.

"Then he was there! Tell me all about it," I said anxiously.

"Won't to-morrow do?" pleaded poor Laurence earnestly. "I am afraid, if you get so much excited, your arm will get inflamed, and I ought to be setting off for the doctor now."

"No, no; you couldn't get to Beaconsburgh to-night, you know you couldn't. It wouldn't be safe," said I. "Your bandaging will do quite well until the doctor comes as usual to see Sarah to-morrow morning. Now tell me quickly all about the robbery. Did you find the policemen in the park?" Then suddenly I sprang up from the sofa. "Where is Mr. Rayner? Why was Gordon here instead of him? Oh, Laurence, my head seems to be going round! I don't understand it at all. I am getting quite bewildered. Why was it?"

"Let me tell you about the robbery. You will hear and understand it all in time," said he very gravely and very gently. "I found the policemen in the park and stationed them in the shrubbery, and I stood myself with that man over there and one other, as close as possible to the back entrance of the house; and there we waited until nearly half-past seven, when a man came up through the fog and tapped at the door. One of the maids opened it, by appointment as it turned out, for she was expecting him, though I don't believe the poor girl suspected what his real business was; for it was Tom Parkes. And, when they went inside, Tom went last, and left the door ajar. A few minutes later another man came up and slipped in so quietly, so quickly, that we could hardly have sworn in the dense fog to his going in at all. Then presently Tom and the girl came out. He said good-bye to her without as much delay as she would have liked, walked a few steps away until she had shut the door, then returned and crept alongside the wall of the house until he was under the strong-room window. There were four of our men stationed very close to that, and their chief, who was with me, crept along easily under cover of the fog, which was as thick as ever, to join them. I followed with the other man. In a few minutes we heard a soft whistle from the strong-room window, as we guessed. Tom answered by another, and we saw a third man come up and join Tom. I was so close that I saw a bundle let cautiously down from the window by a cord, Tom handed it to the third man, whom we allowed to walk off with it—followed however by two policemen—in order to watch the further proceedings of the other two thieves. Another bundle was let down, which Tom carried off himself; and then we watched anxiously for the next movement of the man in the house. The strong-room window is about twenty feet from the ground; but the man jumped down and landed on his feet. In an instant five of us were upon him, but, though I think each of us in turn thought we had caught him, he eluded us all and got clear away, and in the fog escaped us. But that man at the window there, who has been so many years in the force, recognized him and identified him as James Woodfall, and I recognised him too."

"You, Laurence! I didn't know you had ever seen him!" I cried.

At that moment the elderly man left the window.

"It's no good, sir, I'm afraid. The one rogue's got off as clear as the other. Can you tell me where Maynard is, miss?"

I got up from the sofa and led the way into the dining-room. Mrs. Rayner was still sitting, pale and upright, with staring gray eyes, Maynard still sleeping. The other detective shook him, and glanced at the wine.

"Drugged," said he shortly.

With a few vigorous shakes he succeeded in rousing Maynard, and, when he began to look around him in a dazed way, the other said sharply—

"Pretty fellow you are to be hoodwinked like that, and drink and sleep quietly under the very roof of one of the greatest scoundrels unhung!"

"Who!" said the other, startled. "Mr. Rayner?"

"Mr. Rayner! Yes, 'Mr. Rayner' to simple folk like you; but to me and every thief-taker that knows his business—the missing forger, James Woodfall!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

As the detective pronounced the name "James Woodfall," I gave a cry that startled them all. Shaken as my trust in Mr. Rayner had already been, the shock seemed in a moment to change the aspect of the whole world to me. I shrank even from Laurence as he would have put his arms round me, and my wild wandering eyes fell upon Mrs. Rayner, who sat with her hands tightly clasped and head bent, listening to the proclamation of the secret which had weighed her down for years. And, as I looked at her, the scales seemed to fall from my eyes, my dull wits to become keener, and part of the mystery of the house on the marsh to grow clear to me.

I sank down upon the floor beside her, and she put her thin wasted arms round my neck and kissed me without a word. And the three men quietly left the room. We did not say much even then.

"Oh, Mrs. Rayner," I whispered, "it is terrible for you!"

"Not so terrible to me," she whispered back wearily. "I have known it for years—almost ever since I married him. But don't talk about it any more," she said, glancing furtively round the room. "He may be in the house at this moment; and they might search and watch for months, but they would never catch him, that he will! make us suffer—me—oh, and you too, now! You were so unsuspicious, yet it must have been you who set Laurence Reade upon the track."

"Not of Mr. Rayner. Oh, I never thought of such a thing!" I whispered shuddering.

And I told her all about my suspicions of Tom Parkes, my visit to the Hall, my letter to Laurence, and all I said in it.

"Mr. Reade has shown energy and courage," said she. "But he will suffer for it too. You don't know that man yet. He will never let Laurence marry you. Even if he were in prison, he would manage to prevent it."

Luckily Laurence himself tapped at the door at that moment, for Mrs. Rayner's gloom forebodings were fast increasing the fever of my overwrought mind. He came to say that the constables had returned to the house, having failed in the fog to find any trace of Gordon, or of—of any of the others. He was going to return with them to the Hall, where they would sleep, leaving Maynard to pass the night at the Alders, as his missing host had invited him to do, and a couple of constables to keep watch in turn, though there was nothing less likely than that the—the persons they were in search of would return to the Alders that night. Then he said very gently to poor Mrs. Rayner—

"Will you forgive me for what I have done in all innocence? I had some vague suspicions, the reasons for which I will explain to you presently; but indeed I never thought to bring such a blow as this upon you."

"It is no blow to me," said she, raising her sad eyes to his face. "That man—my husband—would have got rid of me long ago, but that he hated violence and dreaded it. Everything short of that he has tried," she whispered; "and it is not my fault that my wretched life has lingered on in spite of him."

Laurence ground his teeth.

"The wretch!" he said, in a low voice. "But he shall pay for it now. I'll ransack the whole world till we have unearthed him."

"You will never do that," said she calmly. "He dares too much for that. He is no coward to lie hid in a corner," she went on, with a sort of perverse pride in the man for whom every spark of love was long since dead. "He will brave you to your faces and escape you all. But you have done your best. You are a brave man, Mr. Reade. You would help me if you could. Good night."

She shook hands with him, and left the room. He turned to me quickly.

"You must both leave this place," said he. "The long-continued suffering has almost turned that poor lady's brain. But she is safe from that vile wretch now; and you too, oh, my darling, thank Heaven!"

There was a tap at the door, and the voice of the elder detective said—

"Are you ready, sir?"

"All right," said Laurence; and then added, in a voice for me only, "I'm not ready a bit. I should like to stay and comfort you for ever. Take care of your poor little wounded arm. Good night, good night, my darling!"

I heard him leave the house with the constables. Then, exhausted by the events of the day and night, I just managed to crawl up-stairs to my room, and, throwing myself upon the bed without undressing, I fell into a deep sleep which was more like a swoon. In the early morning I woke, feeling stiff and ill, undressed, and got into bed; and when the sun had risen I got up with hot and aching head, and found that my arm was beginning to be very painful.

Haidee and I had breakfast alone, for the cook told me that Mr. Maynard had already started for London; and I was just going to see how Mrs. Rayner was when Doctor Lowe arrived on his daily visit to Sarah. As soon as he saw me he ordered me off to bed, and then, after making him swear secrecy, which did not make much difference, as the story would certainly be all over the neighbourhood and in the London newspapers before long, I let him draw from me an account of the greater part of the events of the previous day. He said very little in comment beyond telling me that he had always mistrusted Mr. Rayner, but that now he admired him; and then, strictly forbidding me to leave my bed until his visit next day, he left me.

Jane came up to me soon after. She had only just come home from Wright's Farm, and was full of curiosity excited to the highest pitch by the vague account that the cook, who was deaf and had not heard much, had given her of the events which had taken place in her absence. I told her that there had been a robbery at the Hall, that the man who had asked to speak to me was a detective, and that he and Mr. Rayner had left the Alders.

My faith in the latter was gone altogether; but my affection for him was gradually coming back again. The fearfully wicked things that he had done I had only heard about; and how could the impression so given out weigh that much stronger one of his constant kindness to me? And to think that it was I who had drawn down justice—for it was justice; I sorrowfully admitted—upon him caused me bitter remorse.

Laurence told me, in one of the little notes he kept leaving for me all day long, that it was expected that Mr. Rayner would brave everything and return to the Alders sooner or later, if only for a flying visit, and that, in consequence, the search of the house which must take place was to be postponed, and the place watched, with as much caution as possible, from the outside. By letting the life at the Alders go on as usual, it was hoped that he might be lured back under the impression that he was not expected to return there. Laurence had telegraphed to my mother to tell her that I was quite safe and the journey put off, in order to allay her fears about me.

Mrs. Rayner brought one of those notes up to me late in the afternoon. In addition to her usual pallor she had great black rings round her eyes; and, in answer to my inquiries, she confessed that she had not slept all night.

"I have something to tell you," she whispered in my ear. "Mrs. Saunders drinks, and is not a proper guardian for Sarah. She is afraid of Mr. Rayner; but last night, knowing he was not in the house, she was in nearly as excited a state as her patient, and was very rough with her. Sarah's room is nearly opposite mine, and I opened my door and heard what sounded like a struggle. Maynard, who was in the next room to the dressing-room, either did not hear or did not like to interfere. But now he is gone; and I ought to be used to terrors, but I am afraid;" and she shuddered.

"Surely there is nothing to be afraid of if you lock your door, Mrs. Rayner?"

"I have no key. Will you leave your door open and the door at the foot of the turret staircase? I know you must not leave your bed; but it will be some comfort to know you are within hearing."

I promised; and that night, when Jane came up to my room for the last time, I made her leave the doors open when she went down.

The sense of being on the alert made me wakeful, and two or three times during the night I rose and stood at the top of my staircase, listening. And the third time I did hear something. I heard a faint cry, and presently the soft shutting of a door, then steps in the corridor below, and whispering. I crept half-way down the stairs; the whispering continued. I got to the bottom, and recognised Sarah's voice muttering to herself. I would rather have again faced Gordon with his revolver than this madwoman; but I was so anxious about Mrs. Rayner that, after a few minutes spent in prayer, I ventured out from the doorway, and found Sarah crouched in a corner muttering to herself. The wretched woman started up on seeing me; but, instead of attempting to approach me, she hung back, moving her still bandaged head and her one free hand restlessly, and saying—

"I've done it—I've done it! He'll come back now. I've done what he wanted. He can marry the Christie girl now. It's all right. He'll come back again now."

With terrible fear at my heart, I dashed along the corridor to Mrs. Rayner's room and went straight in. The atmosphere of the room was sickly and stifling. I went up to the bed. Mrs. Rayner was lying with a cloth over her face! I snatched it off. It was steeped in something which I afterwards learnt was chloroform. Thank Heaven, she was alive!—for she was breathing heavily. I rushed to the two windows and flung them wide open, pulled the bell-rope until the house echoed, and moved her arms up and down. The cook and Jane came in, terribly alarmed, in their night gowns. I left them with Mrs. Rayner while I ran down stairs for some brandy.

There was some on the sideboard in the dining-room, I knew; and I was returning with it, and was just outside the dining room door, I caught sight of a man in the gloom at the end of the passage leading from the hall. He had come from Mr. Rayner's study, and disappeared in a moment in the darkness. It was impossible to recognise him; but I could not doubt that it was Mr. Rayner.

Where was he going? Was he going to escape by the back way? Did he know the house was watched? I made a step forward, anxious to warn him: but he had already disappeared, and I dared not follow him.

I crept up-stairs, too much agitated to be of any use any longer; but happily Mrs. Rayner was already recovering, and the brandy-and-water restored her entirely to consciousness. I spent the rest of the night in her room, after I had, with the cook's assistance, persuaded the unhappy lunatic who had done the mischief to return to her own room, where we found, as I had expected, Mrs. Saunders in a stupid, heavy sleep, half in her arm chair and half on the floor. The cook declined to watch in place of her for the remainder of the night, but as a precaution locked the door on the outside and took the key away.

"Now, if Sarah wants to do any more mischief, let her try it on Mrs. Saunders," said she.

I could scarcely approve of this way of settling the difficulty; but happily no harm came of it; and Mrs. Saunders profited by the lesson, and kept pretty sober after that.

This woman, having been sent from town by Mr. Rayner, had taken upon herself in some sort the authority formerly held by Sarah in the household, and she now suggested that Mrs. Rayner had better go back to her old room in the left wing, saying she would take charge of it for her as Sarah had done. The poor lady came up herself to my room, where, having made my arm much worse by my expedition in the night I was lying in bed the whole of the next day.

"Why do you go back if you don't wish to do so, Mrs. Rayner?" I asked.

"I expect it is by Mr. Rayner's orders," she whispered.

And, my strong suspicion that he was in the house acting like a spell upon me, I said no more.

But I was curious to know what was the mystery that hung about that bed-room in the left wing which no one was allowed to enter but Mrs. Rayner, Mr. Rayner, and Sarah; and I resolved that, as soon as I could, I would try to induce Mrs. Rayner to let me go in there.

As I lay thinking of all the strange and horrible events which had filled my life lately, the thought of Mr. Rayner lying concealed in his own house, perhaps hidden in some cellar the existence of which was unknown to every one else, came uppermost in my mind. It was the most dreadful blow I had ever experienced to have my respect and affection for a kind friend turned suddenly into horror of a great criminal. But I would not believe that he was all bad. How could a man who was so kind and sweet-tempered have no redeeming points at all? And it was I, who had never received anything but kindness at his hands, who—innocently indeed—had drawn down this pursuit upon him. There were only two things that I could do now. I could pray for him, as I did most earnestly, that he might repent of what he had done, and become in very truth all that he had seemed to me; and I could perhaps let him know how the thought that it was I who had brought down justice upon him tormented me.

A possible means of communicating with him occurred to me. In spite of the Doctor's prohibition, I sprang out of bed, got my desk, and wrote a note asking his forgiveness, and giving him a full explanation of the way in which, in all innocence, I had written the letter which had led to this pursuit of him. I told him the house was being watched, and was to be searched before long, and begged that, when he had got away, he would find some means of letting me know he was in safety. "I do pray for you every night and morning. I can't forget all your kindness to me, whatever you have done, and I don't wish to do so," I added, as a last thought in a P. S. And then I put on my dressing-gown, and, when I heard nobody about, slipped down by the back staircase to his study, where I put the note, directed simply to "G. Rayner, Esq.," just inside the drawer of his writing-table, and crept guiltily up-stairs again.

Mrs. Manners came to see me that afternoon; Laurence had confided nearly everything to her, and she was much more severe upon Mr. Rayner than I—quite unchristian, I thought, and rather angry with me for not being as bitter as herself against him.

"Don't you know he wanted Sarah to kill his own wife that he might marry you, child, and, when Sarah was taken ill and couldn't do it, he wanted to run away with you?"

"Yes; but, as he was prevented from doing either of those things, it is easier to forgive him. Don't you think I ought to try to forgive him, Mrs. Manners?"

"I don't know, I am sure, child," said she, after a little hesitation. "But I think it ought to require an effort."

Then she told me that, when Laurence had heard that morning through Jane of the night's adventure, he had gone to Doctor Lowe and insisted upon Sarah's removal to the county lunatic asylum that very day; and I never saw the poor creature again.

When Mrs. Manners had left me, and Jane had come up at four o'clock with a cup of tea, I insisted on getting up and being dressed, as I wanted to see Mrs. Rayner, and find out whether she had heard of Sarah's departure. I heard that she had gone to her old room in the left wing, and, having taken the precaution to wrap a shawl round me before entering that long cold passage, I passed through the heavy swing-door, the very sight of which I hated.

I was opposite to the store-room door, when it was softly opened, and, without being able to make any resistance, I was drawn inside by a man's arm. I looked up, expecting to see Mr. Rayner, and was horror-stricken to find myself in the arms of Gordon, the man who had shot me. It was so dark already in the store-room, lighted only by one little high window, that, his back being turned towards it, I could not see his face.

"Don't tremble so," said he—his voice was always hard, but he did not mean to speak unkindly. "I meant to do for you before I left this house; but this has saved you." And he showed me my letter to Mr. Rayner.

"Do you know where he is?" I asked eagerly.

"No, ma'am," said he, in his respectful servant's manner; "but I should say that he is on his way to America by now, where he meant to have taken you."

"Me? America?"

"Yes, ma'am. Miss Haidee was to have left at Liverpool Street Station, and brought back to the Alders."

"But I wouldn't have gone."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am; but I don't think your will would have stood out against James'—Mr. Rayner's. And, if this letter had not shown you to be loyal to him, I would not have left you here alive. I am surprised myself, knowing how set he was upon having your company, that he did not come back and carry you off with him. But I suppose he thought better of it, begging your pardon, ma'am. I may take this opportunity of apologising for having once borrowed a trinket of yours while you were staying at Denham Court. But, as it was one which I myself had had the pleasure of assisting Mr. Rayner to procure from Lord Dalston's, I thought it wisest to pull off the little plate at the back, for fear of its being recognised by Mr. Carruthers, in whose service I was when I was first introduced to Lord Dalston's seat in Derbyshire."

"My pendant!" I cried. "Is—it was real then?"

"Yes, ma'am. I had to remonstrate then with Mr. Rayner for his rashness in giving it you; but nothing ever went wrong with him—daring as he is—till you came across his path, ma'am. He was too tender-hearted. If I did not feel sure that he is by this time on the high-road to fresh success in the New World, I would shoot you dead this instant without a moment's compunction."

I shuddered, glancing at his hands, which were slim and small, like those of a man who has never done rough work. I saw that he had got rid of his handcuffs.

"I have nothing to keep me here now, ma'am; so I shall be off to-night; and, if you care to hear how I get on, you will be able to do so by applying to my late master, Mr. Carruthers."

He led me courteously to the door, bowed me out, and shut himself in again, while I went on, trembling and bewildered, towards Mrs. Rayner's room.

I knocked at the door. At first there was no answer. I called her by name, and begged her to let me in. At last I heard her voice close to the other side of the door.

"What do you want, Miss Christie?"

"May I come in, Mrs. Rayner? I have something to tell you."

"I can't let you in. Can't you speak through the door?"

"No, no; I must see you. I have something very important to say about Mr. Rayner," I whispered into the key-hole.

"Is he here?" she faltered.

"No; he has gone to America," I whispered.

She gave a long shuddering sigh, and then said—

"I—I will let you in."

She turned the key slowly, while I trembled with impatience outside the door.

When I found myself inside the room which had been a mystery to me for so long, nothing struck me at first but a sense of cold and darkness. There was only one window, which was barred on the inside; the fog still hung about the place, and the little light there had been all day was fading fast, for it was five o'clock. But, as I stepped forward farther into the room, I drew my breath fast in horror. For I became aware of a smell of damp and decay; I felt that the boards of the floor under the carpet were rotten and yielding to my feet, and I saw that the paper was peeling off the wet and mouldy walls, and that the water was slowly trickling down them.

"Oh, Mrs. Rayner," I cried, aghast, "is this your room—where you sleep?"

"I have slept in it for three years," said she. "If my husband had had his will, it would have been my tomb."

(To be continued.)

A New Decorative Plant.

The variety of banana called *Musa ensete* is a remarkable showy and fine plant for giving a tropical effect to the flower garden. The foliage is long, broad, of a bright green color; with the mid-rib large and of a crimson color. To secure a large plant the first season, plant out in very rich soil, and supply with plenty of water. A good supply of liquid manure when the soil is getting exhausted, will keep up its vigor and beauty. It is only on large places that this plant can be seen with best effect, associated with other large plants having ornamental leaves. A clump of bed on a lawn is a relief from the more formal flowers beds so much in fashion at the present time. Our finest bedding plants of the future will be found among the massive ornamental leafed plants such as palms, dracænas, musas, caladiums, and similiar kinds.

The massing of colors, and the formation of animals, letters, and other figures, will, no doubt continue to be largely seen in the gardens of those interested in horticulture generally, but I cannot look upon it as being what gardening ought to be. The musas can be wintered in a light cellar or cool greenhouse, but it must be kept pretty dry under such conditions, having only just water enough to keep it from shrivelling up. When started in the spring, water it gradually at first and as the foliage increases, give more water. Do not set out of doors until all danger of frost is past.

PRESIDENTIAL FAVORITES.

Some Interesting Facts Concerning the Men who Stand Closest to the Chief Executive.

Visitors who, from curiosity or business, have called at the White House, must have been impressed by the courteous yet systematic manner with which they were received and escorted through the mansion. The gentlemen whose duty it is to receive all persons coming to the White House are Colonel E. S. Dennons, Mr. John T. Rickard and Mr. T. F. Pendel, and they have occupied their present positions through the administrations since and even during the war. Mr. Pendel was President Lincoln's body-guard; saw him to his carriage the fatal night on which he visited Ford's theatre, and he has now in his possession the blood-stained coat which Mr. Lincoln wore on that memorable occasion. There is not a public man in America to-day who does not know, and who is not known by these gentlemen, and the reminiscences of public and social life which they can recount would fill a congressional volume. During the weary yet exciting years of the war; through the more peaceful times of Grant's administration; while Hayes held the reins of government, and when Garfield was shot, it was these men who stood in the executive mansion, welcoming the advent of each new administration, bowing at its departure, and receiving both martyrs through its portals.

During that long, hot and never to be forgotten summer when President Garfield lay between "two worlds," the nation became aware of the deadly malarial influence which hung about the White House. But all through that period these three men never deserted their posts for a single day, although each one was suffering intensely. In conversation with the writer, Colonel Densmore said:

"It is impossible to describe the tortures I have undergone. To be compelled to smile and treat the thousands of visitors who come here daily with courtesy when one is in the greatest agony requires a tremendous effort. All that summer I had terrible headaches, heart-burn and a stifling sensation that sometimes took away my breath. My appetite was uncertain and I felt severe pains in the small of my back. I was under the doctor's care with strict instructions not to go out of the house but I remained on duty nevertheless. You would be surprised to know the amount of quinine I took; on some days it was as much as sixteen grains."

"And was Mr. Rickard badly off too?"

"I should think he was. Why time and again we have picked him up and laid him on the mantel, here in the vestibule, he was so used up."

"Yes" exclaimed Mr. Rickard, "I was so weak I could not rise after lying down, without help, and could only walk with the aid of two canes, and then in a stooping position. Oh, we have been in a pretty bad condition here, all of us."

"And yet you are all the embodiment of health," said the writer, as he looked at the three bright and vigorous men before him.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Rickard, "we have not known what sickness was for more than a year."

"Have you some secret way of overcoming malaria and its attendant horrors?"

"I think we have a most certain way,' replied Colonel Densmore, "but it is no secret. You see, about two years ago my wife began to grow blind, and I was alarmed at her condition. She finally became so she could not tell whether a person were white or black at a distance of ten feet. One of her lady friends advised her to try a certain treatment that had done wonders for her, and to make a long story short, she did so and was completely cured. This induced me to try the same means for my own restoration and as soon as I found it was doing me good I recommended it to my associates and we have all been cured right here in the stronghold of malaria and kept in perfect health ever since by means of Warner's Safe Cure. Now I am not a believer in medicines in general, but I do not hesitate to say that I am satisfied I should have died of Bright's disease of the kidneys before this, had it not been for this wonderful remedy. Indeed, I use it as a household medicine and give it to my children whenever they have any ailments."

"Yes," exclaimed Mr. Pendel, "I use it in my family all the while and have found it the most efficient remedy we have ever employed. I know of very many public men who are using it to-day and they all speak well of it."

"I weigh 160 pounds to-day" said Mr. Rickard, "and when my physicians told me over a year ago I could not hope to recover I weighed 122 pounds. Under such influences you cannot wonder that I consider it the best medicine before the American people."

The above statements from these gentlemen need no comments. They are voluntary and outspoken expressions from sources which are the highest in the land. Were there the slightest question regarding their authenticity they would not be made public, but as they furnish such valuable truths for all who are suffering, we unhesitatingly publish them for the good of all.

A hitch in the proceedings—stopping to tie your horse.

Every one speaks highly of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters as a Stomach, Liver and Kidney medicine. "The best family medicine we ever used," say they all. Try a bottle this Spring as a blood purifier.

When does a man have to keep his word?—When no one will take it.

A Simple Trial

Is all that is needed to prove Polson's Nerviline is the most rapid and certain remedy for pain in the world. It only costs 10 cents for a trial bottle. A single trial bottle will prove Nerviline to be equally efficacious as an external or internal remedy, and for pain of every description it has no equal. Try a 10 cent sample bottle. Sold at all dealers in medicines. Large bottles 25 cents at all druggists.

What fruit does a newly-married couple mostly resemble?—A green pear.

If you have a faded cloak or mantle make it new by using a package of the Triangle Dyes. All the popular colors. Always certain. 10c.

Because a woman "figures in society" it is no sign that she knows the multiplication table.

Scene—Motherwell Junction; arrival of train at station. Porter crying "Motherwell." Funny student leaning out of window—"Father well, too?" Porter sharply—"At next station you will find Bothwell."

IN GOLDEN BONDS.

CHAPTER XXVIII. (Continued).

"Tom Parkes has been caught, and James Woodfall has escaped, I am afraid," said Laurence.

"Then he was there! Tell me all about it," I said anxiously.

"Won't to-morrow do?" pleaded poor Laurence earnestly. "I am afraid, if you get so much excited, your arm will get inflamed, and I ought to be setting off for the doctor now."

"No, no; you couldn't get to Beaconsburgh to-night, you know you couldn't. It wouldn't be safe," said I. "Your bandaging will do quite well until the doctor comes as usual to see Sarah to-morrow morning. Now tell me quickly all about the robbery. Did you find the policemen in the park?" Then suddenly I sprang up from the sofa. "Where is Mr. Rayner? Why was Gordon here instead of him? Oh, Laurence, my head seems to be going round! I don't understand it at all. I am getting quite bewildered. Why was it?"

"Let me tell you about the robbery. You will hear and understand it all in time," said he very gravely and very gently. "I found the policemen in the park and stationed them in the shrubbery, and I stood myself with that man over there and one other, as close as possible to the back entrance of the house; and there we waited until nearly half-past seven, when a man came up through the fog and tapped at the door. One of the maids opened it, by appointment as it turned out, for she was expecting him, though I don't believe the poor girl suspected what his real business was; for it was Tom Parkes. And, when they went inside, Tom went last, and left the door ajar. A few minutes later another man came up and slipped in so quietly, so quickly, that we could hardly have sworn in the dense fog to his going in at all. Then presently Tom and the girl came out. He said good-bye to her without as much delay as she would have liked, walked a few steps away until she had shut the door, then returned and crept alongside the wall of the house until he was under the strong-room window. There were four of our men stationed very close to that, and their chief, who was with me, crept along easily under cover of the fog, which was as thick as ever, to join them. I followed with the other man. In a few minutes we heard a soft whistle from the strong-room window, as we guessed. Tom answered by another, and we saw a third man come up and join Tom. I was so close that I saw a bundle let cautiously down from the window by a cord, Tom handed it to the third man, whom we allowed to walk off with it—followed however by two policemen—in order to watch the further proceedings of the other two thieves. Another bundle was let down, which Tom carried off himself; and then we watched anxiously for the next movement of the man in the house. The strong-room window is about twenty feet from the ground; but the man jumped down and landed on his feet. In an instant five of us were upon him, but, though I think each of us in turn thought we had caught him, he eluded us all and got clear away, and in the fog escaped us. But that man at the window there, who has been so many years in the force, recognized him and identified him as James Woodfall, and I recognised him too."

"You, Laurence! I didn't know you had ever seen him!" I cried.

At that moment the elderly man left the window.

"It's no good, sir, I'm afraid. The one rogue's got off as clear as the other. Can you tell me where Maynard is, miss?"

I got up from the sofa and led the way into the dining-room. Mrs. Rayner was still sitting, pale and upright, with staring gray eyes, Maynard still sleeping. The other detective shook him, and glanced at the wine.

"Drugged," said he shortly.

With a few vigorous shakes he succeeded in rousing Maynard, and, when he began to look around him in a dazed way, the other said sharply—

"Pretty fellow you are to be hoodwinked like that, and drink and sleep quietly under the very roof of one of the greatest scoundrels unhung!"

"Who?" said the other, startled. "Mr. Rayner?"

"Mr. Rayner! Yes, 'Mr. Rayner' to simple folk like you; but to me and every thief-taker that knows his business—the missing forger, James Woodfall!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

As the detective pronounced the name "James Woodfall," I gave a cry that startled them all. Shaken as my trust in Mr. Rayner had already been, the shock seemed in a moment to change the aspect of the whole world to me. I shrank even from Laurence as he would have put his arms round me, and my wild wandering eyes fell upon Mrs. Rayner, who sat with her hands tightly clasped and head bent, listening to the proclamation of the secret which had weighed her down for years. And, as I looked at her, the scales seemed to fall from my eyes, my dull wits to become keener, and part of the mystery of the house on the marsh to grow clear to me.

I sank down upon the floor beside her, and she put her thin wasted arms round my neck and kissed me without a word. And the three men quietly left the room. We did not say much even then.

"Oh, Mrs. Rayner," I whispered, "it is terrible for you!"

"Not so terrible to me," she whispered back wearily. "I have known it for years—almost ever since I married him. But don't talk about it any more," she said, glancing furtively round the room. "He may be in the house at this moment; and they might search and watch for months, but they would never catch him, that he will make us suffer—me—oh, and you too, now! You were so unsuspicious, yes it must have been you who set Laurence Reade upon the track."

"Not of Mr. Rayner. Oh, I never thought of such a thing!" I whispered shuddering.

And I told her all about my suspicions of Tom Parkes, my visit to the Hall, my letter to Laurence, and all I said in it.

"Mr. Reade has shown energy and courage," said she. "But he will suffer for it too. You don't know that man yet. He will never let Laurence marry you. Even if he were in prison, he would manage to prevent it."

Luckily Laurence himself tapped at the door at that moment, for Mrs. Rayner's gloom forebodings were fast increasing the fever of my overwrought mind. He came to say that the constables had returned to the house, having failed in the fog to find any trace of Gordon, or of—of any of the others. He was going to return with them to the Hall, where they would sleep, leaving Maynard to pass the night at the Alders, as his missing host had invited him to do, and a couple of constables to keep watch in turn, though there was nothing less likely than that the—the persons they were in search of would return to the Alders that night. Then he said very gently to poor Mrs. Rayner—

"Will you forgive me for what I have done in all innocence? I had some vague suspicions, the reasons for which I will explain to you presently; but indeed I never thought to bring such a blow as this upon you."

"It is no blow to me," said she, raising her sad eyes to his face. "That man—my husband—would have got rid of me long ago, but that he hated violence and dreaded it. Everything short of that he has tried," she whispered; "and it is not my fault that my wretched life has lingered on in spite of him."

Laurence ground his teeth.

"The wretch!" he said, in a low voice. "But he shall pay for it now. I'll ransack the whole world till we have unearthed him."

"You will never do that," said she calmly. "He dares too much for that. He is no coward to lie hid in a corner," she went on, with a sort of perverse pride in the man for whom every spark of love was long since dead. "He will brave you to your faces and escape you all. But you have done your best. You are a brave man, Mr. Reade. You would help me if you could. Good night."

She shook hands with him, and left the room. He turned to me quickly.

"You must both leave this place," said he. "The long-continued suffering has almost turned that poor lady's brain. But she is safe from that vile wretch now; and you too, oh, my darling, thank Heaven!"

There was a tap at the door, and the voice of the elder detective said—

"Are you ready, sir?"

"All right," said Laurence; and then added, in a voice for me only, "I'm not ready a bit. I should like to stay and comfort you for ever. Take care of your poor little wounded arm. Good night, good night, my darling!"

I heard him leave the house with the constables. Then, exhausted by the events of the day and night, I just managed to crawl up-stairs to my room, and, throwing myself upon the bed without undressing, I fell into a deep sleep which was more like a swoon. In the early morning I woke, feeling stiff and ill, undressed, and got into bed; and when the sun had risen I got up with hot and aching head, and found that my arm was beginning to be very painful.

Haidee and I had breakfast alone, for the cook told me that Mr. Maynard had already started for London; and I was just going to see how Mrs. Rayner was when Doctor Lowe arrived on his daily visit to Sarah. As soon as he saw me he ordered me off to bed, and then, after making him swear secrecy, which did not make much difference, as the story would certainly be all over the neighbourhood and in the London newspapers before long, I let him draw from me an account of the greater part of the events of the previous day. He said very little in comment beyond telling me that he had always mistrusted Mr. Rayner, but that now he admired him; and then, strictly forbidding me to leave my bed until his visit next day, he left me.

Jane came up to me soon after. She had only just come home from Wright's Farm, and was full of curiosity excited to the highest pitch by the vague account that the cook, who was deaf and had not heard much, had given her of the events which had taken place in her absence. I told her that there had been a robbery at the Hall, that the man who had asked to speak to me was a detective, and that he and Mr. Rayner had left the Alders.

My faith in the latter was gone altogether; but my affection for him was gradually coming back again. The fearfully wicked things that he had done I had only heard about; and how could the impression so given out weigh that much stronger one of his constant kindness to me? And to think that it was I who had drawn down justice—for it was justice; I sorrowfully admitted—upon him caused me bitter remorse.

Laurence told me, in one of the little notes he kept leaving for me all day long, that it was expected that Mr. Rayner would brave everything and return to the Alders sooner or later, if only for a flying visit, and that, in consequence, the search of the house which must take place was to be postponed, and the place watched, with as much caution as possible, from the outside. By letting the life at the Alders go on as usual, it was hoped that he might be lured back under the impression that he was not expected to return there. Laurence had telegraphed to my mother to tell her that I was quite safe and the journey put off, in order to allay her fears about me.

Mrs. Rayner brought one of those notes up to me late in the afternoon. In addition to her usual pallor she had great black rings round her eyes; and, in answer to my inquiries, she confessed that she had not slept all night.

"I have something to tell you," she whispered in my ear. "Mrs. Saunders drinks, and is not a proper guardian for Sarah. She is afraid of Mr. Rayner; but last night, knowing he was not in the house, she was in nearly as excited a state as her patient, and was very rough with her. Sarah's room is nearly opposite mine, and I opened my door and heard what sounded like a struggle. Maynard, who was in the next room to the dressing-room, either did not hear or did not like to interfere. But now he is gone; and I ought to be used to terrors, but I am afraid;" and she shuddered.

"Surely there is nothing to be afraid of if you lock your door, Mrs. Rayner?"

"I have no key. Will you leave your door open and she door at the foot of the turret staircase? I know you must not leave your bed; but it will be some comfort to know you are within hearing."

I promised; and that night, when Jane came up to my room for the last time, I made her leave the doors open when she went down.

The sense of being on the alert made me wakeful, and two or three times during the night I rose and stood at the top of my staircase, listening. And the third time I did hear something. I heard a faint cry, and presently the soft shutting of a door, then steps in the corridor below, and whispering. I crept half-way down the stairs; the whispering continued. I got to the bottom, and recognised Sarah's voice muttering to herself. I would rather have again faced Gordon with his revolver than this madwoman; but I was so anxious about Mrs. Rayner that, after a few minutes spent in prayer, I ventured out from the doorway, and found Sarah crouched in a corner muttering to herself. The wretched woman started up on seeing me; but, instead of attempting to approach me, she hung back, moving her still bandaged head and her one free hand restlessly, and saying—

"I've done it—I've done it! He'll come back now. I've done what he wanted. He can marry the Christie girl now. It's all right. He'll come back again now."

With terrible fear at my heart, I dashed along the corridor to Mrs. Rayner's room and went straight in. The atmosphere of the room was sickly and stifling. I went up to the bed. Mrs. Rayner was lying with a cloth over her face! I snatched it off. It was steeped in something which I afterwards learnt was chloroform. Thank Heaven, she was alive!—for she was breathing heavily. I rushed to the two windows and flung them wide open, pulled the bell-rope until the house echoed, and moved her arms up and down. The cook and Jane came in, terribly alarmed, in their night gowns. I left them with Mrs. Rayner while I ran down stairs for some brandy.

There was some on the sideboard in the dining-room, I knew; and I was returning with it, and was just outside the dining room door, I caught sight of a man in the gloom at the end of the passage leading from the hall. He had come from Mr. Rayner's study, and disappeared in a moment in the darkness. It was impossible to recognise him; but I could not doubt that it was Mr. Rayner.

Where was he going? Was he going to escape by the back way? Did he know the house was watched? I made a step forward, anxious to warn him: but he had already disappeared, and I dared not follow him.

I crept up-stairs, too much agitated to be of any use any longer; but happily Mrs. Rayner was already recovering, and the brandy-and-water restored her entirely to consciousness. I spent the rest of the night in her room, after I had, with the cook's assistance, persuaded the unhappy lunatic who had done the mischief to return to her own room, where we found, as I had expected, Mrs. Saunders in a stupid, heavy sleep, half in her arm chair and half on the floor. The cook declined to watch in place of her for the remainder of the night, but as a precaution locked the door on the outside and took the key away.

"Now, if Sarah wants to do any more mischief, let her try it on Mrs. Saunders," said she.

I could scarcely approve of this way of settling the difficulty; but happily no harm came of it; and Mrs. Saunders profited by the lesson, and kept pretty sober after that.

This woman, having been sent from town by Mr. Rayner, had taken upon herself in some sort the authority formerly held by Sarah in the household, and she now suggested that Mrs. Rayner had better go back to her old room in the left wing, saying she would take charge of it for her as Sarah had done. The poor lady came up herself to my room, where, having made my arm much worse by my expedition in the night I was lying in bed the whole of the next day.

"Why do you go back if you don't wish to do so, Mrs. Rayner?" I asked.

"I expect it is by Mr. Rayner's orders," she whispered.

And, my strong suspicion that he was in the house acting like a spell upon me, I said no more.

But I was curious to know what was the mystery that hung about that bed-room in the left wing which no one was allowed to enter but Mrs. Rayner, Mr. Rayner, and Sarah; and I resolved that, as soon as I could, I would try to induce Mrs. Rayner to let me go in there.

As I lay thinking of all the strange and horrible events which had filled my life lately, the thought of Mr. Rayner lying concealed in his own house, perhaps hidden in some cellar the existence of which was unknown to every one else, came uppermost in my mind. It was the most dreadful blow I had ever experienced to have my respect and affection for a kind friend turned suddenly into horror of a great criminal. But I would not believe that he was all bad. How could a man who was so kind and sweet-tempered have no redeeming points at all? And it was I, who had never received anything but kindness at his hands, who—innocently indeed—had drawn down this pursuit upon him. There were only two things that I could do now. I could pray for him, as I did most earnestly, that he might repent of what he had done, and become in very truth all that he had seemed to me; and I could perhaps let him know how the thought that it was I who had brought down justice upon him tormented me.

A possible means of communicating with him occurred to me. In spite of the Doctor's prohibition, I sprang out of bed, got my desk, and wrote a note asking his forgiveness, and giving him a full explanation of the way in which, in all innocence, I had written the letter which had led to this pursuit of him. I told him the house was being watched, and was to be searched before long, and begged that, when he had got away, he would find some means of letting me know he was in safety. "I do pray for you every night and morning. I can't forget all your kindness to me, whatever you have done, and I don't wish to do so," I added, as a last thought in a P. S. And then I put on my dressing-gown, and, when I heard nobody about, slipped down by the back staircase to his study, where I put the note, directed simply to "G. Rayner, Esq.," just inside the drawer of his writing-table, and crept guiltily up-stairs again.

Mrs. Manners came to see me that afternoon; Laurence had confided nearly everything to her, and she was much more severe upon Mr. Rayner than I—quite unchristian, I thought, and rather angry with me for not being as bitter as herself against him.

"Don't you know he wanted Sarah to kill his own wife that he might marry you, child, and, when Sarah was taken ill and couldn't do it, he wanted to run away with you?"

"Yes; but, as he was prevented from doing either of those things, it is easier to forgive him. Don't you think I ought to try to forgive him, Mrs. Manners?"

"I don't know, I am sure, child," said she, after a little hesitation. "But I think it ought to require an effort."

Then she told me that, when Laurence had heard that morning through Jane of the night's adventure, he had gone to Doctor Lowe and insisted upon Sarah's removal to the county lunatic asylum that very day; and I never saw the poor creature again.

When Mrs. Manners had left me, and Jane had come up at four o'clock with a cup of tea, I insisted on getting up and being dressed, as I wanted to see Mrs. Rayner, and find out whether she had heard of Sarah's departure. I heard that she had gone to her old room in the left wing, and, having taken the precaution to wrap a shawl round me before entering that long cold passage, I passed through the heavy swing-door, the very sight of which I hated.

I was opposite to the store-room door, when it was softly opened, and, without being able to make any resistance, I was drawn inside by a man's arm. I looked up, expecting to see Mr. Rayner, and was horror-stricken to find myself in the arms of Gordon, the man who had shot me. It was so dark already in the store-room, lighted only by one little high window, that, his back being turned towards it, I could not see his face.

"Don't tremble so," said he—his voice was always hard, but he did not mean to speak unkindly. "I meant to do for you before I left this house; but this has saved you." And he showed me my letter to Mr. Rayner.

"Do you know where he is?" I asked eagerly.

"No, ma'am," said he, in his respectful servant's manner; "but I should say that he is on his way to America by now, where he meant to have taken you."

"Me? America?"

"Yes, ma'am. Miss Haidee was to have left at Liverpool Street Station, and brought back to the Alders."

"But I wouldn't have gone."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am; but I don't think your will would have stood out against James'—Mr. Rayner's. And, if this letter had not shown you to be loyal to him, I would not have left you here alive. I am surprised myself, knowing how set he was upon having your company, that he did not come back and carry you off with him. But I suppose he thought better of it, begging your pardon, ma'am. I may take this opportunity of apologising for having once borrowed a trinket of yours while you were staying at Denham Court. But, as it was one which I myself had had the pleasure of assisting Mr. Rayner to procure from Lord Dalston's, I thought it wisest to pull off the little plate at the back, for fear of its being recognised by Mr. Carruthers, in whose service I was when I was first introduced to Lord Dalston's seat in Derbyshire."

"My pendant!" I cried. "Is—it was real then?"

"Yes, ma'am. I had to remonstrate then with Mr. Rayner for his rashness in giving it you; but nothing ever went wrong with him—daring as he is—till you came across his path, ma'am. He was too tender-hearted. If I did not feel sure that he is by this time on the high-road to fresh success in the New World, I would shoot you dead this instant without a moment's compunction."

I shuddered, glancing at his hands, which were slim and small, like those of a man who has never done rough work. I saw that he had got rid of his handcuffs.

"I have nothing to keep me here now, ma'am; so I shall be off to-night; and, if you care to hear how I get on, you will be able to do so by applying to my late master, Mr. Carruthers."

He led me courteously to the door, bowed me out, and shut himself in again, while I went on, trembling and bewildered, towards Mrs. Rayner's room.

I knocked at the door. At first there was no answer. I called her by name, and begged her to let me in. At last I heard her voice close to the other side of the door.

"What do you want, Miss Christie?"

"May I come in, Mrs. Rayner? I have something to tell you."

"I can't let you in. Can't you speak through the door?"

"No, no; I must see you. I have something very important to say about Mr. Rayner," I whispered into the key-hole.

"Is he here?" she faltered.

"No; he has gone to America," I whispered.

She gave a long shuddering sigh, and then said—

"I—I will let you in."

She turned the key slowly, while I trembled with impatience outside the door.

When I found myself inside the room which had been a mystery to me for so long, nothing struck me at first but a sense of cold and darkness. There was only one window, which was barred on the inside; the fog still hung about the place, and the little light there had been all day was fading fast, for it was five o'clock. But, as I stepped forward farther into the room, I drew my breath fast in horror. For I became aware of a smell of damp and decay; I felt that the boards of the floor under the carpet were rotten and yielding to my feet, and I saw that the paper was peeling off the wet and mouldy walls, and that the water was slowly trickling down them.

"Oh, Mrs. Rayner," I cried, aghast, "is this your room—where you sleep?"

"I have slept in it for three years," said she. "If my husband had had his will, it would have been *my* tomb."

(To be continued.)

A New Decorative Plant.

The variety of banana called *Musa ensete* is a remarkable showy and fine plant for giving a tropical effect to the flower garden. The foliage is long, broad, of a bright green color; with the mid-rib large and of a crimson color. To secure a large plant the first season, plant out in very rich soil, and supply with plenty of water. A good supply of liquid manure when the soil is getting exhausted, will keep up its vigor and beauty. It is only on large places that this plant can be seen with best effect, associated with other large plants having ornamental leaves. A clump of bed on a lawn is a relief from the more formal flowers beds so much in fashion at the present time. Our finest bedding plants of the future will be found among the massive ornamental leafed plants such as palms, dracænas, musas, caladiums, and similiar kinds.

The massing of colors, and the formation of animals, letters, and other figures, will, no doubt continue to be largely seen in the gardens of those interested in horticulture generally, but I cannot look upon it as being what gardening ought to be. The musas can be wintered in a light cellar or cool greenhouse, but it must be kept pretty dry under such conditions, having only just water enough to keep it from shrivelling up. When started in the spring, water it gradually at first and as the foliage increases, give more water. Do not set out of doors until all danger of frost is past.

PRESIDENTIAL FAVORITES.

Some Interesting Facts Concerning the Men who Stand Closest to the Chief Executive.

Visitors who, from curiosity or business, have called at the White House, must have been impressed by the courteous yet systematic manner with which they were received and escorted through the mansion. The gentlemen whose duty it is to receive all persons coming to the White House are Colonel E. S. Desmore, Mr. John T. Rickard and Mr. T. F. Pendel, and they have occupied their present positions through the administrations since and even during the war. Mr. Pendel was President Lincoln's body-guard; saw him to his carriage the fatal night on which he visited Ford's theatre, and he has now in his possession the blood-stained coat which Mr. Lincoln wore on that memorable occasion. There is not a public man in America to-day who does not know, and who is not known by these gentlemen, and the reminiscences of public and social life which they can recount would fill a congressional volume. During the weary yet exciting years of the war; through the more peaceful times of Grant's administration; while Hayes held the reins of government, and when Garfield was shot, it was these men who stood in the executive mansion, welcoming the advent of each new administration, bowing at its departure, and receiving both martyrs through its portals.

During that long, hot and never to be forgotten summer when President Garfield lay between "two worlds," the nation became aware of the deadly malarial influence which hung about the White House. But all through that period these three men never deserted their posts for a single day, although each one was suffering intensely. In conversation with the writer, Colonel Desmore said:

"It is impossible to describe the tortures I have undergone. To be compelled to smile and treat the thousands of visitors who come here daily with courtesy when one is in the greatest agony requires a tremendous effort. All that summer I had terrible headaches, heart-burn and a stifling sensation that sometimes took away my breath. My appetite was uncertain and I felt severe pains in the small of my back. I was under the doctor's care with strict instructions not to go out of the house but I remained on duty nevertheless. You would be surprised to know the amount of quinine I took; on some days it was as much as sixteen grains."

"And was Mr. Rickard badly off too?"

"I should think he was. Why time and again we have picked him up and laid him on the mantel, here in the vestibule, he was so used up."

"Yes" exclaimed Mr. Rickard, "I was so weak I could not rise after lying down, without help, and could only walk with the aid of two canes, and then in a stooping position. Oh, we have been in a pretty bad condition here, all of us."

"And yet you are all the embodiment of health," said the writer, as he looked at the three bright and vigorous men before him.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Rickard, "we have not known what sickness was for more than a year."

"Have you some secret way of overcoming malaria and its attendant horrors?"

"I think we have a most certain way,' replied Colonel Desmore, "but it is no secret. You see, about two years ago my wife began to grow blind, and I was alarmed at her condition. She finally became so she could not tell whether a person were white or black at a distance of ten feet. One of her lady friends advised her to try a certain treatment that had done wonders for her, and to make a long story short, she did so and was completely cured. This induced me to try the same means for my own restoration and as soon as I found it was doing me good I recommended it to my associates and we have all been cured right here in the stronghold of malaria and kept in perfect health ever since by means of Warner's Safe Cure. Now I am not a believer in medicines in general, but I do not hesitate to say that I am satisfied I should have died of Bright's disease of the kidneys before this, had it not been for this wonderful remedy. Indeed, I use it as a household medicine and give it to my children whenever they have any ailments."

"Yes," exclaimed Mr. Pendel, "I use it in my family all the while and have found it the most efficient remedy we have ever employed. I know of very many public men who are using it to-day and they all speak well of it."

"I weigh 160 pounds to-day" said Mr. Rickard, "and when my physicians told me over a year ago I could not hope to recover I weighed 122 pounds. Under such influences you cannot wonder that I consider it the best medicine before the American people."

The above statements from these gentlemen need no comments. They are voluntary and outspoken expressions from sources which are the highest in the land. Were there the slightest question regarding their authenticity they would not be made public, but as they furnish such valuable truths for all who are suffering, we unhesitatingly publish them for the good of all.

A hitch in the proceedings—stopping to tie your horse.

Every one speaks highly of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters as a Stomach, Liver and Kidney medicine. "The best family medicine we ever used," say they all. Try a bottle this Spring as a blood purifier.

When does a man have to keep his word?—When no one will take it.

A Simple Trial

Is all that is needed to prove Polson's Nervuline is the most rapid and certain remedy for pain in the world. It only costs 10 cents for a trial bottle. A single trial bottle will prove Nervuline to be equally efficacious as an external or internal remedy, and for pain of every description it has no equal. Try a 10 cent sample bottle. Sold at all dealers in medicines. Large bottles 25 cents at all druggists.

What fruit does a newly-married couple mostly resemble?—A green pear.

If you have a faded cloak or mantle make it new by using a package of the Triangle Dyes. All the popular colors. Always certain. 10c.

Because a woman "figures in society" it is no sign that she knows the multiplication table.

Scene—Motherwell Junction; arrival of train at station. Porter crying "Motherwell." Funny student leaning out of window—"Father well, too?" Porter sharply—"At next station you will find Bothwell."

A New German Palace—Moral Condition of Berlin—Need of Cremation—

A [illegible] Soldier—

[illegible], etc.

The brothers of Mark Lane, London, say that people must pay 20 per cent more bread when the weather is cold than when it is mild and muggy.

The new imperial palace at Strasburg is to be completed in three years, at a cost of $1,250,000. It seems a preposterous piece of extravagance, as the Emperor has a dozen palaces already.

The German Government has forbidden the transit through German territory of early fruits and vegetables from France, the reason assigned for this measure being the desire to prevent the importation of phylloxera.

The *Lancet* thinks that now it has become a penal offence to sell in France such wines as contain salic acid, they will be sent to England; it might have added America. Drownarde found 15 grains of the drug in a litre of wine.

A Paris medical writer is greatly incensed because an American doctor proposes the drinking of hot water as a health measure; he says that for some time to come men in general will care little for hot water except in their foot bath.

The excavations at Olympia, in Greece, have been resumed, and are now proceeding at the expense of the Athens Archæological Society. An Athenian gentleman has given 200,000 francs for the erection of a museum, which is making good progress.

During the last two or three years the moral condition of Boston has degenerated rapidly. Such is the assertion of the *Congregationalist*, which specifies that gambling hells, liquor saloons, and other bad resorts have multiplied swiftly, and have carried on their work of corruption and ruin with shameless and increasing boldness.

Some of the English medical journals have already begun to point out the great importance of not over-feeding infants with starchy foods, such as bread, farina gruel, etc., as the warm season approaches. According to authorities like Sir James Paget, such over-feeding is a fruitful cause of the large infant mortality in warm weather. The one article most necessary to the life of the child at all times is water.

The hard fact, recently so often brought to the notice of English scientific societies, that two millions of bodies have been interred during the last twenty-five years within the limits of the London postal circle, has very greatly changed the popular view of cremation. Two years ago three of the scientific papers said that cremation was "unnatural" and "against human feeling," but they now think that self-preservation is the first and strongest of laws.

The Parisians will soon have an opportunity of witnessing a bull fight at a charity fete to be held at the Hippodrome. Frascuelo, the world-renowned toreador, himself will take part in it. He refused at first, the promoters of the festival having refused to permit the usual tragic denouement. Frascuelo, though against his principles, finally waived the point. If the bull, however, is fiery, he will probably forget this.

In a paper read before Edinburgh Health Society, Dr. Almond referred to the custom of having the head covered out of doors and uncovered within doors as very injurious on account of it making people so sensitive to draughts of air as to cause them to take cold. Boys, he said, who went bareheaded out of doors could stand a greater amount of ventilation in schoolrooms and sleeping rooms than those who wear head coverings.

The Memphis *Medical Monthly* says that the Missouri Supreme Court has decided that information obtained by a physician from a patient must not be disclosed on the witness stand, where the information was necessary to enable the doctor to prescribe as physician or operate as a surgeon. The court held that it would not do, while the mouth of a physician is closed as to the actual spoken words of the patient, to open it as to knowledge acquired from his diagnosis.

The *Polyclinic* states that the use of paper towels in cleansing wounds has been found very satisfactory. Sponges have always been regarded with suspicion by surgeons, as it is no difficult to keep them in a perfectly purified condition. But the paper towels are to be used once only, and, as they cost only from $6 to $7.50 per 1,000, are available in the sick room. They are from Japan, and the pale colors with which they are decorated are found to be unobjectionable.

A new native Indian journal has, according to the Madras *Athenæum* been started for the express purpose of advocating the remarriage of Indian widows and the reduction of the wedding expenses, which Indian customs renders costly. In a recent number of the new organ we are told seven Hindoo widows announce their re-dimes to re-enter the marriage state. In one case the widow is only twelve years of age, and her father is anxious to betroth her to a Bengal gentleman.

In a recent trial on the Thames of an electric launch forty feet long, with a storage battery, a speed of seven knots an hour was attained. The speed of a steam launch, with engine, boiler, water, and coal sufficient for a six hours' run, would have been from one and a half to two miles an hour greater. Comparing the electrical system with steam, the advantages in favor of electricity are entire absence of noise, great cleanliness, and very small room needed for machinery; and when once charged it is ready at a moment's notice.

A few days ago one of the soldiers quartered in the barracks at Naples, having taken offence at some of his comrades for calling him a tinker, waited until bedtime, and, immediately after signal for extinguishing the lights was given, took down his rifle and commenced firing indiscriminately among them. Before he could be secured he had discharged no fewer than 57 shots, killing three men on the spot and wounding eight more, one of whom died soon after being taken to the hospital, while five of the others are reported to be in a hopeless state.

It may be news to some that the religious observance of Good Friday, now so general, is not the continuation of an ancient custom so much as a revival of modern times. In the earlier part of the reign of George III. many church-going folks took no notice of the day; and in his "Bestitute" Sir Egerton Brydges speaks of the "clamor, uproar Friday" was received by persons of a different way of thinking from his Grace. But the animosity of what Sir Egerton Brydges calls "the Presbyterian newspapers" seems to have been chiefly directed against Porteus, afterward Bishop of London, who was supposed to have been the Primate's adviser in this matter.

The Isle of Man, says the St. James' *Gazette*, ought to be more correctly styled the Isle of Women; since it is only in the Kingdom of the Manxmen that the claims of women are properly recognized. By way of precedents to the Government which has the Franchise bill in hand, it is pointed out that the last time the Manx Legislature had before it the question of parliamentary reform it dealt with the question of female suffrage as well. In 1881 the House of Keys passed a bill which conferred the same electoral privileges on women as on men. But, enlightened as it is in other respects, Man still groans under an Upper Chamber; and that body refused to pass the bill in its entirety, and only allowed a £4 ownership qualification to give the vote to women. However, even this is something.

Lately in a Roman court a handsome young man of 26 and his wife, 17, were charged with theft. He had been cook and she housemaid in an Irish gentleman's family. A robbery having occurred, the young couple were suspected and imprisoned. When brought before the bench both burst into tears. As soon as they could be calmed, the young man, as usual, was asked his name, and, covering his face, he replied that he was Count Ricoardo Strozzi, a legitimate descendant of one of the most illustrious families in Italy. The wife is also of a very good family. They had fallen in love with each other and run away, travelling about in disguise in order not to be recognised. At last being penniless, they entered the above family as servants. Fortunately their innocence was proved clear at last. The coincidence of their flight with the day of the robbery was thoroughly explained, and they were set at liberty amid the cheers of the whole court.

Mr. Spurgeon.

Mr. Spurgeon stands head and shoulders above all the Nonconformist preachers. Somebody once expressed a regret that the great Baptist minister was not a member of the Established Church, to which the late Bishop of Winchester answered by quoting a portion of the tenth commandment. But Mr. Spurgeon was much more aggressive in those days than he is now; he has softened much of late years, and churchmen can go to hear him without fear of being offended. On the days when he preaches his Tabernacle holds a multitude. It is a huge hall, and to see gallery upon gallery crowded with eager faces—some 6,000—all turned towards the Pastor whose voice has the power of troubling men to the depths of their hearts, is a stirring sight. Mr. Spurgeon's is not a high class congregation, and the preacher knows that its understanding can best be opened by metaphors and parables borrowed from the customs of the retail trade, and with similes taken from the colloquialisms of the streets. Laughter is not forbidden at the Tabernacle, and the congregation often breaks into titters, but the merriment is always directed against some piece of hypocrisy which the preacher has exposed and it does one good to hear it. He says: "You are always for giving God short measure, just as if He had not made the pint pot." "You don't expect the Queen to carry your letters for nothing, but when you are posting a letter heavenward you won't trouble to stick a little bit of Christian faith onto the right-hand corner of the envelope, and you won't put a correct address on either, and then you wonder the letter isn't delivered, so that you don't get your remittance next post." "You trust Mr. Jones to pay you your wages regularly, and you say he is a good master, but you don't think God can be trusted like Mr. Jones; you won't serve Him because you don't believe in the pay." "You have heard of the man who diminished his dose of food every day to see on how little he could live, and many of you have got to the half-biscuit dose." These whimsicalities, always effective, constitute but the foam of Mr. Spurgeon's oratory; the torrent which casts them up is broad, deep, and of overwhelming power. Mr. Spurgeon is among preachers as Mr. Bright among Parliamentary orators. All desire to criticise vanishes, every faculty is subdued into admiration, when he has concluded a sermon with a burst of his truly inspired eloquence, leaving the whole of his congregation amazed and the vast majority of its members anxious or hopeful, but in any case roused as if they had seen the heavens open. We are compelled to add that Mr. Spurgeon has in the Baptist communion no co-minister wielding a tenth of his power, and that those who, having gone to the Tabernacle to hear him, have to listen to some other man, will be disappointed in more ways than one.

An Anecdote of Jenny Lind.

As an illustration of the constant anxiety of artists concerning their powers, Mrs. Reeves tells how one famous prima donna refused to sit down at all on a day when she was to sing: "No, she would walk about the room, talking, perhaps, singing perhaps, sometimes even busy with her needle and thread, but never sitting down the livelong day until the performance was over. "Why, I remember well enough how one day, on the morning of a performance, Jenny Lind (Mme. Goldschmidt), Mr. Reeves, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, and myself were in the room and through the morning Jenny Lind and my husband were never still, passing one past the other, with music in hand, singing and practising, and intent on the work before them. "Why, Jenny," said Mr. Goldschmidt, "you must have sung these songs many times; surely there is no need for all this." But the remonstrance was in vain. "You are a fine musician," said Mme. Goldschmidt, in her quiet, decisive manner to her husband, "but Mr. Reeves and I are singers, and we know what is best for us. Leave us alone." Suppose you had called to see Jenny Lind on a day when she was singing. She would probably come into the room with a bundle of music in her hand, put it on a chair and sit down on it; talk away pleasantly enough for a few minutes, become abstracted, rise, take up the music, turn to a passage in one of the pieces, and hum it over. Having satisfied herself of the correctness, she would replace it and sit down again as calmly as possible and resume the conversation at the point it was left off."

Coal should be sprinkled as it is put into the cellar, to avoid as much dirt as possible.

The wash boiler should always be carefully dried, and if there is the least tendency to rust rub the inside with a little lard.

A famous lawyer used to say that a woman who could boil potatoes and melt butter well was a good cook, and he never required any other proof of her capabilities.

Take a vessel that will hold exactly 100 pound of pure water, and fill it with pure milk of average quality, and the weight will be found to be about 103 pounds. In other words the milk is three per cent heavier than water.

Tepid water with a little borax dissolved in it is good to wash colored table linen in. Nice tablecloths and napkins should not be allowed to become really much soiled, so that they will require vigorous rubbing with soap or in hot water.

The bride's veil originated in the Anglo-Saxon custom of performing the marriage ceremony under a square piece of cloth, held at each corner by a tall man, over the bridegroom and bride, to conceal her blushes. The veil was not used at the marriage of widows.

Twenty five years ago people would have thought a woman crazy if she had pinned Japanese fans on her walls, or filled vases with cat's tails and grasses, or set ginger jars in places of honor. But by this time we have found out that artistic possibilities lurk in reeds and weeds, in the marsh and the fen, and that the simplest articles may be replete with beauty.

Inexpensive but pleasing lavender water is made by mixing the following ingredients together:—Three ounces of the essence of bergamot, six drachms of the tincture of musk, one drachm of the oil of cloves, four drachms of the English oil of lavender, twelve ounces of rose water, and seven and one-half pints of alcohol. Of course a smaller quantity can be made if desired, preserving these proportions.

To clean painted woodwork provide a plate with some of the best whiting to be had, and have ready some clean warm water and a piece of flannel, which dip into the water and squeeze nearly dry; then take as much whiting as will adhere to it; apply it to the painted surface, when a little rubbing will instantly remove any dirt of grease. After which wash the part with clean water, rubbing it dry with soft chamois.

If you wish to improve upon the usual method of smothering beefsteak with onions, try this:—Cut one quart of onions in very small bits, not over an inch long, and as thin as a sharp knife will cut them. Let them lie in cold water with a good sprinkling of salt in it for half an hour. Drain them well, and fry them in a deep frying pan, with a good deal of very hot lard in it. They will cook immediately, and be crisp and excellent.

Early Days of Tobacco.

Tobacco was introduced into Europe from the Province of Tabaca in St. Domingo in 1559, by a Spanish Gentleman, named Hernandes de Toledo, who brought a small quantity into Spain and Portugal. From thence, by means of the French Ambassador at Lisbon, Jean Nicot from whom it derived its name of Nicotia, (whence we have the word nicotine), it found its way to Paris, where it was used in the form of powder by Catharine de Medici. Tobacco then came under the patronage of the Cardinal Santa Croce, the Pope's nuncio, who returning from his embassy at the Spanish and Portuguese courts, carried the plant to his own country, and thus acquired a fame little inferior to that which, at another period, he had won by piously bringing a portion of the real cross from the Holy Land. Both in France and the Papal States it was at once received with general enthusiasm, in the shape of snuff; but it was some time after the use of tobacco as snuff that the practice is generally supposed to have been introduced into England by Sir Walter Raleigh; but Camden says, in his "Elizabeth," that Sir Francis Drake and his companions, on their return from Virginia in 1585, were "the first, as far as he knew, who introduced the Indian plant, called the Tabacca or Nicotia, into England, having been taught by the Indians to use it as a remedy against indigestion. And from the time of their return," says he, "it immediately began to grow into very general use, and to bear a high price; a great many persons some from luxury, and others for their health, being wont to draw in the strong smelling smoke with insatiable greediness through an earthenware tube, and then to stuff it forth again through their nostrils; so that tabacco-taverns (*tabernæ tabaccanæ*) are now as generally kept in all our towns, as wine-houses or beer-houses."

Its principal opponents were the priests, the physicians, and the sovereign princes; by the former its use was declared sinful; and, 1684, Pope Urban VIII. published a bull, excommunicating all persons found guilty of taking snuff when in church. This bull was renewed in 1690, by Pope Innocent; and, about twenty-nine years afterwards, the Sultan Amurath IV. made smoking a capital offence. For a long time smoking was forbidden in Russia, under pain of having the nose cut off; and in some parts of Switzerland, it was likewise made a subject of public prosecution—the police regulations of the Canton of Berne, in 1661, placing the prohibition of smoking in the list of the Ten Commandments, immediately under that against adultery.

A Quick Passage.

The quickest time yet recorded as having been made by an ocean steamer is that made by the steamer Oregon from Queenstown to New York. The time was six days, ten hours and thirty seconds. This is quick work, but no doubt the time will come when the trip from shore to shore will be made in three or four days. Speed is not as important a consideration as safety, but in these days, when the object is to do everything in the shortest time possible, speed counts for a great deal with business men. There is another class with whom speed is a consideration, namely, those who are subjected to sea-sickness. If the ocean voyage could be made in three or four days the number of people who would cross the ocean would be largely increased. No doubt before long ocean steamers will adopt electricity as their motive power and then people will be carried across the ocean with a rush.

Visit to the Ex-Governor of the Soudan—His Remarkable Life and Adventures.

The Story of His Career as Told by Himself.

On the outskirts of Cairo to the west, between a branch of the Mahmoudieh canal and the railway line, stands the house allotted by government to the ex-dictator of the Soudan. Everything about it bears marks of poverty. In the garden a small kiosk with a couple of divans and floored with gaudy carpeting, serves as a reception-room by day. In one corner of the yard stands a Saidy mare tethered to the wall. At sunset she is brought inside the house, and her night-stable is at the foot of the stairs leading up to the siwan where Zebehr Pasha and his visitors dine and smoke their narghilehs, with now and then a cup of strong tea highly spiced with Nubian herbs. When I arrived yesterday, writes a correspondent of the London *Standard*, the pasha was attending the funeral rites at the Ismailieh palace, and the honors of the house were done by his relative Abdullah and the Sheik Senoussi, of Morocco, who is a rich merchant, now settled in Alexandria. He has travelled many a time in Europe, and visited every capital and town of importance on the continent. Pleased to have someone to corroborate his tales, which would probably have been otherwise only half believed, he launched into descriptions of all the Frank wonders he had seen, his descriptions of our underground railways being especially amusing. He himself was careful never to travel except on a Sunday, because the traffic was diminished and there was then less danger of a collision between the trains which kept revolving between the stations every moment like wild spirits. On the arrival of Zebehr Pasha the other visitors hushed their talk into attentive silence, only rarely interposing a remark. During a frugal dinner, a l'Arabe, when it fell to me, as guest, to dip first into the dish and pick out a choice piece from each to hand to the host, not much was said. After dinner, however, I put a few leading questions, and the pasha, when fairly launched, spoke on incessantly for hours. In mere anecdote his manner was excited, and he kept snapping his fingers to accentuate surprise or scorn; but on more serious topics he weighed his words carefully, and his manner and voice reminded me curiously of Arabi.

Nothing could be more interesting than this conversation, or monologue, in the queer little room lighted by two candles, and obscured by the smoke of cigarettes and narghilehs. Grouped around were sheiks from the far Soudan, a boy or two, and the servants; while the central figure in a chair fitted in well with the surroundings. Tall and spare, almost to attenuation, with sparkling eyes, mobile lips, and the beautiful hands of his race, the pasha was dressed in civil black, with a scarlet and white-striped shawl thrown round his shoulders. Every look and gesture bespoke the commander, and as the ready words and proud laugh dropped from him, one could scarcely withhold admiration from the fallen general as he told the story of his past.

"I need not go over my record. It is probably well known to you, as it is to the world in general. No man now living in Egypt has rendered such services to his country as I did, and you see the reward. I do not complain, for it is the common fate to fail. I care nothing for the loss of wealth and lands and family in comparison with my honor. That was traduced years ago; but, thank God, in words, as least, it has been restored to me. It was Gordon's accusations which cut my heart out, but now he has confessed that he was wrong, which shows his true nobility. What amends it was in his power to make he has made. He has telegraphed for me to take his place, and to the government that the confiscation of my property was unjust, and it should be restored to me. He requested that some money should be given me at once, and I have been paid £5,000. That is a mere nothing, but the fault is not his. Do you know what the government owe me? Alone in the conquest of Darfour I spent some £300,000 or £400,000. Last year you must have seen four thousand hundred-weight of ivory advertised for sale by the government. It was all, or almost all, mine, besides shiploads of feathers, gold, and silver, and cattle and furniture. They did not leave more than the bare divans in my home, not even a carpet nor a glass. Enough of this, however. About my son this is what happened: Jealous intriguers at Cairo had poisoned the ear of the khedive against me, and I was summoned to the capital. Conscious of no wrong, I came at once, leaving my family and my property in full confidence. Here I found Gordon. I protested my innocence, and at Kas-en-Nil I offered to go up with him and prove to him the falseness of the accusations made against me. He refused, but told me to write to my son Suleiman a letter, ordering him to submit to Gordon. I wrote to him, telling him that Gordon went up as the representative of the khedive and myself; that he was to treat him as a lord and a father; to serve him as a slave, if he wished, and to obey his slightest word. I gave Gordon a letter of this sort also. I accompanied him to the station, and my last words to him were to commend my young son of 18 years to his protection, and to beg him to watch over him as he would over his own son. How could I fear anything after that? When Gordon arrived my son met him, and Gordon treated him with great kindness, and gave him a rank, and made him governor of Bahr Gazal, and my son made him presents—180 tons of ivory, and other things. Shortly afterwards a servant of my house, one Edriss, fled away and went to Gordon, and told him that Suleiman was treacherous at heart and working against him. Gordon at once believed this scoundrel, and named him governor in the place of my son without asking further. Suleiman, when he heard this, sent to Gordon nine Ulema, to assure him of his respect and loyalty. Directly they arrived Gordon shot them all. Two more were sent, and they were also immediately shot. I can not understand this treatment of embassadors. Suleiman then said he would go himself to Gordon, and started with twelve hundred followers for Dara, where he believed Gordon was. At six hours' distance from Dara he heard Gordon was at Khartoum. He turned to go thither and met Gessi, with 150 soldiers. Gessi summoned him to surrender. He protested against being treated as an show the loyalty he professed by coming with him. Suleiman said that if Gessi would give him his solemn word that the charges against him should be properly sifted he would at once surrender and abide by the sentence. This was the greater proof of his loyalty, as he and his man so far outnumbered Gessi that had he wished he could easily have taken Gessi prisoner. Gessi, however, promised. Accordingly, Suleiman ordered his escort to lay down their arms, and then for six or seven days Gessi and he were friends, eating at the same table and living in each other's company. On the tenth day, however, Gessi called Suleiman and others of his family who were with him to come to him. They came to him and found him sitting under a great tree. In five minutes he had shot them all. I do not believe Gordon ever gave him the order to do such an act, for Gordon is a strangely merciful man. He can not speak our language, and so is often apt to get wrong impressions, but I do not think he would have shot my son without hearing him. However, that is a thing of the past. I have forgiven him, as we all hope to be forgiven. Gessi died at Suez afterward, and God will judge between him and me at the last day. I am very much afraid for Gordon now. If he loses his life it will be the fault of your policy in attacking the rebels at Suakim. The news has now passed from mouth to mouth through the length and breadth of Soudan, that the English are coming with fire and sword to destroy the Arabs. Of what use is it that Gordon proclaims peace whilst you carry on war? I think I could have settled the whole question at Suakim without firing a shot. I know all these people, and they know me. I would have gone to Osman Digma and soon have persuaded him to cease war, as I shall go to Obeid to the Mahdi as a friend if I am sent now to Khartoum. I can not approve of the price set on Digma's head. If he were a murderer hiding in a mountain cave you might do it; but it is not a worthy way for a great nation like England to treat an enemy who is still at the head of an army. When I made war on Darfour I lost hardly any lives, but they were just as stubborn foes as these. And when, after six days' running fight, when we were being perpetually attacked by the enemy, I reduced Hasb Allah, brother of the sultan, and leader of his army, to submission, how did I treat him? I myself went on foot to meet him; I helped him off his horse and led him to my tent. I never sat down in his presence, and served him at table, and washed his hands and feet, though he was my prisoner. So I brought him down to Cairo, and delivered him over to Ismail Pasha. That is how I would treat an enemy always. Kindness and soft words go farther than bullets and lances. I do not know how the idea has gone abroad that I am a slave-dealer. My people serve me gladly for the love they bear me. Let anyone go into my country and ask if Zebehr ever unjustly oppressed or killed a man, woman, or child. God is my witness, and I swear to you most solemnly that the charge laid against me is a false one. And is England afraid of a broken man like me? Can she not order me to put down slavery, and am I not forced to obey her commands? Am I a fool, if England sent me up, to go against her bequests? I am a soldier, and under authority, and the order given me, by God's permission, I will carry out to the last letter, as I have always done. And as for the pacification of the country, so confident am I of my people's love, that I will go up alone among them, returning joyfully to my dear home and I shall be received everywhere with the kisses of peace."

I will only choose one of his other anecdotes:

"I was down the river ivory-hunting, and heard some elephants trumpeting. On going in the direction of their voices, suddenly my boy Mahmoud and I came upon one of the largest crocodiles I have ever seen, basking asleep in the sunlight. Motioning my follower to hand me my heavy elephant gun. I was stealthily creeping on him when I saw the underwood moving to the right, and a fine lion appeared, also evidently stalking the crocodile. I was so astonished that I hardly knew what to do, so merely stood still as a statue to watch. Unless I had seen it myself I should never have believed what followed, which you can credit or not as you please. Crawling along on his belly, the lion drew to within about two meters of the crocodile, and then gathering himself up, came with a tremendous spring on to the nape of the crocodile's neck, where his skin is soft for an inch or two in the crease. Fixing teeth and claws, he wrenched and tore at his hold, whilst the crocodile was fairly pinned, and could not open his jaws in spite of the most frantic efforts. In less than five minutes the struggle was over. I then gave a great shout, and the lion when he saw us moved growling back to the edge of the forest. My boy wanted me to shoot him, but I was so pleased at the way he had killed the crocodile that I thought he had earned his feast, so after cutting off parts of the crocodile we left him to the lion, and next morning more than half of his underside had been eaten."

Many such stories of adventure and traits of life in the wild Soudan passed the time quickly, and it was past midnight before I left. Without being able to vouch for the truth of the conversation above related, I merely repeat it much as it was spoken, losing, however, all the vigor of the native Arabic, and eloquent voice and gesture. No one, however, after speaking to Zebehr for long could fail to perceive his strength of character, and, in adding my own to the general opinion in Cairo, that we shall make a great mistake if we fail to avail ourselves of the keen tool ready to our hand, I only pay a forced tribute to the fascination of my yesterday's host.

Another Wise One.

All of the wisdom of sense does not appear to have died with Balaam's time if the following statement is to be credited:—"Dr. William A. Hammond says in the *Youth's Companion* that while stationed at Fort Webster, in what is now Arizona, he started down the canyon on a very fine and large mule. The beast stopped abruptly, and signified that he would not budge a step. Spurs were dug into his flanks to no purpose. There he stood as firm as a rock. Hammond pulled him around and galloped back to the fort. Next morning it was ascertained that at a point concealed a hundred yards in advance of where the mule had gained his victory some Apache Indians had ambushed the road, and but for the brute's keen nose and ears and firmness in resisting an obstinate man short work would have been made of both."

North Hastings Review

MADOC, MAY 15, 1884.

THE LAZIER MURDER CASE.

Tomsett and Lowder Found Guilty.

SENTENCED TO BE HANGED ON THE 10TH DAY OF JUNE.

The above trial was concluded on Saturday last, having excited the liveliest interest throughout this and adjoining counties, happening so near at home. One of the accused, David Lowder, was acquitted early in the trial but his brother George and Tompsitt were found guilty and condemned to pay the penalty. The following is the interesting conclusion of the trial:—

Mr. McCarthy, Q. C., addressed the jury on behalf of Tomsett, and in a very clear manner contended that the crown evidence was altogether circumstantial and therefore unreliable, and gave several instances to show that evidence of this character caused in some cases innocent persons to be convicted and hanged, when six months after the guilty persons were discovered. He condemned in very severe terms the inventive means taken by the detectives in order to procure evidence for the crown, and in speaking of Chief McKinnon said that he was entitled to the highest contempt of the people and unfit for civilized society. This was considered much out of place and uncalled for, because McKinnon as well as Babbit deserve the thanks of the public for the carefulness displayed in tracing out the foot-prints which led to the arrest. Mr. Dickson, Q. C., on behalf of Geo. Lowder, made an excellent address endeavoring to disconnect his client from Tompsett, and also holding that the proof was not strong enough against him, and it was not to be depended on; also, that if convicted he could not be brought in guilty of the offence, equal to murder, as he left the house before the shot was fired that killed Lazier. There was not in reality sufficient proof that the boots were actually the prisoner's, and as the connection failed here it must fail all through, and concluded by asking for the acquittal of his client. Mr. Dickson's speech was moderate, and tempered with fairness. Mr. Clute in replying for the crown made a very full statement. In reviewing the address for the defence he was sorry that so much had been said in order to throw discredit on the proofs adduced to the tracks, and said that the attack made by Mr. McCarthy against McKinnon as well as Babbitt was unmerited, and he paid a high compliment to the first-named person for the ability he has shown in past important cases where successes were achieved. He named the Biddulph tragedy and also the Maughan case, and the present instance, where so little time was occupied in getting so much evidence. Mr. McCarthy occupied nearly three hours, Mr. Dickson about two hours, and Mr. Clute the same. The Judge's charge was not very long. He said that he could not take Mr. Dickson's view as to Lowder, but must hold that he was equally as guilty as Tompsett, and he believed that both came to Jones' with a murderous as well as burglarious intent. He did not consider it necessary to analyze the tracks evidence, as it had been so fully discussed by counsel on both sides, nor was it necessary to comment on the finding of the pistol. He then told the jury that the doubt to be given to the prisoners must be one of a full and reasonable nature and not of a simple character alone. He also thought that the strictures on the chiefs were somewhat severe. They should be commended rather than otherwise. The jury remained in their room a shorter time than was expected, and after a lapse of not over an hour, returned into court with a verdict of "guilty" as to both prisoners, coupling with it a recommendation to mercy. After recording the verdict the prisoners were called on to know if they had anything to say before sentence was pronounced. They both declared that they were not guilty of the offence, but at the same time were willing to suffer the sentence. Upon this the Judge proceeded to sentence them, and in doing so remarked that he, after hearing all the evidence, thought the jury could not render a verdict otherwise than they did, and he fully concurred in it. As to the recommendation to mercy, he said that he could not hold out any hopes to them of a commutation of the sentence, and he then sentenced them to be hanged on the 10th of June next. On hearing the sentence Tompsett thanked the court. Lowder said he would sooner be hung with Tompsett than be deprived of his freedom by imprisonment in the penitentiary. The court then ordered the prisoners to be removed, which was done.

The Rite of Confirmation.

Church of St. John the Baptist.

The Bishop of Ontario administered the Apostolic rite of Confirmation to seventeen candidates on Monday last. The following is a list of the names of the candidates in the order they were confirmed: Miss Mary Bull, Miss Alice Ross, Miss Mary Ann Francis, Miss Alice Van Norman, Miss Catharine McPhaul, Miss Minnie Crawford, Mrs Stirk, Miss Fitchett, Miss Phoebe Sutherland, Mrs. Callaghan, Miss Simpson, Mrs Ballard, Mr Wm Sargent, Mr Ballard, Mr Edward Norman, Mr Charles Tucker, Mr Edmund Smith. Nearly two hundred persons were present. The service opened with Hymn 224, "O happy band of pilgrims," from the book of Hymns, Ancient and Modern. Whilst this was being sung, the clergy made their appearance. The Rev. Samuel Bennett, a Deacon in charge of the mission including Tweed, Thomasburg and Roslin, walked first. Next came the Incumbent, the Rev. A. C. Jones, followed by the Rev. T. G. Godden, Incumbent of Stirling, and the Venerable Archdeacon Jones, Rector of Napanee. Last of all came His Lordship the Bishop. The candidates were then presented by the Incumbent to the Bishop in the following form: "Right Reverend Father in God, I present unto you these persons to receive the Apostolic rite of Confirmation." This was followed by an address from His Lordship on the benefits of Confirmation and the duties and privileges of those receiving that holy ordinance. Hymn 349, "My God accept my heart this day," was then sung as a preliminary to the Confirmation service which followed. After the preface, read by the Archdeacon, came the solemn question asked by the Bishop: "Do you here in the presence of God and of this congregation, renew the solemn promise and vow that was made in your name at your Baptism, ratifying and confirming the same in your own person," &c., to which every candidate answered, "I do." Then after some versicles a prayer of invocation by the Bishop, praying that the Almighty and Everliving God who has vouchsafed to regenerate them at Baptism will henceforth strengthen them with the Holy Ghost, and daily increase in them His manifold gifts of grace. Then each candidate in turn kneeling before the Bishop, received the rite of the "Laying on of Hands," accompanied by these words said by the Bishop: "Defend, O Lord, this Thy servant with Thy heavenly grace, that he may continue Thine forever, and daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more until he come into Thy everlasting Kingdom." After the Confirmation service Hymn 323, "I am not worthy gracious Lord," was sung. The Holy Communion was administered to a large number of persons—probably about fifty—the Bishop being the Celebrant, and Ven. Arch. Jones acting as Server. After the clergy had communicated the consecrated elements were distributed to the lay communicants by Archdeacon Jones, Rev. T. Godden, Rev. A. C. Jones, and Rev. S. Bennett the last two delivering the cup. The service throughout was of a most solemn and impressive character; many people present were visibly affected. The church was tastily decorated with beautiful flowers in full bloom. To accomplish this, the ladies of the congregation worked with great energy and zeal on the previous Saturday, and their praiseworthy efforts have deservedly been highly commended.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

Mr. Wm. Johnson, of Huron, Dak., writes that his wife had been troubled with acute Bronchitis for many years, and that all remedies tried gave no permanent relief, until he procured a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which had a magical effect, and produced a permanent cure. It is guaranteed to cure all Diseases of the Throat, Lungs, or Bronchial Tubes. Trial bottles free at all Drug Stores. Large size $1.00.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

REQUISITION!

To His Worship, E. D. O'FLYNN, ESQ., Reeve of Madoc.

We, the undersigned business people of the Village of Madoc, would respectfully suggest to your worship that Monday the 26th day of May, be appointed as the day most suitable for the celebration of the Queen's Birthday in Madoc, (Saturday, the 24th, being the business day of the village). We therefore humbly request that you will be pleased to issue a proclamation to this effect.

John Dale & Son, D. C. Clarke,
Thomas Roberts, R. Bowen,
D. W. Wright, D. Rawe,
J. S. Loomis, Maybee,
Gray & McGregor, Merson Caverly,
Thos. Cross, Robertson,
J. Harper, Symmer Ross & Co.,
J. Whytock, Joseph Caverly & Son
Geo. A. Rollins, J. A. Chambers,
E. L. Weiss, R. R. Casement,
O'Flynn & O'Hara.

In accordance with the above I have appointed Monday, 26th day of May, instant, for the celebration of the Queen's Birthday, calling upon all good loyal citizens to observe it as a holiday.

E. D. O'FLYNN,
Reeve.

Madoc, May 15th, '84.

A man named Brandon lost a roll of bills in Napanee, amounting to $61. A boy found the money and returned it to the owner, who generously offered the lad 15 cents for his honesty. It is too bad that such mean men live.

Men's Rubber Coats, from $3 to $20, just received at Cross & Mouncey's.

COURT of REVISION.

Village of Madoc.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Court of Revision for the Village of Madoc will be held in the Town Hall on Friday the 30th day of May, instant, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m, for the purpose of hearing and determining complaints against the assessment for the current year.

CHARLES GREAM,
Village Clerk.

Madoc, May 15th, '84. 378

NOTICE.

Court of Revision.

THE first sitting of the Court of Revision for the united Townships of Marmora and Lake will be held in the Town Hall, Marmora, on Friday the 30th day of May, commencing at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m.

All parties interested are requested to be governed accordingly.

W. W. PEARCE,
Township Clerk.

Clerk's Office,
Marmora, May 8th, '84. 368-3w

NOTICE.

COURT OF REVISION.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Court of Revision for the Township of Elzevir will be held at Bridgewater, on Tuesday, the 27th inst., at the hour of ten o'clock a. m., for the purpose of determining complaints against assessment for this year.

Interested parties will please govern themselves accordingly.

E. JAMES.
Township Clerk.

Bridgewater, 9th May, '84. 368-1w

Court of Revision.

TUDOR, LIMERICK AND CASHEL.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Court of Revision for the united Townships of Tudor, Limerick and Cashel will be held in the Orange Hall, Millbridge, on Tuesday, the 10th day of June, 1884, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of hearing and determining appeals against the assessment for the current year.

All parties interested are requested to govern themselves accordingly.

CHARLES DONALDSON,
Township Clerk.

Millbridge, 8th May, '84. 368-3w

Tenders Wanted.

TENDERS for the erection of a Town Hall at Coe-hill, Wollaston, are invited.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the residence of the Reeve or at the office of the Clerk, The Ridge. Tenders received up to the 20th May, on which date the Council will meet at the Coe-hill mine. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

The successful applicant will be required to enter into bonds to the satisfaction of the Council for the due performance of the contract.

By order,

H. T. MILLER,
Township Clerk.

The Ridge, April 25th, 1884. 366-3t

COURT OF REVISION.

Township of Madoc.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Court of Revision for the Township of Madoc, will be held in the Town Hall, Madoc Village, on Monday, 26th day of May, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of hearing and determining complaints against the assessment for the current year. All parties interested are requested to govern themselves accordingly.

J. R. KETCHESON,
Township Clerk.

Madoc, May 1st, 1884. 366-4t

Farm for Sale.

THE undersigned is offering for sale that desirable property, described as Lots 29 and 30, in the 11th concession of the Township of Dungannon, containing 177 acres, near 60 acres cleared, with good, new frame house, 18x24, cook house attached, 12x12, log barn 24x36, and log house used as stable and granery. All in good repair. There is an orchard containing 80 apple trees, part bearing. It is situated between L'Amable and Bancroft. Terms, half cash; balance on time at 7 per cent. interest. For further particulars apply to

W. M. SPURR,
Apr. 28, 1884. 356 L'Amable.

Lacrosse Shoes,
LADIES'
Long Rubber Boots,
—AND—
Gent's Cloth Guiters,
—AT—
T. ROBERT'S,
BOOT AND SHOE STORE,
also a large assortment of
TRUNKS, VALISES, ETC.

NOTICE!

All parties indebted to the undersigned, either by note or book account, are respectfully requested to call and settle the same without delay.

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, May 13, 1884.

Brantford Harvesting Machines!

Over 1800 Brantford Mowers Sold in 1883.

2200 being built for the coming season.

1600 Brantford Reapers and 900 Brantford Binders sold in 1883.

1200 Binders being built for '84.

The undersigned has on exhibit at Madoc, under the care of their agent, Mr. W. I. Tumelty, a full line of the celebrated machines manufactured by us, comprising:—

THE LITTLE BRANTFORD FOLDING BINDER, cuts a full swath of five feet, and can be folded in two minutes so as to pass through an ordinary gate or barn door, or along narrow lanes.

THE BRANTFORD BINDER, six feet cut.

THE BRANTFORD MOWER, four cut. The best Mower on wheels.

THE OSBORNE MOWER, back cut. A powerful machine and fitted with adjustable steel sledge plates.

THE BRANTFORD REAPER, light, simple, strong, efficient. The Princess of the Harvest.

Call and examine before you place your order elsewhere.

A. HARRIS, SON & CO., [Limited.]
Brantford, Ont.

P. S.—R. R. Casement & Co., of Madoc, keep a full line of Repairs on hand for the above machines, and will furnish all information regarding them in the absence of the agent.

Hardware!

Builders, and those intending to build, will find our prices RIGHT for all their requirements, such as

BUTT HINGES,
STRAP & T HINGES,
SCREW HINGES,
NAILS,
LOCKS,
LATCHES,
HASPS,
HOOKS,
PLANES,
SQUARES,
HAMMERS.

and all the other sundries, also

GLASS,
PUTTY,
TURPENTINE,
VARNISHES,
JAPAN,
BOILED & RAW OIL,
WARRANTED WHITE LEAD,
RED LEAD.

and various dry colors,

PAINT BRUSHES,
WHITE WASH BRUSHES,
SCRUB BRUSHES,
SHOE BRUSHES.

FULL LINE OF MACHINE *OILS.*

BABBIT METAL.

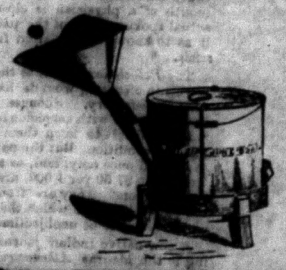
TINWARE.

We are offering special value in

MILK CANS,
MILK PANS,
MILK PAILS,
MILK STRAINERS,
STRAINER PAILS,
BOILERS,
TEAKETTLES,
STEAMERS,
CULLENDERS,
WASH BOWLS,
DIPPERS,
TEAPOTS,
OIL CANS.

and all the other sundries belonging to Housefurnishing.

No man can sit on the fence and plant onions, but he can sit on this



Patent Combined Milk Bucket and Stool,

and milk with perfect ease, and save time, milk and money. Just call and see it—it speaks for itself. No farmer should be without it.

FULL LINE COOK STOVES.

SPECIALTIES.

SARVEN — PATENT — BUGGY WHEELS,
RENT RIMS, RENT SHAFTS, RENT POLES, HICKORY & OAK SPOKES (all seasoned), ARMSTONG'S PATENT BUGGY SPRINGS, ARMSTRONG'S PATENT SEAT SPRING, PLASTER PARIS, PORTLAND CEMENT, STOVE & BLACKSMITH COAL, LAND PLASTER.

BUCKTHORN FENCING.

R. R. CASEMENT & CO.,
Sign of the Circular Saw,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc, Ont.

Latest Local News.

—Farmers' Jury.

—See Maybee's new advertisement.

—A week from next Saturday is the Queen's birthday.

—The date of the Brigade Camp has not yet been made public.

—The Madoc weigh scales were overhauled and repaired last week.

—The Courts of Revision in the various municipalities will soon be held.

—The cold weather of the last few days was not very favorable for ice cream.

—The work of enlarging and improving the shop in Mrs. Wright's block was completed early this week.

—Ex-Chief Sills has been on the sick list for some weeks past, but we understand he is now improving.

—The Alert Fire Co. had a short practice last night. They will practice again next Wednesday evening.

—The Oddfellows are already making preparations for holding their Decoration ceremony this summer

—The ballasting of the Toronto & Ottawa railway between this village and Bridgewater has been going on all this week.

—A subscriber to the REVIEW wants to know why the Village Council do not publish the Auditors' Report, as formerly.

—Rev. F. McAmmond, B. A., is in Trenton this week, attending the District meeting of the ministers of the C. M. Church.

—The members of Alert Fire Company are requested to meet at the Fire Hall next Wednesday evening, at 7 o'clock, in full force.

—On a requisition of the business men of the place the Reeve, E. D. O'Flynn, Esq., has proclaimed Monday, 26th inst., a holiday instead of Saturday, 24th. The proclamation appears in another column.

—Nearly every city, town and village in the country have regularly appointed Boards of Health to look after the sanitary condition of their respective corporations. Is Madoc such a healthy place that such a Board is not needed?

—The congregation of the Church of St. John the Baptist in this village have been busy during the past week with the aid of "bees," in improving the grounds around the church and parsonage. The work done has added much to the appearance of the property.

—Attention is directed to the advt. of Messrs. A. Harris, Son & Co., of Brantford, which appears in this issue. Mr. W. I. Tumelty their agent in this section, has on exhibition in this village a number of machines, including one of their celebrated self-binders to which he invites inspection. The "Little Brantford" has the reputation of being one of the best binders made, and farmers who contemplate adding such a piece of machinery to their collection will lose nothing by taking a look at it.

ꝛ Seventeen (17) pounds of good Sugar for $1.00, at John Dale & Son's.

Volunteers, Attention!

The members of No. 4 Company are requested to meet in the Armory on Monday, May 26th, at 10 a. m. Every member is requested to be present.

The C. O. Railway.

Tracklaying on the Central Ontario railway is being rapidly pushed forward under the management of Mr. D. C. McDonell, and the iron horse will be in Wellaston next week. The settlers along the line of the railway are now aroused from their hum-drum life by the shrill whistle of the locomotive. Every day numbers of the settlers and their families (to use their own words) "come to see the cars."—A BEAKSMAN.

ꝛ Ladies' Hats—In most stylish shapes, at Cross & Mouncey's.

Lacrosse.

The Madoc Lacrosse Club has organized for the season with the following staff of officers:—

President—J. R. Orr.
Vice do —Isaac Geary.
Sec.-Treas.—S. F. Weaver.
Captain—E. A. Halliwell.
Committee—J. A. Chambers, H. A. Kemp, J. Austin, J. C. Vannorman, W. Jenkins, W. J. Sargent, and A. Morrice, Jr.

The club has received word from the Norwood club that the latter will be here again on the 26th to play the third and deciding match. Our villagers will remember the exciting match between these same clubs on the last 24th, and as both teams have considerably improved since then a good exhibition of our national game may be expected here on the 26th.

Queen's Birthday.

Alert Fire Company have undertaken the task of celebrating the coming anniversary of the Queen's birthday. On account of the 24th falling this year on Saturday, the merchants have agreed to observe Monday the 26th as the holiday. In the forenoon the Company will have a full practice with the engine and also a parade through the principal streets. In the afternoon they will arrange a programme of sports, such as races, jumping, tug-of-war, Bicycle races, &c., for which prizes will be offered. In the evening the firemen will have a georgeous calathumpian procession by torchlight, which will parade through the principal streets. All who wish are invited to take part in this performance. The Band have generously offered their services during the day, free, which ought to be thoroughly appreciated by the people. Particulars next week

Our Mines and Minerals

Undergoing an Examination.

Last week a member of the Geological survey of Canada, Prof. Coste, was sent to these parts to make an examination of the mines and mineral properties in North Hastings, and he has since been actively at work at the partially developed mines throughout Madoc and Marmora. His visits to the Consolidated gold mine, the Seymour iron mine, the sexsmith mine, and other properties, has been very satisfactory, we understand. He has expressed the opinion that there is gold in paying quantities at the Consolidated, and that the Seymour mine shows every indication of yet supplying a large quantity of ore. We believe Mr. Coste's time is limited to one month in this district, but although much too short to do justice to the country, we trust his report will encourage capitalists to go on with the mining work so well begun a couple of years ago.

ꝛ Black Ostrich Plumes, in great variety at Cross & Mouncey's.

Model School.

Monthly Report for April, 1884:—

	Mr. Clark.	Miss McDonald.	Miss Bellin.	Miss Jones.	Total.
No. Enrolled	50	46	62	99	257
Aggte. Attend.	673	643	945	1405	3665
Aver. "	43.66	32.3	47.25	70.25	193.25
Percent of "	87.3	69.78	77.96	70.95	78.19
Aggregate Lates	26	14	59	39	138
Average "	1.3	0.70	2.95	1.95	6.9
Percent of "	1.3	0.76	2.39	.98	1.54
No. of Reg. Att's	25	15	20	21	79
" Punc. "	34	24	47	71	186
Least No. Present	41	29	41	54	165
Greatest "	45	38	53	86	223

ꝛ A car load of Sugar,—the cheapest in town—at Cross & Mouncey's.

Spring Assizes.

Vancleek vs. Hobson.—An action of ejectment to recover possession of some land in Madoc. Verdict for plaintiff. Bell & Biggar for plaintiff. Burdett for defendant.

Seymour vs. John Lynch and F. Seymour. An interpleader to try the right to money in the Sheriff's hands. The money was realized from the sale of goods of the Hastings Iron Co. The plaintiff claimed the money as landlord of the company. The defence was that the Iron Company were not under a lease from the plaintiff but under a license. Verdict for the defendant holding the claimant Seymour was not entitled as against the the defendants or either of them for any sum of money as rent of premises wherein the said goods were lying stood at the time of the seizure. Clute & Williams for plaintiff. Denmark & Northrup for defendants.

ꝛ All the new styles in Parrisols, at Cross & Mouncey's.

Bible Stories.

(From the Guelph Herald, April 16th, 1884.)

All who have the care of training children know how fond they are of pictures and how pleased with stories when adapted to their understanding, and there are no stories that charm them more than the wonderful ones of the Bible. The stories of Joseph, Moses, David, Daniel, and Josiah the Boy King, and the best of all of Jesus and his disciples, properly illustrated with suitable engravings are the delight of childhood. Never before have these stories been told in such a simple connected and excellent way as in Charles Foster's Bible Stories now being published by the World Publishing Co. of Guelph, Ont. The Book contains every story from Genesis to Revelations, illustrated by over 150 engravings so arranged that the story comes on a page opposite the picture illustrating it, thus making it an object teaching work and the many maps are an additional help. No mother with a family of children can afford to be without this book; to her it is of more value than a whole library of other books; it meets and answers the thousand and one questions the children ask her, and teaches them the best of knowledge.

The following speaks for itself: The publishers are authorized to use the names of the following clergymen who cordially recommend the work to those who desire their families to get a clear primary knowledge of the Sacred Scriptures:

Right Rev. Arthur Sweatman, D. D., Lord Bishop of Toronto.
Very Rev. H. J. Grasett, D. D., late Dean of Toronto.
Rev. W. S. Rainsford, B. A., New York, late of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto.
Rev. Alex. Sanson, Rector Trinity Church, Toronto.
Rev. W. Cavan, D. D., Principal Knox College, Toronto.
Rev. W. Gregg, D. D., Professor Church History, Knox College.
Rev. H. M. Parsons, Pastor Knox Church, Toronto.

The book is sold only by subscription, those wishing an agency should apply to the publishers.

ꝛ Crompton Corsets and Hoop Skirts, at Cross & Mouncey's.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Colds, Coughs, Shortness of Breath.—These maladies require early and unremitting attention, for if neglected they often end in asthma, bronchitis, or consumption. The Ointment well rubbed upon the chest and back, penetrating the skin, is absorbed and carried directly to the lungs, whence it expels all impurities. All the blood in the body is perpetually passing through the lungs, and there all noxious particles tending to disease can be quickly, thoroughly, and permanently neutralized, rendered harmless, or ejected from the system. Holloway's Ointment and Pills perfectly accomplish this purification; and through the blood thus cleansed, the influence of these wonderful medicaments reaches the remotest parts of the human body, and thus cures all diseased action, whether internal or external.

DUNGANNON AND FARADAY.

That irrepressible wag Mr. Vennor has been at it again. He foretold a wet April, so as a matter of course we had a dry one—the season has been most favorable for plowing and seeding, and our farmers are well forward with their spring work.

According to the Bancroft meteorological record the total snow fall last winter was nine feet six inches, and the greatest depth on the ground at any one time, was three feet four inches. The greatest cold experienced was on the 25th of January, when the thermometer fell to 40 degrees below zero, and on the 30th of January it stood at 41, above zero, being a rise of 81 degrees in five days.

Bancroft continues to grow. Mr. J. C. George is putting up a dwelling house. Mr. C. Davy is also building a residence on Cleak's Hill. Mr. H. Cassell is about to start a new store in the village. Mr. Fuller is preparing to build a house opposite the woollen factory.

Settlers, I am glad to say, still continue to come into the municipality, and the population now exceeds a thousand.

SYLVANUS.

Faraday, May 9th.

RUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter' Chapped hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by all Druggists.

LOST.

ON Saturday, May 3rd, between Bannockburn and my place, a leather pocket book, containing a note from Thos. Darks in favor of Sidney Fox, and some receipts and two dollars in money. Any person finding said pocket book and returning to me will be rewarded.

SIDNEY FOX.
Bannockburn, 6th May, 367-4w

SEED GRAINS
—AT THE—
North Hastings Warehouse.

The best quality of
SPRING WHEAT,
PEAS and OATS.
A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, April 15th, 1884. 364

Lands for Sale.

THE following lands have been placed in my hands for sale. Prices and terms of sale can be ascertained by application at my office:—

W ½	13	in 1st concession	Madoc,
29	5th	"	"
29	7th	"	"
W ½	30	9th	"	"
N E ¼	13	10th	"	Marmora,
27	11th	"	"

I am instructed to prosecute any one trespassing on these properties.

A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, April 14th, 1884. 364

LUMBER.

BRIDGEWATER MILLS.

Constantly on hand
SHINGLES,
LATH,
JOISTING,
SCANTLING,
PLANK,
BOARDS,
at lowest cash prices. Bill stuff cut to order.
J. D. BREEZE.
Bridgewater, April 14th, '84. 364

FOR SALE.

WEST half 29, in 2nd concession Madoc, and west half 27, in 1st concession of Madoc. Apply to A. F. Wood, Madoc, or to
JOHN C. T. COCHRANE,
P. O. Box 178, Brockville.
March 17, 1884. 362

FURNITURE.

A large stock of the best quality and at the lowest possible prices, at

MAYBEE'S.

PICTURE FRAMING,

A very fine stock of Cabinet size Photo Frames just opened. A large stock of Moulding kept on hand, and Frames of all sizes made to order.

UNDERTAKING,

Particular attention given to this department of our business. Coffins, Caskets, Adults' and Children's Shrouds, Gloves, and Crape, &c., always in stock.

N. M. MAYBEE.
Weiss' Block, Madoc.

Established - in 1862

WHITE'S AGRICULTURAL WORKS,

MADOC, - ONT.

Wanted Immediately 1000 Farmers
—TO BUY—
1000 Mowers, Reapers, Horse Rakes, Steel Plows, Iron Plows, Gang Plows, all wrought iron and steel Horse Hoes, Cultivators, Drags, etc. etc.

Farmers beware of silver mouthed agents selling western machines. Rest assured you will suffer as others have in getting repairs for them in the busy harvest season. Our

MODEL MOWER AND IMPROVED REAPER

for lightness of draft, fine finish, and good workmanship and simplicity stand without a rival. Our MODEL HORSE RAKE is one of the finest Rakes in the County. We give a written warranty with all our machines that they will do good work.

—We carry in stock—

BARK-TANNED LEATHER BELTING, BEST LEATHER AND RUBBER PACKING, ETC., ETC.,
PURE BABBIT METAL, AND PURE MACHINE OILS.

The past year we have increased our facilities by adding new machinery, and nearly doubling the number of men in our employ. We are better prepared than ever to do all kinds of repairing.

REPAIRING THRESHING MACHINES A SPECIALTY.

Sincerely thanking the farmers of this county for their very liberal patronage in the past we hope to more than merit a continuance of the same for the coming season. And now

Come one and all ye yeomen bold,
And of our Implements, take hold;
Before you buy we'll let you try
Our Reaper in the harvest field.
And you'll conclude, as well you might,
That Western Reapers have no sight.
Come buy them, try them, farmers all

JAMES WHITE. **JOHN WHITE.**

HARDWARE!

40 Gal. Iron Clad Milk Cans, No. 24 Tin, $5.45.

30 Gal. Iron Clad Milk Cans, No. 24 Tin, $4.25.

6 qrt. Milk Pans, per doz. $1.10.

And all other Tinware equally low.

J. DALE & SON.

THE CLERK'S TALE.

It was a suffocating evening early in August, and I left my work at the foreign office to plod home to dinner through the dusty parks in the worst spirits. The wrongs of a junior clerk whose long-promised holiday had just been snatched away from him on the eve of fulfillment were boiling in me; I felt that they cried out for justice in a free country. Everything was prepared for this month's leave which was to have begun next day. My father had taken a house on one of the most attractive slopes above Grasmere, and the family residence in Lancaster Gate already bore that denuded and forlorn appearance which precedes a general domestic flight. We had breakfasted gayly, picnic fashion, with old and inadequate implements; we had prophesied with unabated cheerfulness, dining with still fewer of the appliances of civilization, the family plate being not lost but gone before to Grasmere. The house was in as unconfortable a state as much packing and putting away could make it, for my people intended to spend between two and three months at "Emerald Bank." Here was I, with my wings outspread for flight, caught back and doomed to remain in solitude, with dismantled rooms and furniture lurking under dust sheets for company, and all because an unstable senior clerk suddenly declared that his health demanded instant change of air, instead of waiting to take his holiday later on, as he had intended. The tale of woe is not complete, for Olga Fielding, to whom I had been but three weeks betrothed, was coming with us to Grasmere, and we had promised ourselves a month of unalloyed bliss among the Westmoreland hills before she was obliged to go back to her filial duties in Copenhagen. There, as her mother was dead, she had to preside over all matters, social and domestic, in her father's extensive establishment.

Gracious heavens! what an ill-arranged planet is this, and what a disorganized constitution was that miserable T.'s, to choose such a moment to be out of repair! The first week of September Olga would have to follow her father, who had returned to Copenhagen, and we should meet no more till after Christmas. Was it not enough to make a worse blasphemer? and the bang I gave the hall door on entering covered a vigorous expression of feeling.

Well, the news was broken to a dismayed and sympathetic circle. Olga, who had hitherto professed to consider me as likely to prove a very small addition to the natural features of the lake scenery, was quite overcome; there was some small balm in that. My mother was very unhappy. Even Barbara, the youngest of the family, and strong in the scorn of seventeen for matters of sentiment, forebore to jibe, and gave utterance to violent exclamations of regret, coupled with equally violent abuse of vague persons unknown.

My father, after the first natural shock of disgust, endeavored to console me with unpalatable philosophy and the cool light of reason, remedies which always seem an insult offered to affliction, when applied to one's own case. "It's hard on you, Harry, my boy, no doubt, and I'm sorry for it," he said, in that sobering tone which strikes a chill through the greatest moments of excitement, and makes all previous emotion appear annoyingly ridiculous: "but now that you have entered on the serious duties of life, you can't learn too soon that work and not play is the object of a man's life. I'm not at all sure that——" "Ah! how hor-r-r-rible," broke in the soft voice of my betrothed, with the pretty careful intonation, and long-drawn ripple of the r which she had inherited from her Danish mother. "Dear Mr. Richardson, do not let us be reasonable to-night. What is the use of being British subjects if we may not have a great grumble? No, that poor boy is very badly treated, and it is all 'tr-r-r-rightful!' And my lady, unclasping her eloquent hands, approached the iron-gray parent for whom our affection had always been largely tempered with respect, and, flinging one arm tightly round his neck, laid her pretty head with its crown of bronze ripples confidingly on his robust black-cloth shoulder.

My father no doubt experienced a slight shock; he was unaccustomed to such audacious treatment from the young. But he liked it, he certainly liked it; and planting a parental salute on the breezy coils he left us to pour out our mutual woe at leisure.

That night I found it impossible to sleep. The atmosphere was so close and oppressive there seemed to be no air to breathe, and a dull feeling of undefined apprehension haunted me persistently through long hours of wakefulness and miserable brief dozes, refusing to be charmed by the voice of reason. Haggard, unrefreshed, and still conscious of the same vague foreboding clawing at my heart, I left that bed of suffering as an unwonted hour in the morning, and descended to the library, now a desert of bare boards, dotted about with precipitous islands under dusty cloths. Here a pipe, that unfailing comforter of dejected manhood, restored some balance to my disordered mind, but I still felt very depressed, and was preparing to go forth and seek the restorative dear to every unhinged Briton, an early swim, when the door opened, and to my amazement Olga glided into the room, pale and drooping, with dark lines under her brown eyes. After mutual exclamations and greetings, I demanded the reason of her wan and dejected appearance. She did not answer at first, but turned her face away and tormented the braid on her travelling-dress in silence. "Well, if you will know, dear friend," she said at last, with a charming gesture of resignation, "I think your old foreign office has bewitched me. No, it's that unhappy T., who has the evil eye, for I have a feeling as if some danger was hanging over you, and I could not sleep all night for it. Oh Harry!" continued the impetuous damsel, suddenly throwing aside the dignity with which she was wont to treat me, now that the worst was out, "come away with us to-day. Never mind a thousand governments and clerkships! I will not go without you. Something dreadful will happen; you feel it too. You look fit for the hangman yourself." It took me a long while to restore Olga to calmness. I laughed at her prognostications and was careful to betray no similar feelings on my own part. She was more or less convinced at last of the utter ruin it would be to my future prospects to desert my post, and we were reasonably resigned if not cheered by breakfast time.

Well, I saw them all off from Euston Station, and trailed away, a hapless victim, to my dreary task in the exalted gloom of Whitehall. That day seemed interminable; yet there was nothing to look forward to at the end of it, and still with the previous night's weight on my spirits, I started on my way back to the howling wilderness in Lancaster Gate.

Near Hyde Park corner, where very few carriages remained to make hay of the dust, I was startled from melancholy reflection by a great bang on the back. Turning sharply round I confronted that athlete Jack Oliver, who had been at the same college as myself, and whom I had not met since we took our respective degrees at Oxford three years before. As Oriel I had been wont to write Jack down an ass, because his inveterably boisterous spirits and perpetual athletics were at times a perfect nuisance, but in my present forlorn condition his jolly face and infectious laugh were a real Gedeond.

We dined at the club together, and afterward went to the theatre, then smoked a pipe or two in company at Oliver's lodgings, so that it was toward 1 o'clock when I left him to return to Lancaster Gate. Walking along under the park railings, the trees made occasionally ghostly rustlings overhead; the air was very still and heavy in expectation of a travelling thunder-storm. The tall shut-up houses facing the park looked as forbidding as so many mausoleums in the moonlight, and only the foot of a stray wayfarer here and there, or the welcome rattle of an occasional hansom, broke the strange stillness.

All the uncomfortable feelings of the last twenty-four hours, temporarily thrust back by Oliver's cheerful company, returned with overwhelming force. Indignant at being so befooled by what I had declared to myself must be a dyspeptic imagination (though my acquaintance with dyspepsia was happily of the slightest), I argued fiercely with my own folly; but all in vain, that indescribable dead weight of apprehension still crushed my spirits. The senseless sense of unseen danger grew stronger at every yard. I was ready to roar for very disquietude of spirit. "Confound it all," I almost shouted, "this is beyond a joke! What an abject piece of imbecility, for a man who has always flattered himself on having too much reason to fall a prey to any superstitious delusions whatever! I must be ill; if things go on like this to-morrow I shall give in, and go to old Burrows (the family Æsculapius) to be put together again."

Meanwhile every step forward appeared to grow more and more difficult. A sudden sound of footsteps close behind most unaccountably paralyzed my powers of locomotion, and filled me with a horrible dread. This was monstrous; with a kind of groan of disgust and misery over my own decrepitude, I resolutely turned round and waited till the steps reached me.

Merciful heavens! What was this that came up, brushed past me, and went on? My brain reeled, and cold perspiration broke out on my forehead, for, frantic as it may sound, it was *myself* that I saw go by. My exact image and counterpart came toward me, looked me full in the face with cold, indifferent eyes, differing from mine only in their expression at the moment, and passed on, brushing me with the sleeve of a light overcoat exactly like the one I wore. I noted with despairing recognition on the creature's left hand, which was raised, holding the unbuttoned flap of his coat in front of him (a favorite trick of mine), the very ring Olga had given me a week ago, and which was also on my finger at that moment.

For one long minute I stood stupified with horror, the next I darted forward after that terribly familiar form, which crossed the street and went on toward our door. I felt sure that I must be mad, or in the clutches of some hideous nightmare. Oh! for some power to shake it off and awake. But no! the area railings had a firm and chilly reality when I touched them. My footsteps and those others sounded all too solidly on the deserted pavement. I even caught myself deliriously smiling at a peculiar trick of waltzing in the thing in front, with which Barbara had often taunted me. It was an extraordinary opportunity of seeing oneself as others see one, but what mortal could have availed himself of it under such circumstances?

I staggered on behind him, unable to diminish the twenty yards or so that separated us. Would he stop at No 204? The suspense was almost intolerable. He did. He disappeared through the door, though the only surviving latch-key was in my hand. When I reached the door it was shut, and bore no signs of any unusual treatment. I could not go in; I could not follow into the house, and run the risk of meeting of that on the dark stairs. A horror unspeakable had taken possession of my senses; I turned and fled, and spent uncounted hours in walking about the silent streets and squares, unconscious of the lapse of time.

The early sunshine aroused and cheered my scattered wits. Gradually the sounds of common life awakening brought back my reasoning faculties; the discordant cry of that bird of dawn, the early sweep, was as music in my ears, and seemed to make the dreadful night fade into remoteness and unreality.

I made my way back to Lancaster Gate, footsore and exhausted. The milkman was driving merrily up and down; when I reached our doorsteps, it seemed a year since I had last ascended them. I rushed up to my room; it was, of course, empty, the bed untouched. But on the pillow and turned-down sheet, exactly where my head and shoulders would have been in the natural course of things, lay the ruins of a large bust, the Hermes, which had been wont to stand on the bracket over the head of the bed. This bracket my mother had frequently entreated me to replace by a firmer support; it had given away at last under the ponderous weight of the bust, which, striking against the iron rail of the bed, had broken into the two or three murderous portions that reposed on the pillow and sheet, the bracket only having chosen to glance off on the floor. Had I been there Hermes must certainly have crushed my skull.

Thrilled with fresh emotion, but too exhausted then to meditate long over the event, I went slowly down to the dining-room, and fell asleep on the sofa. The old charwoman, who appeared later with my breakfast, told me she had been startled by a loud crash in the night, soon after the clock struck 1, but having been only half awake at the time she concluded that it was the thunder of my boots being thrown out to await the morning's cleaning. She was now, however, much excited about it, and disposed to revel in a tragedy. I told her I had found the statue fallen on my bed, and that, as it took three men to move it in a general way, I had been obliged to content myself with the sofa. The brief and matter-of-fact tone of my explanations failed to quell her exclamations of wonder and amazement, and she was not to be debarred from the pleasure of gloating over all the details of the tragedy which had been averted.

Since that night all has gone well with us. My blessed chief at the foreign office found means to let me go in a day or two, and our time at Grasmere was all that we had expected it to be. After Christmas, to our great joy, Mr. Fielding gave up his house at Copenhagen, and came to live in London. Olga and I were married next summer, and we have never again been disturbed by presentiments, apparitions, or any other subjects worthy to exercise the industry of the Society for Psychical Research.

Suakim and its Surroundings.

Suakim—the word is spelt in a variety of ways—is not only one of the most important towns of Nubia, but the chief port of the Soudan and of the whole western coast of the Red Sea. It came into the possession of Egypt in 1855 by cession or purchase from Turkey—along with Massowah and one or two other towns and the districts around them—and now appears to be regarded by the British Government and every one else as an integral part of the Egyptian dominions. Similar subjection of Suakim to Egypt existed in very remote times. The town proper lies on a small island about eight miles and three quarters in diameter—almost as long as the little bay in which it is placed, a mere tongue of water separating it from the mainland.

The chief articles of export are cotton, gum arabic, ostrich, hides, butter, tamarinds, senna leaves and ivory. The imports consists of cotton goods, iron, wood, carpets, weapons, steel, and fancy wares. Berber in the east and Kassala in the south are the great centres for all the caravan traffic of Suakim, which is also the port on the one side for the whole Soudan—an inland country as large as India—and on the other side of Arabia. Hence it is much visited by the Mahommedan pilgrims to Mecca, their port of Jeddah occupying a corresponding position on the Arabian to that which Suakim does on the African coast. Twenty years ago from three to four thousand slaves per annum were shipped from here to Jeddah, and though this monstrous traffic has been much crippled of late years by the Egyptian Government, out of regard for English feeling, it is to be feared that it is not yet extinct. In ancient times, the whole of what we now call the Suakim seaboard—extending northwards along the coast as far as a line drawn from the first cataract, and southwards as far even as Bab-el-Mandeb—was known as the Troglodyte country. The Troglodytes, as the name implies, dwelt in caves, were by occupation herdsmen, and often uncivilized and wretched in the extreme. A graphic picture of the hard life of another Troglodyte people, dwelling in the rocky fastnesses east of Jordan, is preserved for us in the thirtieth chapter of the book of Job. "For want and famine," it says, "they are solitary; fleeing into the wilderness in former time desolate and waste. Who cut up mallows by the bushes, and juniper roots for their meat. They were driven forth of men (who cried after them as after a thief), to dwell in the cliffs of the valleys, in caves of the earth, and in the rocks.—*Chambers' Journal.*

The Hot Water Mania.

In dealing with physical ills which mankind is heir to, as in everything else, particular remedies, outside of those prescribed by regular physicians, have their season. Just now it is said to be hot water; and it is so much in vogue that the *Medical News* calls it the "hot water mania." People are taking hot water for every sort of disease. There are doubtless thousands of dyspeptics who devote themselves several times a day to the irritation of their stomachs by the use of hot water as a beverage. If people must be dosing, it is fair to assume that hot water, if its purity is assured, is a more innocent remedy than many which are indulged in. It is certainly a remedy at the hand for which those must be thankful who are either poor in purse or reside a distance from physician and drug store. But there may be such a thing as too much hot water, as there is of many things which have more character. And this is what the *Medical News* asserts. It says that the physical effect of hot water taken into the stomach is to wash out that organ and prepare it for better work, but he warns those who are after health in hot water that too much hot water injures instead of helps. Moreover, it should be taken either before the process of digestion is begun, or after it is completed. That is, the person who is seeking health by that remedy cannot devote his days to the drinking of hot water. It is fair to assume that, like other remedies, the water cure will have its day, and the ailing public will turn to the remedy then held to be the popular one. May it be as simple, harmless, and above all as cheap as hot water.

FASHION NOTES.

Few pokes will be worn.

Most bonnets are stringless.

Owl feather fans are fashionable.

The favorite red is coquelicot or wild poppy.

Glace silks are effectively trimmed with velvet.

Gold and silver gossamer-like tissue appear among millinery materials.

Few walking or visiting costumes are composed of woollen stuff only.

Bustles as big as a small balloon deform the female form divine this spring.

Lawn tennis and archery will be the pet outdoor sports at Newport this season.

Slate gray and copper color combine admirably in brocades and in millinery.

Stiff and angular hats have almost entirely superseded the picturesque pokes and Dunchets.

The fashionable colors for ostrich feather fans are pale pink, shaded gray, buttercup yellow and white.

Gray and black, with silver braid decorations, are the admired combination for velvet dresses for dowagers.

Frise velvet grenadine is the favorite fabric for mantles and parts of summer evening toilets of ceremony.

Bonnets or hats entirely covered with black, jet-beaded net and trimmed with ostrich tips, take precedence of all other beaded net chapeaux.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Family Melon Patch.

In the growing of melons for the private garden, quality must necessarily outrank all other considerations. Next to this importance are earliness and productiveness. Like the repeaters at the polls, it is desirable that melons should come early and often. Owing to the influence of soils on the different varities it may be necessary to do some experimenting before we can hit upon the best kind for our own ground. Weight and keeping qualities are secondary matters in the family garden, and it should be borne in mind that quality in the melon does not improve as the size increases. I believe that a good plan for the private garden is to select some choice variety, and then grow only the one kind. In this way the grower can save his own seed each year, and know that it is of first quality. The readiness with which varieties intermix makes it questionable whether they will be kept pure if one attempts to grow different sorts. It is not certain that different varities will not "mix" if planted less than 100 yards apart, and if planted even at that distance there is no certainty about the matter; but if there is only one variety on the place, we know we can keep it pure, and also that we may improve it by careful selection.

While the melon does not require the amount of manure that is used in growing the cabbage or the onion, still next to a light warm soil, heavy fertilizing is one of the most important things—always bearing in mind that the manure should be well rotted. Proper cultivation in the family melon-patch has a double interest; it is necessary in order to attain the best results; and then there is so much more enjoyment connected with it. There is more satisfaction in ten hills thoroughly cared for than in 100 improperly planted and then left to shift for themselves. Then, whether the patch be large or small, let it be properly tended. If you have suitable manure at hand, broadcast it liberally and plough under. Then where you are to put each hill dig a hole as though you were setting a post. Fill this up with a mixture of soil and well-rolled, fine manure. If the patch is to be irrigated, it should be elevated above the surrounding surface as the loose soil will settle when flooded. Put the hills eight feet apart, and after the plants have passed all danger of frosts and insects thin to one vine. This will enable you to see how many melons each plant produces, and to save seed from those only which show the most productiveness as well as early maturity.

This year I had 100 hill of the Hackensack planted by themselves. The average for the patch was only four to the hill while one hill ripened 10 good sized melons, though they were very late. The melons from different hills varied greatly in size and also in markings. The quantity was variable, and the flesh ranged in color all the way from the deep green of the nutmeg to a pale yellow. Of course, in saving seed, it makes a great difference which type of melon is selected, if it is to be cultivated year after year. Especially with the watermelon it is desirable to select for greater productiveness. By planting 100 hills with a single vine in a place, one will be surprised to see how some of the vines can put in all the summer, and produce so little fruit.—*Rural New Yorker.*

"Fighting Weeds."

We meet frequently with this heading to paragraphs in exchanges. It conveys a wrong lesson, as commonly used. Simple and quiet extermination is better. If weeds are allowed to get a foot in height, a warfare is then begun and carried on to an indefinite length of time, and the weeds often come off victorious. The usual cause of this failure is in attempting to cultivate too much land with a small force. The result is an enormous growth of weeds, a choking and diminution of the crop, and a supply of noxious seeds to fill the soil and last years. The weeds get entire possession in this way and the crops have an unequal chance until another ploughing checks them temporarily.

The remedy is a well arranged plan for going over the ground once a week, in all hoed crops, sweeping the surface, killing all weeds before they come up. All this work is more than paid for in the increasing growth of the crops by their continued stirring providing the right tools are employed. Take the corn crop for instance. The plough and the harrow will prepare a clean mellow bed of earth before planting. If the field is inverted sod, it may be reduced to a state of fine pulverization with the Acme harrow, or with a disc harrow, the finish being given with any smoothing harrow. By planting the seed an inch and a half or two inches deep, in the shallow furrow made by the marker, a fine slant-tooth harrow may be passed over both before and after the plants are up without injury to them. The operation may be continued once a week until the corn is a foot high. Some of the plants may be bent over but they will be erect again in a day or two. After this a shallow cultivator may be run between the rows till the corn is as high as a horse's back. This work, properly performed, will leave the field as clean as the floor—the small slant teeth killing the sprouting seed in the row among the plants as well as over the whole surface; and the subsequent cultivating keeping the spaces clean between the rows. We have never seen cleaner fields than such as were treated in this way and the cost of this labor, first and last, was less than the old hand-hoeing.

But it must not be forgotten that the attempt will be a failure if the necessary work is intermitted and the weeds get a start. It is indispensably necessary to keep them constantly under the surface. There must be no "fighting," but surpression and extermination.

The potato crop may be treated in the same way until the plants are five or six inches high, after which the leaves would be somewhat lacerated with the harrow. Carrots, beets, and turnips are too small in early growth, and require clean soil in advance, with frequent passing of the cultivator between the rows, which as they become larger by growth, require a cultivator that may be contracted in breadth.—*Country Gentleman.*

Helpful Hints.

When oats or other feed gets low in the granary, instead of straining to reach them, nail a stout strip to a bucket or box with which they can be easily lifted. A horse of mine takes especial delight in rolling in mud or manure. I tie an old broom-stick to the curry-comb and stand off at a clean and safe distance until I get the worst of it removed. If in ploughing the land-side horse is a lazy one and crowds over against the one in the furrows, take an inch board about six inches square, bore through it a hole in the centre drive a wooden pin sharpened at one end. Tie this to the back band of the farrow horse so that the lazy one will strike it every time he crowds, and he will soon get tired of doing so. Always have on hand a paper of copper rivets of assorted sizes and a piece of oiled leather for cutting strings to keep the harness mended with; then breaks can be readily mended, or those threatening in tugs, lines, straps, etc., either by rivetting or sewing with a stout leather string. When a calf persists in sucking after being separated from its dam for several weeks, take an old halter and through the strap passing around in front of the nose put nail, having the points filed sharp and standing outward. A piece of leather sewed over the heads keep the nails in place. With this halter on the calf the cow will kick and keep at a distance, and it will soon give up in disgust. Formerly I was often annoyed and delayed by the loosening of nuts on coulters or rolling cutter, until I hit upon the plan of putting leather washers under the nuts, which stopped their working loose. If at work in a field where you cannot place the jug of drinking water in the shade set it in the furrow, throw a bunch of grass over the mouth to keep it clean, and plough the jug under. The ground will shield it from the hot sun, and bleag cool and damp will keep the water cool. In ploughing to keep dirt out of the shoes, take the legs of an old pair of trousers and cut off pieces about a foot long. At opposite points of each sew two strings. Draw the pieces on over the shoes, tie the strings down underneath just in front of the heel. Then fasten the upper ends of the pieces around above the ankles with elastic garter. For a marker to lay off corn rows among stumps, put two waggon wheels on an axle of a length to keep the wheels just the distance apart the rows are desired. Any stout stick of wood will do for an axle, fix on a seat to ride if desired. This marker will pass over ordinary stumps, and can be easily turned to avoid those directly in the way of a wheel.—*American Agriculturist.*

Artificial Heat with Fowls.

The question is often asked whether artificial heat should be employed in the hen house, to make it more comfortable in the winter season and to increase the egg production at that season of the year when eggs are most valuable for the market. As our best fanciers are by no means unanimous in their answers, it may be inferred that there are two sides to the question; and so in fact there are, and with this as with so many other phases of the subject, it is hard to lay down rules that shall apply to all cases.

Manifestly the man who has but a few birds, and those comfortably housed, is the best off as he is; while the one who has a large number, and wishes to get the greatest possible returns from them during the colder months may find it desirable to employ extra warmth. In very cold locations, too, where the thermometer locates on hovering for long periods in the vicinity of zero, it is but merciful to mitigate as far as practicable the severity of the climate. But in ordinary breeding it seems to be pretty generally decided that much artificial heat is not desirable. While the very early chicks of the larger breeds will require it, or its equivalent, when first hatched, those intended for general sales are best off with the natural temperature after the tender days of early age are passed. It is hardly probable that the average purchaser will be provided with artificially heated quarters, and to buy birds coming from such and try to change their habits is to invite disease and death. The complaint is not infrequent that sellers send out birds that have been forced to unusual developement in a warm house, and the purchaser finds only too late that he cannot accustom them to his own accomodations, but has all his fond anticipations scattered by the unaccountable loss of his purchase. No body is to blame strictly speaking, but somebody *is* disgusted and mad clear through.

One thing seems to be settled, and that is that artificial heat in the poultry house does *not* conduce to hardiness, but *does* have exactly the opposite result, and it would seem to be the proper thing to rear all birds intended for sale in that manner which shall give them the greatest degree of that very desirable quality.—*American Poultry Yard.*

The Dynamite Gun.

There has been tested recently on our sea coast a new kind of gun, which it is hoped will be useful in protecting our harbors. It contains a dynamite cartridge which is expelled from the gun by air-pressure. Dynamite would do very great destruction if it should be shot out of an ordinary cannon; but as it explodes by anything in shape of a shock, it would naturally do more damage to the cannon which expelled it than to the object against which it was directed. A gun, however, has been invented to send this dynamite cartridge against a fort, or an approaching iron-clad. The machine is upon exhibition at Delamater Iron Works in New York. It looks like a forty-foot brass pipe, mounted on a steel girder. This is the barrel and carriage of the four-inch dynamite pneumatic gun. It weighs a ton, and is capable of sustaining a pressure of 1,000 pounds to the square inch. The dynamite cartridge is incased in soft metal, within a shell of brass, and fitted with a wooden tab. It is expelled by compressed air, and when the projectile, flying at speed, strikes head-on against a resisting surface, a hard metal pin embedded in the soft metal is forced into the fulminate at the head of the cartridge and discharges the dynamite. Should this cartridge hit the deck of an iron-clad vessel it would tear it all to pieces. It is claimed that this cartridge can be thrown three miles with a precision never obtained by gunpowder. Our Government has been experimenting at Fort Hamilton, N. Y., and has done some wonderful execution. Should we have a foreign war, these guns would be our dependence against foreign fleets, as we have no defence nor any navy. It is said these dynamite guns may be used as field-pieces, which would make war so destructive that it could not be carried on.

About two million sheep are at present in Colorado. The clip this year will be ten million pounds.

As a rule, only two materials are used in one costume, but the rule is frequently broken in favor of velvet, plain silk, and brocade all in one dress.

PERSONAL POINTS.

About Mr. Gladstone — Evangelist Moody—President Arthur—Prince Bismarck—And Other Well Known People.

Dom Pedro, having ascended the throne at the age of six, has now reigned longer than any other living sovereign.

All the horses, carriages, and farming utensils belonging to Mary Anderson at Long Branch, are to be sold, as she will stay abroad another year.

The death is announced, at the age of 92, of Benjamin Gratz, the youngest brother of Rebecca Gratz, who was the model from which Sir Walter Scott drew his beautiful character of Rebecca in "Ivanhoe."

Dr. Gatling, the inventor of the gun which bears his name, is a tall and large-framed man, with white whiskers and blue eyes and genial countenance; he is sixty-six years old.

Jem Ward, formerly pugilistic champion of England, recently deceased, possessed considerable artistic talent, and his paintings were often exhibited in the Liverpool Exhibition and favorably criticised. His daughter, Miss Eleanor Ward, a pupil of the composer Sir Julius Benedict, was an excellent pianist and singer.

Intellectual and bodily activity are rarely found in men of great age; but when so combined add to the chances of prolonged life. Witness three men who have played an active part in the world and who combine these rare gifts of nature and will, the Earl of Shaftesbury, the great humanitarian, Cardinal Newman, and the Emperor William.

Evangelist Moody is at work in London, but he seems to have parted company with Sankey. While the meetings have created less excitement than in 1875, they are more successful in reaching the neglected masses. Once, when churchgoers were too plenty, Moody asked all Christians to rise. Nearly the whole church responded, and he requested them to make room for the unconverted waiting outside.

M. DeLesseps is a devoted horseman, and may be seen daily galloping through the Bois de Boulogne, with his eight children by his second marriage, boys and girls, mounted on ponies, in nautical costumes, their hair streaming on the wind, their large collars turned over their shoulders, and their caps hanging over their backs—a little tribe, with their dark hair and complexions, around their white haired chief.

The series of speeches Mr. Gladstone has delivered in the present session are described as equal to anything he has ever done, and he once more stands out in bold and unapproachable relief from his colleagues as the supreme oratorical master of the House of Commons. People may say what they please about Lord Hartington's good sense and tact, and in Mr. Gladstone's absence may begin to hint that he is the safe leader. But the old man has only to come back and make one of his great speeches, and the exuberance of his friends and the silence and inaction of his foes once more remind the house that there is no one like him. There has been, it is said, a strange revival in him of the love of power. He has not, and never had, the remotest intention of dropping into the House of Peers.

The repealers of the O'Connell School, though once numerous in Paris, are now "few and far between." Dr. McCarthy, the physician of the Irish college, in the Rues des Irlandais, is one and Mr. J. P. Leonard the other. Dr. McCarthy is very generous and popular, but would not touch revolution in any form of force. Mr. Leonard, who is one of the longest Irish residents in Paris, has been teaching English since in various colleges. To them and others of congenial disposition comes sometimes from his chateau near Nice Sir Gavan Duffy to share companionship. Before the Land League was founded they were forming a project for a repeal movement, but this project had to be abandoned when it was seen that the people rallied so strongly round the movement of Davitt and Brennan, which Mr. Parnell subsequently joined.

President Arthur, says a writer in the *Boston Herald*, talks well, and is a good listener. He recently repeated, almost word for word, a page from "Vivian Grey." Although he had not read the novel for twenty years. He has a fair knowledge of English literature, and is well acquainted with the old poets and the great fiction writers. A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* praises Mr. Arthur for greatly improving the interior of the White House. When he entered it the old mansion was almost as barren as the builders left it. There was no color anywhere, except in some conventional wall paper patterns; the carpets and furniture were ordinary and common place, and wherever there was a glass screen it was of the ground kind. The carpets were worn, and everything was of a exasperating dulness. The red, the blue, the green, and the east rooms have been transformed, and he has done as much as the money at command would permit toward making the interior of the White House worthy of its exterior—for the home of the President continues to be, architecturally the best building at the capital.

In a private conversation with a member of the German Parliament, Prince Bismarck recently explained his reasons for withdrawing from the direction of Prussian affairs: "I am 70 years old. My nerves are bad, and I have not time to be unctuous. How can I think of ruffled feelings and small particularist jealousies when obliged to watch events going on everywhere. Telegraphy fearfully multiplies my duties at the Chancellerie. Germany is interested in what happens at Rome, Madrid, Vienna, Perth, St. Petersburg, Paris, London, New York, Washington, Hue, Tamatava, Melbourne, Sydney, Cairo and Khartoum. I must regard the world as a chessboard, and see how an event happening, no matter where, can be made indirectly or directly to affect German interests. Formerly a Chancellor just needed to be familiar with the dominant persons in the courts of Europe. He must now understand as well parties, wirepullers, financiers, and currents of public feeling, and act rapidly on information telegraphed to him in haste. To generalize rapidly, his eye should be everywhere and his knowledge most extensive and exact. The Chancellorship is no sinecure. Its duties might overtax a younger man. If the Emperor did not fully support me I could not get through them."

A WONDERFUL FIND.

A Relic of the Chivalry of Spain Deep in an Arizona Mine.

Since the establishment of permanent white settlements in Northern Arizona discoveries have been occasionally made of relics of prehistoric settlers, whose indentity has been heretofore considered irretrievably lost. In the majority of such instances the discoveries were made in re-opening old mining claims from which in ages gone another race had sought to wrest the treasures of the earth. This has been especially the feature in the working of the Chrome mine of the United Verde group in the Black Hills, and the discoveries which have been made in it would indeed warrant an incredulous reception were it not for the reputation and standing of the men who stand ready to vouch for them. While many of these discoveries have been made public through the agency of the local press, but one has heretofore elicited any considerable discussion among scientists, that being the unexpected opening of an old tunnel by the miners at present working in the mine. The tunnel so opened presented the appearance of having been worked many years ago, in a style still common among miners in isolated portions of Mexico and Spanish America. Throughout the entire length timbers had been placed to support the walls for the greater security of the workmen. Scattered along the floor of the tunnel lay

A NUMBER OF STONE HATCHETS

with we worked edges, showing hard service in the hands which once wielded them. In the centre of the apartment, when it was first opened, stood a stake about four feet high and six inches square, on which was painted in a pigment obtained from red oxide of copper, a cross. While the astonished men were still regarding with amazement the wonders of their discovery, one of them, more inquisitive and perhaps possessed of more avarice than the rest, seized the stake so rudely that it dwindled to dust in his hand, as did also the more heavy timbers of the mine on being exposed to the air. At the time two theories were advanced to explain the strange occurrence—one being that the mine had been previously worked by ancient aborigines in search of the red oxide of copper for paint, and that the presence of the stake and cross was but the result of chance; the other was that the mine had been worked for the copper and silver, in which it is very rich, by Indian peons under the direction of Jesuit fathers, and the ore obtained shipped to ecclesiastical coffers in Mexico. The last theory was apparently sustained by the presence of slag near the mine, but was also apparently refuted by the abandonment of the mine at a point where the ledge was shown remarkably rich. Both theories are warmly discussed pro and con by the respective supporters, but that the last one was the correct one is now established beyond cavil. Since the date of the discovery the miners, under the direction of Supt. Thomas, have been engaged in carefully reopening the shafts and tunnels made by the prior workers. While this work has been done with the utmost care, it has also been done with such rapidity that a depth of 283 feet was attained on Sunday last. Early on Monday, while James Dillon and Johnny Bright were working at the extreme end of the tunnel, they were surprised to find an iron article, which they at first supposed to be some household utensil, and together with the prize they both reported the occurrence to Supt. Thomas, who was overjoyed to discover in it an ancient helmet of fine Milan manufacture,

SUPERB IN FINISH AND TEMPER.

Hastily returning with them, he at once placed at work a large force of men, and in less than an hour had exhumed two complete suits of armor, in which still remained the ilum, femur, and tibia of warriors who long had borne their weight in weary marches and fierce fights. Of the armor, one—the first discovered—was of exquisite make of Milan steel, so much prized by the soldiers of the sixteenth century, and consisted of helmet, breast-plate, and back piece, with gussets reaching to the knees and jambes, while the other was of alloret armor, much famed in the middle ages for its defensive qualities, and a favorite with light cavalry. Besides the armor were found two swords, one of renowned Toledo make, bearing a legend in Spanish, which, on being translated to English reads: "Draw me not without cause; shield me not without honor." The other is of unknown make. All the articles found were to-day sent by Supt. Thomas to Gov. Tritle, will, with the permission of the United Verde company, present them to the Smithsonian institution.

Their arrival created the greatest curiosity among the few who knew of it, and in consequence the governor has been so bored by eager sightseers that he finally determined to satisfy the general desire by placing them on exhibition in the rooms of the Chess, Checker, and Whist Club, where all who wished were at liberty to examine them.

From the general condition of the warlike relics it is generally supposed that those who one time wore them were imprisoned and starved to death in the mine, either by accident or through the action of rebellious peons.

A Notorious Criminal.

The Paris police have just arrested one Chatel, a notorious Recidiviste. He made his debut in 1869 by an attempt to murder the late Emperor of the French. He attired himself in the uniform of a grenadier of the imperial guard, and proceeded to the Tuileries, asking to see the emperor, to whom he was intrusted to deliver a message from his colonel. The cent garde on duty at the door of the emperor's study immediately saw through his disguise, owing to his wearing his bearskin the wrong way, and immediately collared him. He released himself, and tried to escape by leaping over the balcony into the garden below, but broke his leg in the fall. The matter seems to have been hushed up, for though he admitted he meant to kill the emperor, and a formidable knife was found upon him, he was only tried for forcing his way into the palace, and got off with fifteen months' imprisonment. Since then he has been repeatedly arrested for burglaries, attempted murders, and kindred offences, but, being at large just now, was wanted by the police, who succeeded in unearthing him in one of the suburban slums. He was in bed with a couple of revolvers ready to his hands, but was secured before he was able to use them. His trial bids fair to be interesting, as he is likely to give himself out as a political victim.

The weather prophet looks for spring this month. The wise man looks for a blood purifier that will not injure his system; he can find what he wants in Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, the greatest of all blood-purifiers. In large bottles at 50 cents.

The "Vancouver."

The *Vancouver*, the new steamer of the Dominion Steamship Line, takes her place on the 8th. May in that company's line between Liverpool and Montreal. The dimensions of the *Vancouver* are:—Length between perpendiculars, 430 feet; breadth of beam, 45 feet: depth of hold, 33 feet 6 inches; tonnage, gross register 5,300 tons. She is built of Consett iron under special survey of the Admirality for Naval and Transport services, and of Lloyd's according to their heaviest, but in many important respects strengthened in excess of the requirements of the highest class, and she is therefore exceptionally strong. She has four decks and eight water-tight bulkheads, and carried up to the main deck. The sanitary arrangements for male passengers are under a long turtle-back forward, and for women and children under the turtle-back aft; the steerages are well ventilated and lighted. The single men are berthed on the forward part of the ship, and the single women are berthed aft in charge of an experienced matron, married couples in centre. Accommodation is provided for 160 saloon passengers, 20 second cabin, 86 intermediate, and 1,200 steerage. Electric light is supplied to every department of the ship, including the side lights in the lighthouses; the system being that of Messrs. Siemens Bros. & Co., London, combined with Swan's lamps. The accommodation provided for the intermediate passengers is much superior to what has hitherto been thought good enough. The saloon is amidships, forward of the engines and boilers, and is a very handsome apartment extending the full width of the ship with seats for 160 persons at four tables running fore and aft, and five tables on each side athwartships, thus permitting easier access, and making up family parties at table. Revolving arm chairs and sofas are richly upholstered in crimson velvet. The cabinetwork of the saloon is in panels and pilasters of teak, maple, planetree, and walnut, decorated in excellent taste with designs of fruit, foliage, flowers, birds, &c. A grand staircase, leads from the saloon entrance upwards to the music room, and thence to the promenade deck. The ladies' music-room is a very handsome apartment with approbate decorations. One of Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons' finest upright grand pianos, of a new style known as the "Avenue" model, discourses sweet sounds to the touch of fying fingers. Here, also, is a well-stocked library. The state-rooms are unusually large, and several of them are fitted with family or honeymoon beds. The state-rooms being in a single line along the side of the ship makes them airy, light, and cheerful—a great desideratum to passengers. The berths are fitted with Rawcliffe's patent wire woven mattrasses, which adapt themselves easily to the sleeper's form, and are most comfortable. The ladies' boudoir is near the saloon, with bath-room, closets, and lavatory adjoining; other bath-rooms, closets, and lavatories are carefully planned and placed where most convenient for the passengers. In the bridge deck there are a number of very commodious state-rooms, at the forward end the barber's shop is near by, while further aft are the second cabin state-rooms and cabin, also the officers' and engineer's state rooms and mess room, and at the after end are the surgeon's ample quarters, with surgery adjoining. Further aft, in the front of the turtle back, are six hospitals, fitted with every requisite; although there is so little serious illness at sea that these are rarely fully occupied. The promenade deck is 188 feet long, without any obstraction whatever, the Fidley casing rising about seven feet high, and carrying up overhead any dust or heat from the boiler department; the *Vancouver* is in this respect unsurpassed. There is ample promenade room on the main deck for intermediate and steerage passengers. The *Vancouver* will carry a very large cargo, and for expeditions working she has six hatches and six steam winches. When it may be necessary to work at night she is supplied with a cluster of electric lamps to illuminate the decks. The anchors are raised by a powerful crane instead of the old-fashioned davits, and the lifeboats are fitted with a new patent lowering process. The ship is steered by Harrison's patent steam steering gear, the machinery being placed aft, where either the hand gear or steam gear can be used at option. The engines and boilers contain all the latest improvements, every detail having been the subject of careful study. The engines are of the three cylinder type, the high pressure cylinder being 58 inches diameter, and the two low pressure cylinders being 90 inches diameter each, and the stroke 66 inches; the boilers being six in number, having 30 furnaces, 46 inches diameter, made of Fox's patent corrugated steel, giving a large heating surface; the initial pressure of steam per square inch is 90 lbs, but the boilers are tested by the Board of Trade to over double that pressure. It is expected that the *Vancouver* will prove one of the fastest vessels in the Canadian trade.

The Truth and Nothing Else.

Nowadays people want proof. Humbugs are more plentiful than dollars, and it is only by the greatest care that many are kept at conviction point that they are not fools. Proof is wanted, and that we can supply in connection with the claims of *Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor* as a sure, safe, and painless remedy for corns. Ask any druggists what he thinks of it. Ask any person who has used it. This will give you all the proof you want. Then buy a bottle, test it, and become a missionary for Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor.

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Dyspepsia and Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters can't live in the same Stomach, one of them has got to go and it isn't the Stomach Bitters. The people's own favorite family medicine in large bottles at 50 cents.

R. P. 176

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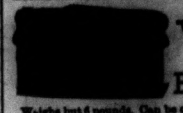

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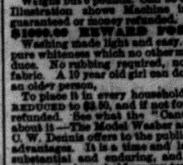

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PHOTOGRAPHER, BELLEVILLE.

Advertising has become so common among business men that the genera public give very little attention to any thing he may say about his business There is certainly a feeling among all classes of persons in favor of their own production. Now it is a common thing for us to say our photos are superior to any in the city, and it has been advertised thus time and again and the public say now give us something new. This we will now do by way of letters which you will find below. The letters are not old ones but letters received recently as you will see by the dates they bear. You will see by the way they are written that they were not intended as puffs, as they are short and most of them on postals. Again, they are from persons whose truthfulness is unquestionable, and well known in most instances. You will also see they are from gentlemen who live in the cities and large towns of our Dominion. With the hope that the publication of these letters will give you more confidence in our work than you now have, we submit the following:—

METHODIST MISSION ROOM,
TORONTO, OCT. 28,1883.

J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: I received your Photo. It is regarded as excellen. Please send me a dozen, with the bill, and I will remit, as you did not state your price. Are you carrying out the album place for the group? What will be the price of that and the ordinary groups respectively?

Yours faithfully,
REV. A. SUTHERLAND, D. D.

WINGHAM, Oct. 30, 1883.

Mr. J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: The Cabinet Photo's you sent me last week came to hand all right. They are regarded as excellent by all who have seen them. If you carry out your design concerning the Conference Album you may put me down for one.

Yours faithfully.
REV. G. H. CORNISH.

MONTREAL, Oct. 18th, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—I am in recept of the dozen of photos. They are perfectly to my satisfaction and the price I paid you I thought very reasonable. I only regret that I did not ask you to take me full size and will do so, should I again visit Belleville. You will please send me one of the group, as I have no dobt it will be a work of art which all will appreciate.

Yours respectfully,
HON. JAMES FERRIER.

J. H. Ford, Esq., Belleville.

LAKESIDE, Nov. 2nd, 1883.

J. H. Ford, Esv.—Dear Sir: I received the photo's all right. They were sent to Embro and were transferred to Lakeside. They were well executed and give entire satisfaction. My wife says they are first-class, and so say they all. &c, &c.

Yours &c.,
CHARLES KITMER.

HAMILTON, Oct. 22, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—Photos to hand. I like them very well. Will you please print 38 more. making 50 in all, and on their receipt I will send you the balance of the money as per agreement. I would like them soon.

Yours truly,
REV. J. S. WILLIAMSON.

To J. H. Ford, Esq., Belleville.

Bond St., TORONTO, Oct. 24, '83.

DEAR SIR,—The photo to hand and am much pleased with its excellent finish. Enclosed you will please find pay for half a dozen, which you will oblige me by sending as early as possible.

Yours truly,
REV. J. COOPER ANLLEFF.

To J. H. Ford. Belleville.

248 Simcoe St., TORONTO, Oct.

DEAR SIR,—Please find enclosed pay for the dozen photos you sent me last week. I must give you credit for the the best picture I ever had taken. They give great satisfactron to myself and family. You may expect an order for some more soon.

Yours as ever,
REV. ROBERTS,
Pres. of B. C. Con.

To J. H. Ford, Belleville.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

SHIRTS AND NECKWARE.

I ALWAYS BUY AT

S. C. RETALLACK'S

SHIRT FACTORY.

White, Oxford and Flannel Shirts made to order on short notice.

Agent for English, Canadian and American Bicycles and Tricycles. Bicycle hose, shirts, &c., in Stock. 360-6.

1858. —ESTABLISHED— 1858.

WRIGHT'S

GROCERY, PROVISION, WINE AND LIQUOR STORE.

CONFECTIONERY AND BISCUITS,

CROCKERY AND GLASSWAR

A quantity of Goods damaged by the late fire will be sold cheap. Call and see them.

JANE WRIGHT.

CHAMBERS & WHITE!

THE | BIG | TEA | POT | SIGN.

(Successors to J. A. Chambers.)

O'FLYNN BLOCK, - MADOC, ONT.,

where will be found a choice stock of fine

GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
CROCKERY.
GLASSWARE, &C.,

—ALSO—

FANCY CHINA WARE, OF THE LATEST DESIGNS.

Fine goods always a specialty with us.

James White. *J. A. Chambers.*

Clothing, Clothing.

The Great One-Price Clothing House.

We will give every purchaser or a

$12.00 SUIT OF CLOTHES, AND UPWARDS,

—ONE OF THE—

CELEBRATED STEM WINDING WATCHES,

guaranteed to keep correct time.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.

POST OFFICE BLOCK.

1883. FALL and WINTER. 1884

Our stock of Fall and Winter Goods is now complete. An inspection solicited from intending purchasers. A large stock of Ready-made Clothing at lowest prices, and all other goods suitable for the season.

SPECIAL.

See our stock of China, Stone and Glassware.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

NUMBER 3, DURHAM STREET, MADOC, ONT.

—DEALER IN—

STOVES AND TINWARE.
HARDWARE AND WOODENWARE,
LAMPS AND LANTERNS,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS & PUTTY,

COAL OIL.

Prices to Suit the Times. - Please Give me a Call.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

Great Bargains

AT THE "RIGHT HOUSE."

$10,000 WORTH OF GOODS thrown on the Market!

Having re-opened in building ONE DOOR east of Post Office, formerly occupied as carriage shop by M. Bristol, we shall for the

NEXT 30 DAYS MARK GOODS DOWN TO COST.

Goods damaged by removal from fire sell at LESS than manufacturers' prices.

All lines of Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats and Caps, cut **away down.**

Boots and Shoes *MUST BE RUN OFF* inside 30 days, to make room.

Don't forget the place—one door east of the Post Office, Madoc.

D. C. CLARKE.

Madoc, Feb. 21st, 1884.

W CHES, WATCHES, WATCHES.

Call and examine my stock, just arrived, which

I am offering for nearly COST PRICE, for cash.

E. L. WEISS.

C. G. WILSON,

CHEMIST

—AND—

DRUGGIST.

APRIZE Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

E. B. Casement & Co. Nails from Stoc AND GENERAL HARDWARE Madoc.

North Hastings Review.

E. B. Casement & Co. Glass, Putty, Paints, Varnishes of all kinds. MADOC, ONT.

JOHN R ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 369. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, May 22, 1884. POSTAGE PREPAID

COUNTY AND DISTRICT NEWS.

Compiled and Boiled Down from our Exchanges

Fifty persons in Stirling have become members of the Salvation Army.

The two Methodist Sunday-schools are to be amalgamated at once at Stirling.

They do nothing by halves at Trenton, the whole assessment being appealed against.

Rev J. J. Baker, of Toronto, has accepted the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Belleville.

Chief Hinde of Trenton, was appointed a County Constable last week by Judge Fralick.

The Kingston Lead works will be re-opened soon. Ore from the mines, near Arnprior, will be shipped by the Kingston and Pembroke Railway.

The Salvation Army in Stirling are organizing a brass band. They have already purchased an alto trombone and a bass drum from the Stirling band.

Mr. Hiram Conley has recently purchased of Mr. Jas. Hagerman his 200 acre farm, lot 10, con. 3, Rawdon, the purchase price being something over $8,000.

John McGill, a farmer living two miles out of Picton on the road to Smith's Bay, hung himself Monday morning with a log chain to an apple tree while temporarily insane.

Rev. Dr. Jeffers, pastor of the Holloway street Methodist Church, Belleville, having completed his fiftieth year in the ministry, will retire at the close of the official year.

The work of ballasting and grading on the Napanee, Tamworth and Quebec railway is being pushed with the utmost vigor. Regular trains will be run between Napanee and Tamworth in a month or two.

The first murder recorded in the criminal annals of Belleville took place in October, 1835, in front of what is now known as Hambly's. A man named Watson stabbed another named Caldwell, on account of a row about some horse trade.

A Mrs. Perry, of Camden East, has probably the finest head of hair of any lady in this district, if not in the Province. Although she is rather above the medium height, her hair, when let down while she is standing, sweeps the floor several inches.

Last week some malicious persons tied a joint of stove pipe to the tail of a valuable horse belonging to Mr. James Bowen, postmaster at Deseronto. The horse was started in an opposite direction from his home, and ran about a mile before he was stopped.

Lieutenant-Governor Robinson, Sir John A Macdonald, Hon. E. Blake, Sir Richard Cartwright, Hon. Speaker Kirkpatrick, Rev. Dr. Jeffers, Dr. Canniff, and Dr. Sangster, are expected to deliver addresses at the U. E. Loyalist's celebration in Adolphustown, which will be held from the 16th to the 18th June.

Mr. Robt. E. Grass, father of Mrs. Boulter, of Stirling, died at Frankford on Thursday (8th) from softening of the brain, resulting directly from a stroke of paralysis received just three years and one day previous to his death. He was a member of a staunch U. E. loyalist family, and has lived for many years in Sidney, being widely known and respected.

Holloway's Pills.—Nothing preserves the health so well as these alterative Pills in changeable weather, or when our nervous systems are irritable. They act admirably on the stomach, liver, and kidneys, and so thoroughly purify the blood, that they are the most efficient remedy for warding off derangements of the stomach, fever, diarrhœa, dysentery, and other maladies, and giving tone and energy to enervated valetudinarians. All who have the natural desire of maintaining their own and family's health, cannot do better than trust to Holloway's Pills, which cool, regulate and strengthen. These purifying Pills are suitable for all ages, seasons, climates, and constitutions, when all other means fail, and are the female's best friend.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, and regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25c a bottle.

Robert Robertson, a grain merchant of Flesherton, was found drowned in a well behind a grain storehouse Thursday morning. It is supposed he accidentally slipped in while getting a drink.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

Mr. Wm. Johnson, of Huron, Dak., writes that his wife had been troubled with acute Bronchitis for many years, and that all remedies tried gave no permanent relief, until he procured a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which had a magical effect, and produced a permanent cure. It is guaranteed to cure all Diseases of the Throat, Lungs, or Bronchial Tubes. Trial bottles free at all Drug Stores. Large size $1.00.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Municipal Council of Dungannon and Faraday, in the County of Hastings, will pass a By-law at its next meeting to be held at L'Amable, May 31st, 1884, for the purpose of establishing a deviation on the Carlow Road, commencing at lot 8 in 10th concession of Dungannon, and running thence northeast about 40 rods to lot 7, and thence about 45 rods southeast, on said lot No. 7, 10th concession of Dungannon, till it joins the present travelled road.

A By-law will also be passed, to establish a piece of road running from north to south, through the middle of lot 10, in the 9th concession of Faraday.

A. C. BARKER,
Township Clerk.

L'Amable, may 5th. 367-4w

Wholesale & Retail

The undersigned begs leave to notify his customers and the public that his stock is complete once more, since the late fire.

Having just received a full and complete assortment of

GROCERIES,
CROCKERY,
WINES,
LIQUORS,

&c.,—the very best that the

MARKET WILL AFFORD,

which will be sold as reasonable as any other house in the trade.

Hoping to receive a fair share of public patronage in the future as in the past.

D. W. WRIGHT.

RUSSEL PROPERTY, MADOC.

Village Building Lots
FOR SALE.

MR. W. H. HASTINGS,
SOLICITOR, MADOC,

will give all necessary information as to prices, terms, &c.

Mr. R. D. Russel has no further connection with Mrs. Sarah Russel's affairs.

(Signed.)

H. & J. RUSSEL,
Attorneys for Mrs. Sarah Russel,
Montreal.

Feb. 18th, 1884. 361

REQUISITION!

To His Worship, E. D. O'FLYNN, ESQ., Reeve of Madoc.

We, the undersigned business people of the Village of Madoc, would respectfully suggest to your worship that Monday, the 26th day of May, be appointed as the day most suitable for the celebration of the Queen's Birthday in Madoc, (Saturday, the 24th, being the business day of the village). We therefore humbly request that you will be pleased to issue a proclamation to that effect.

John Dale & Son,	D. C. Clarke,
Thomas Roberts,	D. R. Rowen,
D. W. Wright,	G. D. Rawe,
J. S. Loomis,	M. Mayhee,
Gray & McGregor,	Jefferson Caverly,
Thos. Cross,	John Robertson,
J. Harper,	Sylmer Ross & Co.,
J. Whytock,	Joseph Caverly & Son
Geo. A. Rollins,	J. A. Chambers,
E. L. Weiss,	R. R. Casement,
O'Flynn & O'Hara.	

In accordance with the above, I have appointed Monday, 26th day of May, instant, for the celebration of the Queen's Birthday, calling upon all good loyal citizens to observe it as a holiday.

E. D. O'FLYNN,
Reeve.

Madoc, May 15th, '84.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month.
D. LUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, Glanmire P. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O.
B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P.O

STA OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

MADOC LODGE, No 179, I.O.O.F.

MEETS EVERY MONDAY EVENING, in the Lodge Room, Weiss Block, at eight o'clock, sharp.

Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

JAMES WHITE, *Secretary.* G. A. ROLLINS, *Noble Grand.*

E. GUSS PORTER,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street. Private money to loan at lowest rates.

THOMAS HANLEY,
ARCHITECT & BUILDER,
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO.

PLANS, Specifications, Details, and Estimates prepared for all kinds of Buildings. Contracts taken at reasonable rates.

OFFICE—At Pringle's Factory. 356-3m

Farm for Sale.

THE Farm known as the McCillican stand, Thanet, west side of the Hastings Road, being composed of 150 acres of land. The property is first class, and offers a good opening for a general business. The post office is kept on the premises, which is also leased as a hotel. Terms easy. For further information apply to

JOHN CHRISTIE.

Madoc, Feb. 27, 1884. 357

HIGHEST CASH PRICE

PAID FOR

Hides, Sheep and Calf Skins, Wool, Tallow and Eggs.

Opposite Harper's Block, St. Lawrence Street.

B. A. S. WILSON.

WANTED—AGENTS to sell TUNISON'S New and Superior Canada Maps and Charts.

As paying as any agency in the world. For full particulars, free, address H. C. TUNISON, Map Publisher, 388 Richmond Street, LONDON, ONTARIO. 363

JAS. WHYTOCK,

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER, ETC,

MADOC, — ONT.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK,
MADOC.

Banking House!

—OF—

E. D. O'FLYNN,

"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

1883

NORTH HASTINGS WAREHOUSE.

I AM prepared to purchase all kinds of grain delivered at the North Hastings Warehouse, and for which the highest prices will be paid.

Mr. Alex. Miller is again engaged as warehouseman.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Aug. 14, 1883. 281.

GLEN LEWIS MILLS!

DOWNEY'S RAPIDS.

Are now in full operation, and all who have Grinding or Cracking to get done will find it to their benefit to go to the above mills, as you get the flour from your own wheat. We do not keep your spring wheat and give you fall wheat flour instead, which is worth less money.

All who bring over 12 bushels of wheat will get it put through the Merchants Bolts, where you will get a superior article, as there are three reels to dress the Flour instead of one like the common Bolt.

Cracking Done Cheap for Cash,
NO DELAY.

Flour and Feed always on hand, cheap. First-class millers always in attendance. Please give me a call and be convinced.

M. G. EASTON.

FURNITURE.

HAVING had to vacate half of the place occupied by us leaves us no room for Furniture, so what we have left (being so over-crowded) we will sell either at auction or private sale for whatever the balance will bring. Any one wanting Sideboards, Whatnots, or small tables or stands or any other article still on hand, will get such bargains as neve. was nor never will be again offered in Madoc.

Auction Sale on Saturdays.

M. SCOTT.

Thos. Scott, Agent and Auctioneer.

Gray & McGregor,

GENERAL

GROCERS,

—AND—

LIQUOR

MERCHANTS,

Madoc, — Ont.

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT.

GRADUATE of the University of Toronto. Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,

BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.

A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

NORTHRUP & DENMARK,

BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.

GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

GREAM & McDONALD.

SOLICITORS Supreme Court, Notaries Public, and Conveyancers. Money to loan on Real Estate Security. Office in the Weiss Block, Madoc.

CHARLES GREAM. | ALEX. A. McDONALD.

DENTIST.

JOHN McCULLOCH, L. D. S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, office in Dale's Block, Durham St., Madoc. Office hours from 8 to 5 o'clock.

FARMERS!

I LOAN at 6, 6½, and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no commission.

J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 241

W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, &c., Madoc, Ont. OFFICE—O'Flynn Block.

A. F. WOOD,
Land, Loan, & Commission Agency

OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

Madoc, Jan. 27th, 1879. 96

M. W. SINE, V. S.,

(Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College. Registered Member of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association.)

Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by mail or telegram promptly attended to.

OFFICE—REVIEW BLOCK, Madoc, Ont.

G. W. WALKER, L. D. S.

DENTAL SURGEON.

OFFICE—Front Street, Belleville, directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.

If you want artificial teeth to suit you, or filling that will save the natural teeth, go to Dr. Walker's Dental Rooms, Belleville. Send a note or postal card a week if possible before going, then you will be waited on as soon as the office is reached. Thanks for liberal patronage in the past, and don't forget where to go in the future.

Belleville, Nov. 27, 1882. 293

Mining Lands.

SALE of Mining Lands effected. Mineral Properties and Ores reported on.

JOHN STEWART,
Mining Engineer, Madoc, Ont.

March, 31, 1883. 311.

WALLBRIDGE & MARSKELL.

(Successors to Hon. Lewis Wallbridge, Q.C.,

BARRISTERS, &c.— Office— McAnnany's Building, Corner of Front and Bridge Streets, Belleville.

Money (private) to loan at low rates upon good security. Largeloans preferred. Charges Moderate.

FRANK S. WALLBRIDGE—FRANCIS MARSKELL.

MONEY TO LOAN.

THE undersigned has on hand a large amount of private money to loan on first class real estate, at low interest. Can be repaid by instalments or in one payment, to suit the borrower. Loans granted from $100 up to $4,000. Apply to

W. H. HASTINGS,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc.

Sept. 25, 1883. 335-tf

$66 a week at home. $5.00 outfit free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. Hallett & Co. Portland, Maine.

QUEEN CITY OIL CO.

GOLD MEDALS
Awarded at Toronto, London and Guelph, in 1883, for

PEERLESS
AND OTHER
MACHINE OILS.

For Sale by all First-Class Dealers.
Every Barrel Guaranteed.

SAMUEL ROGERS, Manager,

IN GOLDEN BONDS.

CHAPTER XXX.—AND LAST

The heartless cruelty of Mr. Rayner in allowing his poor submissive wife to live in a room such as he would not for the world have kept horse, or dog, or even violin in shocked and repelled me, and wrung from me the cry—

"The villain!"

"Hush!" said she. "He may be listening to us now."

"I don't care!" cried I passionately. "I am glad if he hears—if he hears me say that this morning I hoped he would escape, but that now I hope they will find him, for they cannot possibly punish him as he deserves. Oh, Mrs. Rayner, and I—I sleeping up in the turret to be out of the damp! How you must have hated me!"

"I did once, I own," she whispered, sinking into a chair and taking the hands I stretched out towards her. "But it was foolish of me, for you did not know—how could you know?"

"But why did you stay? Why did you say nothing about it? And why were you not glad to go up-stairs, instead of begging as you did to remain here?"

"Because," she whispered, her nervous agitation coming back again, "I knew that while I remained down here they would not kill me outright; they would not let me die down here and introduce doctors and strangers to examine into the cause of my death into this room. I knew that a change of room was my death-warrant; and it would have been, but for the accident which happened to Sarah on the very night when, but for you, I should have been sleeping up-stairs ready to her hand."

I staggered back, suddenly remembering the message Mr. Rayner had in his letter told me to give Sarah. It was this—"Tell Sarah not to forget the work she has to do in my absence." And I remember also the grim way in which she had received it. Could he have meant that?

Mrs. Rayner continued—

"He hates violence; all was to have been over by his return, and he free to marry you."

"But he couldn't. I was engaged to Laurence, Mrs. Rayner."

She gave a little bitter smile.

"And do you think that, with Laurence away and Mr. Rayner here, you could have withstood him? In spite of his soft manners, he has a will that acts like a spell. I tell you," said she, twisting my fingers nervously, "though you say he is in America, and Laurence Reade says I shall never be in his power again, his influence is strong upon me even now. There is no peace, no freedom for me as long as he lives."

"Mrs. Rayner," said I suddenly, "may I ask you if what Mr. Rayner told me when I first came is true—that you were rich and he poor, and that he lived on your money?"

"No, it is not true. I had a little money when he first married me; which he ran through with at once."

"And is it true you once wrote books, and had a little boy whose death made a great change in you?" said I slowly, watching her face.

"No; I never had any child but Mona and Haidee."

"Then what did he——"

"What did he tell you so for? He delights in making up fantastic tales of that sort, and often in making me bear witness to the truth of his inventions; it is part of his wild humour. When he went away to carry out a robbery, he would let me know what he was going to do—just to torture me."

The dead calmness with which she told me all this was maddening to me.

"Why did you bear it? Why didn't you rebel, or run away and tell a policeman?"

"If Sarah had killed me, and you had married Mr. Rayner," she answered slowly, staring straight at me, "you would have understood why."

And the power this man exercised over every one who came much in his way became in a moment clear to me, when I saw by what different means he had on the one hand cowed his wife and the fiery Sarah, and on the other gained a strong influence over such different women as Mrs. Reade and myself. But the revelation was more than I could bear. I said faintly—

"May I go to my room, Mrs. Rayner? I—I am not well."

And she herself led me very slowly—for I was indeed weak and ill, half with the pain of my arm and half with misery and disgust—up to my bed in the turret-room.

Before the end of the day I heard that Mrs. Saunders had disappeared without any warning or any application for payment of services, as soon as Sarah had been taken off to the lunatic asylum. She had spared us any pangs of self-reproach on her account, however, by taking with her Mrs. Rayner's watch, and also the cook's, which had been left in the rooms of their respective owners.

"She doesn't expect to see Mr. Rayner again then," I whispered to Mrs. Rayner, who came to my bedside to tell me the news, "or she would never dare to do that."

And, persuaded by me, Mrs. Rayner now relieved of any dread on Sarah's account, returned to the front spare-room, which, however disagreeable the remembrance of Sarah's mad attempt on her life might be, was at any rate healthier than the dungeon in the left wing. There was really nothing to keep the poor lady at the Alders now, as I told Laurence by letter that evening all that Gordon had said to me in the store-room, and the idea had gained ground that Mr. Rayner had gone to America. But she insisted upon remaining until I was well enough to be moved, an event which I had myself retarded by rashly leaving my room three times since I had been told to keep my bed.

Next day, which was Saturday, Laurence wrote to say he that he had himself searched the store-room and Mr. Rayner's study, but found no trace of Gordon beyond a pair of handcuffs placed neatly in the middle of the store-room on the top of a pyramid of biscuit tins and pickle-jars, with a sheet of paper saying that the late wearer begged to return them with thanks to the police, who might perhaps succeed in making them stay longer on the wrist of a simpler rogue than his obedient servant, F. Gordon.

Those days that I spent in bed were a miserable time for all of us. The suspense we were all in—never sure whether Mr. Rayner was in America or whether he might be really close to us all the time. The bits of news brought us from hour to hour by the awe-stricken Jane—first that there was a large reward offered for his capture; then rumours, which always proved to be false, of his having been caught; then complaints of the number of people who came just to look at the outside of the house that the ugly stories were being told about! For the facts fell far short of the accounts which were freely circulated—of there being a cellar full of human bones, supposed to be the remains of Mr. Rayner's victims, under the Alders; that the household consisted entirely of women whom he had married at one time or another; and so forth.

Meanwhile the fog still hung about the place, and Nap, the retriever, howled every night. When Monday came, I, anxious to be declared convalescent as soon as possible, and to be able to avail myself of Mrs. Manner's invitation to stay at the vicarage, persuaded Doctor Lowe to let me go downstairs. It was about twelve o'clock when I left my room, and I had make my way as far as the corridor below, when I became aware of an unusual commotion on the ground-floor, doors being opened and shut, the sobbing of a woman, excited whisperings between Jane and the cook, and then a heavy tramp, tramp of men's feet through the hall and along the passage to Mr. Rayner's study.

I went to the top of the back stair-case, descended a few steps, and looked over. The gardener and Sam were carrying between them a door, on which something was lying covered by a sheet. The cook opened the study door, and they took it in. A horrible dread filled my mind and kept me powerless for a few moments. Then I ran along the corridor, down the front staircase, and met little Haidee with awe on her childish face.

"Oh, Miss Christie," she whispered, clutching my arm in terror, "they've found papa!"

Jane ran forward and caught me as I tottered in the child's clasp. Before I had recovered sufficiently to go to Mrs. Rayner in the drawing-room, Laurence and Mrs. Manners arrived, having heard the ghastly news already. They took us over to the vicarage at once, and I never returned to the Alders again.

In the evening Laurence told me all about the discovery. The gardener, who had done little work for the last three days beyond keeping the gate locked and driving away with a whip the boys who would swarm over when they got a chance, "just to have a look at the place," had been attracted that morning by the shrill cries of Mona, who, now more neglected than ever, spent all day in the garden in spite of the fog. He ran to the pond, where she was nearly always to be found, and whence her cries came, fearing she had fallen in. But he found her standing in the mud on the edge of it, screaming, "Come out, come out!" and clutching with a stick at an object in the water. It was the body of her father, entangled among the reeds.

The down-trodden grasses and rushes at that corner of the pond nearest to the stile which joined the path through the plantation to the path through the field beyond told the story of how he must have missed his way coming through the plantation in the dense fog of Wednesday night, on his way back from the Hall to the Alders, slipped into the pond, and been drowned out there in the fog and darkness, while his dog Nap, hearing his cry for help, had tried in vain, by howling and barking, to draw attention to his master's need.

It was an awful thing that night to lay awake in my strange room at the Vicarage, and picture to myself the dead Mr. Rayner laying at the Alders, the sole occupant, with the exception of the woman hired to watch by him, of the big dreary house where he, with his love of fun and laughter had seemed to me to be the one ray of brightness.

I heard next day that two passages, booked in the name of "Mr. and Mrs. Norris," had actually been taken by him on board a ship which left Liverpool for New York on the very Thursday when we were to have started on our journey "to Monaco." The tickets were found upon him and also the necklace, which proved to be a valuable ornament of rubies that had belonged to Mrs. Cunningham, which he had clasped around my neck on the night of his death, but which I had flung upon the floor. These were the only ones, of all the stolen jewels, which were ever recovered, with the exception of the diamond pendant, which I sent back to its owner, Lord Dalston. Upon the house being searched, the candle which had fallen from my hand when I first went into the cellar under the store-room was found under the stagnant water there, and also the brown portmanteau, which was identified as the one belonging to Sir Jonas Mills; but the jewels, with the exception of one drop from an ear-ring, had disappeared.

I heard about Gordon, as he told me I should, through Carruthers, who long before the impression these events made died away, received a letter dated from New York, in which Gordon, in a very respectful manner, apologised for the inconvenience his sudden disappearance might have caused his master, who had, he could not doubt, by this time learned the reason of it through the London papers. Mr. Carruthers would find that the bills he had commissioned him to settle in Beaconsburg on that unfortunate Wednesday afternoon had been paid, and he begged to forward him the receipts; he had also left the silver-mounted flask to be repaired at Bell's and the hunting stock at Marsdon's. He had given up service for the present and taken to a different profession as he felt, if he was not taking a liberty in saying so, that it would be impossible for him to find in America a master who gave him in all respects so much satisfaction as Mr. Carruthers had done.

Nothing more has ever been heard of Gordon under that name; but some time afterwards a representative of the United States Congress, who was described as a rich West India merchant, made a great sensation by a very impressive speech upon some financial question; a rough sketch of him in a New York illustrated paper fell into the hands of Mr. Carruthers, who sent it to Laurence, and under the trimly cut moustache and hair parted very much to one side we fancied we recognised something like the clear-cut features and bland expression of our old friend Gordon.

I was married to Laurence before the trial of poor Tom Parkes and of the subordinate who had been caught removing the plate from the Hall. I had to give evidence, and I was so much distressed at having to do so that Tom, good-natured to the last, called out—

"Don't take on so miss. Lor' bless you, you can't say any worse than they know! only a matter of form you know."

He took a stolid sort of glory in his iniquities, pleaded "Guilty" to the charges brought against him of taking an active part in all three robberies, and exulted especially in the neatness of the execution of the robbery at Denham Court, where the various articles stolen were being quietly abstracted one by one at different times by Gordon for two or three days before the Tuesday, when they were finally carried off by Mr. Rayner, and taken by him and Tom to the Alders, where Sarah had received them, as I had seen.

As to what had become of the jewels afterwards, Tom professed himself as innocent as a child; but, whether this is true or not, nobody believed him. He was sentenced to fourteen years penal servitude, and did not hear the sentence with half so much concern as I.

Poor Mrs. Rayner never entirely shook off the gloomy reserve which had grown around her during those long years of her miserable marriage. Kind-hearted Sir Jonas Mills was among the very first to come forward to help her; and, by his generous assistance and that of other friends, she went to live abroad, taking Haidee with her, and Jane, who proved a most devoted servant and friend.

Laurence and I who were married before she left England, undertook the care of poor little savage Mona, who has grown into almost as nice a girl as her sister. And now I have one of my own too.

(THE END.)

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Never leave home with unkind words.

Earnestness alone makes life eternity.

The apple falls near the tree.

By the error of others the wise man corrects his own.

The man who can govern a woman can govern a nation.

It is easier to make all Europe agree than two women.

Every day is a little life, and our whole life, is but a day repeated.

Affect not little shifts and subterfuges to avoid the force of an argument.

There is nothing so strong and safe in an emergency of life as the simple truth.

A great name is like an eternal epitaph engraved by the admiration of men on the road of time.

Though an archer shoot not so high as he aims, yet the higher he takes his aim the higher he shoots.

When arguments press equally in matters indifferent, the safest method is to give up ourselves to neither.

Simplicity, of all things, is the hardest to be copied, and ease is only to be acquired with the greatest labor.

The premeditation of death is the premeditation of liberty; he who has learned to die has forgot to serve.

Commonly, physicians, like wine, are best when they are old; and lawyers, like bread when they are young and new.

Of all the gifts that nature can give us, the faculty of remaining silent, or of answering apropos, is perhaps the most useful.

That state of life is the most happy where superfluities are not required and where necessaries are not wanting.

He that judges, without informing himself to the utmost that he is capable, cannot acquit himself of judging amiss.

The life of man consists not in seeing visions and dreaming dreams, but in active charity and willing service.

We must, if we are wise, make some calculations in our life, and say what we can spend now, and what we shall keep for the future.

There is but one philosophy, though there are a thousand schools, and its name is fortitude—to bear is to conquer our fate.

Mark this well, ye proud men of action! Ye are, after all, nothing but unconscious instruments of the men of thought.

When the mind has brought itself to attention it will be able to cope with difficulties and master them, and then it may go on soundly.

Ceasing to learn is beginning to die. Schooling is not only needed for girls and boys, but for men and women through every phase of life, if they would complete their career.

Cranks and Crooks.

A Wall street millionaire has received a begging letter asking for $25,000 to establish a home for "decayed point-givers" on the financial situations.

An old bachelor died at East Albany, Vt., the other day, and $60,000 in bonds, notes and certificates were found in the linings of his clothes.

Mr. Bread says that Howard, the great philanthropist who crossed the seas to relieve the distressed, was a brute and a tyrant in his own family, and that his cruel treatment caused the death of his wife. The doctor is of the opinion that even the extraordinary benevolence of Howard was one of the symptoms of the disease in his brain.

A young man who was sent the other day by the Roxbury, Mass., court to the House of Correction for four months had on his person a diary, which indicated that by begging he had secured about $2 50 or $3 a day, and that he had been in the habit of having a "good time." Nearly every evening was marked as costing twenty-five cents for admission to a theatre, concert or skating rink.

The Bombay *Gazette* states that the Mahommedans of that Presidency do not believe the Soudan pretender to be the "Imam Mahdi," or true Mahdi, yet regard him as a "Musjid," or spiritual guide. The true Mahdi, they believe, will not appear till about the close of the present century as witness to the coming of Mahomet. They also, it is said, entertain the curious belief that he is destined to experience no fewer than thirteen defeats before victory finally crowns his arms.

If the Mexican periodical, *La Patria*, is a representative of the religious feeling that exists in that country, the missionaries who are now trying to convert the heathen should be recalled and shipped to Mexico, where they will find a more civilised country in which to promulgate their doctrines. A recent number of that periodical was unreligious enough to contain several humorous as well as profane caricatures of the Lord, His apostles and His tormentors.

Wyatt Hare, of Nelson, Va., just dead, had some peculiarities, among them this one; He never bought a match. A fire, either open or banked, was kept up continually on the hearth. In this he trod in the footsteps of his father, and the fire upon that one hearth was a continuous fire for more than 100 years.

PERSONALS.

About Matthew Arnold—Duke of Buccleugh—Prince Leopold—Prince Albert Victor—and Other Well Known People

Mr. De Lesseps often sleeps for twenty-four hours on a stretch, and then goes a whole week without a moment's dozing.

It is said that Mr. Mathew Arnold cleared six thousand dollars from the sweetness and light he distributed among the Yankees.

A list of 500 persons who sent crosses and wreaths on the occasion of the funeral of the Duke of Albany is published in the London newspapers "by authority."

Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly, being under the ban of the English government, will not accompany Mrs. O'Reilly to Europe, where she proposes to spend the summer.

Governor Robinson, of Massachusetts, wants "fashionable drinking" attacked next and hopes the time will soon come when wine will cease to be a necessity at wedding entertainments.

A monument is to be erected in Paris to Berlioz, the eminent composer. The municipality have granted a site for the purpose on the Square Vintimille, at the corner of the Rue de Calais, in which he died.

The late Walter Francis Scott, fifth Duke of Buccleugh and seventh Duke of Queensbury, is said to have spent a million dollars in improving the harbor of Granton, two miles from Edinburgh.

Queen Victoria is to be presented with the sacred flag blessed by El Mahdi which was captured at Tokar, and which is made of two pieces of coarse silk, one buff and the other red, with Arabic inscriptions on each side.

Prince Leopold had always a desire to be created Duke of York, but the Queen objected. The title of the Duke of Albany has been adopted five times in Scotland and four times in England, but has never passed to a second generation.

A "Lyceum dress lining," printed all over with portraits in miniature of Henry Irving and Miss Terry, and with scenes from *Romeo and Juliet* and *The Merchant of Venice*, is the latest Irving craze, which comes from an English Manchester print works.

Mr. Froude has been out of health for some time past, and as soon as he has completed the revision of the proof sheets of the concluding volumes of his "Life of Mr. Carlyle," he will start on a voyage round the world. He proposes to pass some time both in America and in Australia.

Sir Michael Costa having sent a copy of his *Eli* and a fine Stilton cheese to Rossini, and receiving no reply from the author of *William Tell*, wrote and asked if the package had arrived. "Yes, dear Costa, it came to hand," answered Rossini. "*The Cheese was Magnificent.*"

President Grevy is credited with having recently beaten Vignaux, the French champion billiard player, in a match at the Elysee. The President, remarks the London *Truth*, is a good man with the cue, but if he really beat Vignaux, we must conclude that the skill of the latter is not confined to the board of green cloth. Louis XIV. made a man a Minister because he always allowed "Le Grand Monarque" to best him at billiards.

The late Duke of Buccleuch and the Duke of Northumberland once found themselves in a carriage going northward with a commercial traveller. The conversation was general between the three. At Alnwick station the Duke of Northumberland got out, and was borne away in a showy equipage. "That must be a swell," said the commercial traveller. "Do you know who it is?" "The Duke of Northumberland," replied his Grace of Buccleuch. "And they say," exclaimed the traveller, "that our nobility is haughty. Way, he talked to two snobs like you and me as though we had been his pals!"

Changes from one profession into another are not unfrequent, remarks the London *World*, and with results of a very varied character. The late Dr. Bickersteth left his studentship in medicine for holy orders, and became Bishop of Ripon; the present Bishop of Lichfield quitted the army for the church militant; there are two Q. C.'s now in practice, the one Mr. R. B. Finlay, a doctor of medicine, and the other a parson, to wit, Mr. Marriott, M. P. From law to medicine, however, the change is unusual; nevertheless Mr. R. M. Routledge is a case in point. He is a barrister of over four years' standing, and an application which he has just made to the Medical Council to be exempted from the preliminary examination has, as a matter of course, been granted.

The report that Prince Albert Victor of Wales is to be raised to the peerage as the Duke of Dublin, says the *St James' Gazette* requires conformation, his Royal Highness's father being already Earl of Dublin by creation of her present Majesty in 1850. Such creation is not an absolute bar to a similar one. Substantially identical titles have before now been conferred on different persons, the grant of the existing earldom of Leicester in 1837, before that of 1784 had become extinct, being a case in point. The number of historical titles at the disposal of the sovereign just now is not excessive, especially if the choice be restricted as it has been in later times, to titles which have already been borne by princes of the blood. At present there is no Duke of York, no Duke of Gloucester, or of Anmerle. A few weeks will decide the question as to whether the dukedom of Albany and the earldom of Clarence be dormant or extinct. Prince Leopold was the first who ever bore the title of Earl of Clarence.

Winning Applause.

Fannie Horton, a once celebrated actress, won her first applause in a somewhat singular manner. During her performance in a particular scene she was loudly hissed, when, advancing to the footlights, she asked: "Which do you dislike—my playing or my person?" "The playing, the playing!" was the answer from all parts of the house. "Well," she returned, "that consoles me; for my playing may be bettered, but my person cannot alter!" The audience were so struck with the ingenuity of this retort that they immediately applauded as loudly as they had the moment before condemned her; and from that night she improved in her acting, and soon became a favorite with the public.—*Chambers' Journal.*

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"And what is this animal called?" asked the teacher of the class in natural history, as he pointed to a picture of the sloth. And the class all shouted at once, "A messenger boy!"

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FOR THE FARMER.

Contagious Diseases of Cattle.

Professional men quite often evince a narrowness of view, and a prejudice even at times, which prevent them from discussing in a liberal manner, some vexed questions which may be public property as well as professional. The time has long since passed away when professional men had a monopoly of matters pertaining to their profession or could hold themselves above criticism by intelligent persons outside of their class. And this view of the case becomes clear when we read the remarks made in the paper read by a veterinary surgeon at the Chicago convention. We propose to refer to but one of the views of several which we think to be mistaken in that paper. The author of the paper compares the origin of the diseases under consideration to the seeding of a field with corn, without which there could be no possible growth. This is a wholly erroneous view of the case. On the other hand, it would have been much more reasonable and truthful to compare the animal system to a soil apparently free from vegetable growth, but still charged with dormant seeds of weeds which are waiting for some favorable conditions, as the warm shower and sunshine, to burst into sudden and vigorous growth.

This is the view taken by physicians and physiologists as regards the nature of many of these so called germ diseases *ab initio*. There are many cases of these diseases, of which no apparent outside origin can be even suspected that has relation to infection or contagion. There are sufficient cases, however, to warrant the beliefs, or certainty, that the dormant seeds of disease which are always present in the system, waiting for development by favorable conditions, have been quickened into active life by these exciting causes, just as the soil, apparently clear and entirely free from pernicious growth, is quickly covered with an eruption of verdure from the effect of warmth and moisture.

And in a similar manner we have seen an apparently healthy and vigorous man working in the harvest field, remove his coat, and, when saturated with perspiration, sit in the shade and enjoy the cool breeze, which quickly closed the pores of the skin, turned back the current of evaporation of impure matter from the blood, and struck a chill to the very marrow. Within a few hours the man is stricken with typhoid fever (which is an infectious disease,) and is at the very gates of the grave or within its cold walls. This is a type of perhaps the majority of sporadic cases of such diseases, and is especially true of those "germ" disorders which are popularly termed 'malaria," such as "ague," "chills," and intermittent or remittent fevers. Our own experience in regard to animals proves the same thing. Hog cholera is produced *de novo* beyond any doubt. So is splenic fever among cattle, and so is glanders among horses. But no doubt, too, these diseases are spread by contagion as well.

We might argue the question in the direction of the uselessness of precautionary hygiene and sanitary measures as a method of preventing this class of disease, and of the utter helplessness of man to avoid them, if they are always necessarily produced by contagion, because the contagion virus—the germs—are indestructible by any ordinary measures. But this is scarcely necessary. It is not long since, as might be pointed out, the Department of Agriculture reported that swine cholera was utterly exterminated and had disappeared. But yet, as usual, when the feeding season, with all its unwholesome conditions and environments, has begun, cholera appears here and there with the prevailing characteristics and results. No doubt each case is a centre from which the disease spreads, until, like the rings in a pool caused by the dropping of the rain upon it, the whole surface is soon in commotion the disease sweeps over wide localities and invades every herd.

It is to be regretted that the dangerous and ineffective practice of vaccination is recommended, or rather suggested. It has been very conclusively shown that this merely perpetuates the disease, especially as regards the fatal pleuro-pneumonia, and tends to divert attention from the indispensable sanitary precautions which alone can avoid the exciting causes of the diseases.

The usefulness of these precautions is conclusively shown in the present rarity of epidemic diseases in the well drained, more clean and wholesome cities, where formerly they ran fearful riot and slew thousands upon thousands of victims, whose lives were sacrificed to the filth and foulness with which large cities then overflowed. Sanitary precautions should be to the veterinary surgeon, as well as to the physician, what hoeing and clean cultivation are to the farmer, to destroy the seed or the germs of the organisms—weeds in either case—which lie dormant in the blood in the one and in the soil in another; for it is abundantly clear that the seeds of disease exist in the blood, waiting for favorable chances to germinate, just as those of the weeds exist in the soil, and that the diseases are not always sown after the manner in which we sow corn.—*Chicago Times.*

Poultry—Breeds for Laying.

The best breeds of fowls for laying, are those that suit the climate in which they are kept. It is an oft-repeated inquiry as to which breeds is most suitable, by those who contemplate poultry keeping. Such inquiry can only be answered by those who have experimented with different varieties in different locations. There is no doubt that the Leghorns are equal to any other breed for egg production, but it does not follow that they are the most profitable fowl under all circumstances. They are divided into two classes—the single, and rose combs—and there is a further subdivision, according to color. The single comb varieties of fowls are subject to frozen combs in very cold weather, but when properly managed they escape harm. The difficulty may be overcome by "dubbing" them, as is done with Games, but as the principal points of the Leghorns are given to the comb, they would thereby be disqualified from competition at the fairs and poultry shows. A frosted comb would not be very objectionable to those who only breed fowls for profit and not for exhibition, but when the comb becomes frosted, the hen ceases to lay until the injured member is completely healed. As the comb may be frozen several times during the cold season, the loss of time from egg production, owing to the effect of the temperature, would be quite an important item. The double comb varieties though exposing quite a large surface to the action of cold, have their combs closer to the head.

In thus noticing so small a matter as the comb, the object is to present one of the difficulties in the way of keeping a breed that never sits, but lays well. While the breed may not find favor in cold climates, that is no reason why it should not be popular in other sections. As the Leghorns have their virtues and faults, so do the other breeds of fowls. In raising fowls for market, many object to the Brahmas and Cochins on account of their slow growth, and this objection may be a strong one if the fowls are to be sent to market as chicks, as they do not feather until well advanced. If matured fowls are intended for shipment; the largest carcasses, with fine appearance, may be obtained from such breeds. The Plymouth Rocks, which grow fast, and are uniform in appearance when young, also make good market fowls when grown, but while they are excellent layers, they are liable to become excessively fat when highly fed, especially when they are confined, which is a hindrance to egg production. This may also be an objection to the Brahmas and Cochins. The best results are derived from Plymouth Rocks when they have free range. All breeds do best with freedom, but the larger ones are more contented under restriction. It is best, therefore, in selecting a breed for laying, to take into consideration its hardiness, fitness for market, time of maturity, adaptability to climate, and disposition. By selecting that breed which possesses qualities adapting them to the conditions of the particular sections of country, the best breed for laying as well as for other purposes will be secured.

THE CARE OF FRUIT TREES.

STARTED TREES.—If trees are transported in warm weather, especially if packed moist the buds will push, and when unpacked will be found to have white, weak shoots, several inches long. The only way to save such trees is to cut back every branch to a good bud that is still dormant.

INJURED TREES.—Nursery trees when sent a long distance, may be injured by drying, and when received, the bark will be shrivelled, and the tree apparently dead. Such trees may usually be saved. Open a trench large enough to receive them, and lay in the trees, root and branch, and sprinkle in the soil among the branches, laying the trees one upon another, taking care to have the soil come in contact with even the smallest branches. The bark will gradually absorb moisture from the soil, and in a few days become plump and apparently as bright and as fresh as ever.

STAKING NEWLY PLANTED TREES.—In exposed localities, trees are apt to get a "list" in the prevailing winds. If the trees are small and properly pruned at planting, there will be less trouble than when large trees, which must be staked. The safest way is to drive two stakes at a little distance, upon eachside of the tree, and secure the trunk to both stakes by means of a straw band, or soft rope so as not to chafe.

PASTURING THE ORCHARD.—It is a singular fact that the orchard is the only field that farmers, as a general thing, expect to yield more than one crop. There is so much apparently unoccupied ground between the trees, that there is a desire to utilize it with some crop. When the trees are in bearing, they need all the soil. While the trees are young, a manured crop may be grown between the rows. The best treatment of an established orchard is, to sow it to clover and pasture young pigs upon it. By this, the fruit, soil and pigs will be benefited.

PROTECT THE ROOTS.—In transplanting or handling trees, recollect that every minute of exposure to the air injures them. If a tree can not be planted at once, make a hole and bury the roots. Those who go to a near nursery and take home their own trees, should puddle them. Make a hole in the ground a foot deep and as large as needed. Have a plentiful supply of water. Pour water into the hole and stir up the soil, until a thin mud is formed. Draw the roots of the trees through this until they, even the smallest, are completely covered with mud; then sprinkle dry soil over them to dry them off. This "puddling" or "grouting" of the roots, as the English call it, is useful not only for trees, but for plants of all kinds.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

The government envelope factory at Hartford, Conn., uses a ton of gum a week.

Forty-one counties in West Virginia prohibit the sale of intoxicants.

It is estimated that the peanut crop of the South this year will be worth $3,000,000.

The Peninsula peach orchards are expected to yield about 5,000,000 bushels this season.

There are fifty illicit distilleries and only three licensed ones in one district in North Carolina.

New York city, it is reported, has 40,000 persons who depend on gambling for a livelihood.

The number of cotton mills in the southern states has increased from 180, four years ago, to 315 at the present time.

A recent report from the Minister of Public Instruction shows that there are 100,000 public school teachers in France.

The amount of gold coin and bullion now owned by the United States Government is larger by $24,000,000 than it was a year ago, and the amount of standard silver dollars owned by the Government is less by $8,000,000 than it was a year ago, and less by $17,000,000 than it was six months ago, and less by $9,000,000 than it was the first of November.

Detectives were posted at the doors of six prominent concert saloons in Chicago on the same evening, with instructions to count all the people who entered there between 7 p.m and midnight. At one door there were counted 1,690 males and 290 females—total, 1,970; at another, 1,423 males and 58 females—total, 1,481; at another, 2,609 males and 254 females—total, 2,863; at another, 2,658 males and 148 females—total, 2,806; at another, 1,657 males and 163 females—total, 1,820; at another, 1,591 males and 94 females—total, 1,685. It was found impracticable to make a separate count of the minors who entered these places on that evening, but it was plainly seen that of these 11,618 male and 1,007 female customers an astonishingly larger proportion were boys and girls, and as there were at that time about 3,000 saloons in the city, it was reasonably estimated that not less than 30,000 boys and girls were among their patrons.

THE TRAGEDIES OF NIAGARA.

An Old Guide and Hackman of the Falls Reluctantly Tells Some of Them.

"To think that I should have left Niagara Falls twenty years ago after having been a witness of two terrible tragedies of the Falls, and then upon my first visit to them in that time be there in the midst of the excitement of the Vedder-Pearson horror!"

The speaker was an old man, who said his name was Andrew Dalrymple, of Camden. He was a passenger on the Erie Railway train, returning from a visit to Niagara Falls, where he said he was a hackman and a guide for ten years.

"I was greatly surprised to see the old tree trunk still rising in the American Rapids, between the small islands off of Goat Island and the American shore. I guess no one remembers, when the tree lodged there, but I remember it, for thirty years, and it never entered my mind that it could be there yet. But there it was, and as I stood on the Goat Island bridge last week and looked down at the gnarled trunk the thought of that early summer morning, over twenty years ago, when I was one of the first people to the Falls to discover a man clinging to the log, came back to me with a vividness that made me shudder. No one ever knew how he came there or who he was, but it was supposed that he had been rowing across the river somewhere above during the night before, and losing control of his boat had been swept down into the rapids, and the boat striking the tree trunk he had, by some miracle, gained a foot hold upon it. News never spread so rapidly as that of the discovery of this man in his perilous situation. Word was telegraphed at once to Buffalo, and a party of life-savers came on a special train to try and rescue the man. Before 10 o'clock thousands of people were gathered at every available spot where a sight of the unfortunate man and the efforts to save him could be obtained.

ALL THE RAILROADS RAN SPECIAL TRAINS, and the people came in conveyances of all kinds from the surrounding country. No one seemed to know at first how to go to work, but the man clung to the tree watching every movement that was made. Of course it was impossible to make him hear or give him any directions. Finally, a life-boat was attached to a cable, and let down from the bridge toward him. It was drawn toward the log by ropes attached to it and handled by men on the island. The boat was making directly for the spot, and hopes that the poor man would soon be safely drawn ashore began to be felt by the assembled multitude. Suddenly, however, it was caught in a whirl of the rapids, the cable parted like a kite string, and the boat rushed past the man like a flash within two feet of him, and was carried over the Falls.

"After this the life savers were all at sea again. Several plans were suggested, and one was adopted which it took until late in the afternoon to get in readiness. In all these long hours of suspense I don't believe one of the spectators ever moved from his tracks. Everything else about Niagara Falls was forgotten except the terrible scene of a fellow-being hanging on the verge of death and patiently awaiting the success or failure of the efforts that were being made to rescue him.

"The plan adopted was to fasten a strong cable securely to the American shore, attach a stanuch raft to it, carry the loose end of the cable over to the island and let it belly down with the raft to the tree trunk. By this means it was hoped the raft could be drawn steadily to the small island between the man and Goat Island, from which no trouble was anticipated in taking him. Some food and a glass of brandy were placed on the raft and ropes were fastened to it by which the man was to tie himself fast. The raft moved down and reached the man in safety. As he stepped upon it, lashed himself fast and then eagerly seized the refreshments such a shout as went up from the thousands of people that had watched the proceedings with beating hearts and bated breath was never heard before.

IT COULD BE HEARD ABOVE NIAGARA.

The raft was moved toward the island. Everything seemed to be working to a charm. The tension that was put upon the feelings of the spectators was so great that many fainted away. I was a strong man, but I know I wept like a child. Suddenly the raft stopped. The cable drawn as it was beneath the water, caught in some obstruction. All efforts to loosen it were unavailing. One groan of agony arose from crowd. Finally the man sprang to his feet, undid the fastenings that held him secure to the raft, and kneeling for a moment as if in prayer, sprang into the raging water and pulled bravely for the island, but a few feet away. At first he gained visibly, and the thought that he would be saved found utterance in another joyful shout from the spectators. But when he was almost within reach of the shore his strength began to fail, and steadily the distance between him and the shore increased. Then every one knew that all hope was gone. He made a few more desperate strokes, but the wild waters seized him and pitching and tossing and whirling him, hurried him over the great cataract. As he reached the edge of the Falls he was thrown upward from the water until his whole length came in view standing upright, and he disappeared as if he had made a voluntary leap over the brink. As he was dashed to and fro over the Falls not a sound was made by one of the vast crowd, and, terrible as was the scene, not an eye was turned away as he was carried along to his destruction. As he disappeared in the face of the cataract one heart rending shriek went up from the crowd. The poor fellow's body was never found nor his identity ever established.

"The other agonizing scene that I was doomed to witness was the carrying over the Falls of young Charles Addington and little Eva de Forest. That happened five or six years before the incident I have just related. The Addingtons and De Forests were prominent families in Buffalo in those days, and young Charles was engaged to be married to Ada De Forest. Miss De Forest's mother and her little sister Eva accompanied by young Addington and herself, came to the Falls one day in the summer to spend the day. While they were on Goat Island little Eva went away by herself, and Mrs. De Forest sent the young man after her. He found her standing near the shore. He thoughtlessly stole behind her, and, grasping her under the arms, held her out over the water. She suddenly threw up her hands and slipped through his arms into the water. He instantly sprang in after her and reached her before the swifter rapids had caught her. He succeeded in getting her back near enough to the shore to throw her on the bank, but she had not strength sufficient to hold on until her mother could grasp her and fell back into the water. They were both carried over the falls in sight of their beloved ones. For years afterward Addington's father visited the falls once a week, and would sit for hours gazing at the water where they were lost. He finally ceased coming, and we learned that he had died grieving for his boy, who was his only child.

STANLEY AND THE CONGO.

The American Explorer Solving Great Problems in the Interior of Africa —His Latest Achievements.

The significance of the latest news as to Mr. Stanley's doings and intentions may not be apparent to the ordinary reader without some explanation. He has, we are told, succeeded in planting a station at Stanley Falls. To those who have read the stirring narrative of his journey down the great river in 1877 this must appear a wonderful feat. At the time of the recent visit of Mr. Johnston to the Congo, Bolobo, some eighty miles to the north of Stanley pool and two and a half degrees south of the equator, seems to have been the most remote station; but beyond that there are now at least three stations. One of these, Lukakela, is about sixty miles to the north, and another, Equator Station, is just where the river leaves the equator in its course southward. The third one is that of the foundation of which we have just heard, at Stanley Falls, some five hundred miles further into the interior than the station last mentioned. To reach this remote point Mr. Stanley must have passed through the most dangerous part of the river, studded as are its richly wooded banks and islands with those tribes through which he and his followers had to run the gauntlet seven years ago. Beyond the equator the river expands in many places to a great width, its channel is studded with innumerable islands, and its shores fringed with an almost endless series of villages, some of the inhabitants of which were found to be armed with muskets. There is, for example, the famous village built of ivory, the "ferocious tribe" at Magala, and the "amiable people" of Babunga. But, above all, Mr. Stanley must have succeeded in passing safely the mouth of the great river Aruwimi,

WHERE THE NAVAL BATTLE OCCURRED

in February, 1877, so graphically described in his narrative and represented in his sketch. The Stanley Falls, at which the new station has been planted, are seven cataracts, which form the first interruption to the navigation below Nyangwe (memorable for the tragedy witnessed by poor Livingston.) It was between Nyangwe and the Stanley Falls that the treacherous Tibbe Tib deserted Mr. Stanley just as the expedition was entering the country of reputed cannibals. Until Mr. Stanley furnishes us with details of his journey up the river, we can not say how far he has been successful in winning the good will of the people whose villages fringe its banks. But if we may judge from his success up as far as Bolobo, there is every reason to expect that it has not been less between that and Stanley Falls. True, we hear rumors of hostilities and rebellions, but as these come solely from French and Portuguese sources they require confirmation, to put it mildly. It is not to be expected that Mr. Stanley has accomplished his beneficent and hazardous mission without some display of force; but let us hope that this has been more passive than active. By the planting of this last station, Mr. Stanley may be said to have crowned and completed the mission with which he was intrusted by the king of the Belgians. Beyond the Stanley Falls we know that the river is navigable to near Nyangwe, where it is still something like a mile wide. There is at least one fall to the north of Nyangwe, and, we fear, more than one between that and Lake Mocro; and what now remains to be done is to trace definitely the upper course of the river and its numerous branches, many of which are at present conjectural. Perhaps the station at Stanley Falls may be made the basis of further explorations, though it is to be hoped that the German expedition under Dr. Wissmann will do much to complete the work of Livingston, Stanley, and Cameron.

Meantime, Mr. Stanley himself has resolved, before returning to Europe, to break up entirely new ground and solve a problem for which geographers at least will be grateful. He intends, in fact, to do what Gen. Gordon would have done had he not, just when about to start for the Congo, been diverted to Khartoum. Mr. Stanley intends, we are curtly told, to reach one of the Egyptian stations in the Mombuttu country, on the Welle-Makua. One of the great problems of African hydrography is the course of this Welle Makua, often referred to as Schweinfurth's Welle. Mr. Stanley himself was confident that the great northern tributary of the Congo, the Aruwimi, at the mouth of which occurred the naval engagement referred to above, was the Welle of Schweinfurth, and gave what seemed to him at the time cogent reasons for his belief. But within the last four years an able Russian explorer, Dr. Junker, has been at work in this region; and the latest results of his explorations have just reached this country. He has had his headquarters in the Bahr-Gazelle province, ruled over by Lupton Bey, and thence has made several journeys to the south and southwest. No one therefore, is better entitled than he to express an opinion on the hydrography of the region. He is convinced that the Welle does not belong to the Congo basin at all, but that

IT FLOWS INTO THE SHARI,

the great feeder of Lake Chad. The Welle rises in the hilly region of the northwest of Albert Nyanza, where many other streams have their source. So far as Dr. Junker has observed, it receives only two considerable tributaries from the north, although it is of great width and studded with islands. On the south it is fed by one large affluent, the Bomokandi, which itself rises quite close to the Welle, and runs for a long way parallel with the main river. The Bomokandi, however, is fed by many tributaries from the watershed, which lies at a considerable distance to the south. This watershed, Dr. Junker is evidently of opinion, is that which separates the system of the Congo from that of the Shari and Lake Chad. Although, like many other African water-partings, it is scarcely distinguishable, yet it seems to separate two regions of very different characteristics. Dr. Junker had heard of a large river, the Nepoko, to the south of this water-parting, and determined to visit it. This he did, and reached it after four days' travel to the south of the Bomokandi, at what he considered to be about the middle of its course. It was almost equal in size to the Bomokandi, and had evidently travelled a long way from the east. Instead of the many fine trees which everywhere clothe the banks of the rivers belonging to the Welle system on the north, the Nepoko and its tributaries flow through broad, flat swamps. A floating vegetation, very similar to what is met with in the Nile, pervades the swamps, and renders them passable for men but not for animals. Dr. Junker concludes his remarks by identifying the Nepoko with the Aruwimi of Stanley, and in another communication hopes to adduce proofs that the Welle is the upper course of the Shari. It is not to be expected that Mr. Stanley has heard of Dr. Junker's discoveries, so that he is likely to start under the impression that the Aruwimi will lead to the Welle. That is of little consequence. If he succeeds in traversing the country which lies between the Congo and the Mombuttu country, he will help materially to fill up a blank in the map of Africa. One of Lupton Bey's explorers a year or two ago discovered a large lake far to the west of Albert Nyanza, across which there is a considerable traffic in European goods. Whether this lake belongs to the Congo water system or to that of Lake Chad remains to be discovered; but it looks as if the Nepoko ran through it. We should say that Casati, a recent Italian explorer in the same region, attaches the Nepoko to the Welle.

The Welle region seems to be thickly populated with a great variety of broken tribes, belonging mainly to the Mombuttu stock. It is worthy of remark that, throughout these latitudes, neither to the east nor to the west did Dr. Junker find any definite territory occupied by the dwarfish people so often referred to under the name of Akka. The people were certainly met with in many parts, but without any fixed settlement, wandering about as nomads among the other peoples. When Dr. Junker dispatched the letters from which we have obtained this information he intended to make still another journey to the southwest. A short communication from him dated October, 1883, states that he had then returned from this journey, but would not attempt to transmit his many charts and ethnographical collections to Europe on account of the troubles in the Soudan. The probability is that he may take refuge in the south, where he has made many friends, and so it is not unlikely that he may meet with Mr. Stanley as the latter pursues his journey beyond the Congo.

Tired Women.

If you look around on the faces in a street car, the number of faded and sad-looking countenances presenting themselves is startling. Mature women have especially a tired air about them, showing itself not only in pallid complexions, but in the wearied lines around the mouth and eyes. It is impossible to associate this appearance with happy lives, and yet, from dress and manner, the majority would seem to be comfortably placed in this world. Usually the climate is supposed to have a great deal to do with the early fading of youthful freshness, and the beauty of health, instead of reviving with the spring of the year, usually delays until the summer holidays, followed by the crisp autumn breezes, invigorate the human system. If the truth was known, however, I suspect that it would be found that the reason why women look tired is because they are perpetually fatigued.

Modern methods have not eased the cares of wives and mothers, whose duties have developed with the growth of science and the expansion of art. When children were thrashed into obedience to parental commands, when young people understood that to hear was to obey, when husbands only expected their regular three meals a day and men fed and clean clothing, the duties of women were very much simpler than at the present time. In those happy days, when to eat, sleep and work was the whole duty of man, and the interests of posterity a side issue, the mistress of the household might, after her work was done, eat and sleep, too. At least, she had a chance to work when husband and children were engaged in business or in school for long hours of the day. In those days, rain or sunshine were the same, life moved in a groove, and there was a probability of things running smoothly. In those days people ate what was set before them, because there was not much variety to be had and they were not always developing new ideas in the way of occupations and diversions that upset the regular routine of a household. Perhaps it was monotonous, but it was restful for the housekeepers.

In the great upheaval of mind which has of late years set each individual soul on the search for that good living which the world is supposed to owe it, whether the quest is contained in the direction of business, pleasure, science, art or religion, it is the wife and mother who is expected to be the instrument of Providence in providing the means and forwarding the success of the seekers, and nobody thinks of all the extra burden this throws upon her—the strain on her sympathy, the tax on her bodily strength. From the child who wants a play made for him to the husband who wants to talk over his affairs with her, it is one long intermediate chain of little services which are expected from her. That she has personal tastes or inclinations is never taken into account. She has no time left for her own use, but is actually at the beck and call of all belonging to her from early morning until late at night.

It is a curious fact in connection with the nineteenth century, that few people are self-reliant, and still fewer can occupy themselves agreeably without aid. Like the Turk, they want somebody to amuse them. With the additional burden of seeing that the members of a family are amused, as well as their material wants provided for, it is no wonder that wives and mothers look tired. No doubt men feel the fatigue of the constant drive that is requisite to keep up with the general stride, but they have a peculiar faculty of being able to take a rest, even in the midst of turmoil. Women, unfortunately, from long experience in being overdriven, get into that state where they cannot repose, even when the opportunity offers. This is a state of nervous expectation, brought about by the knowledge that there will be something to do in a minute, even if there is nothing calling for attention just now.

In France there are now 4,475 miles of navigable rivers and 2,900 of canals, while in 1852 there were only 4,190 miles of river navigable and 2,440 miles of canal.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, MAY 22, 1884.

—A British scientist, Mr. Robert Brown, has discovered the causes which led to the late civil war in America. His deductions are interesting. He says:—"Tobacco and cotton are both exhausting crops. They require many substances to nourish them, and a great deal of all of them. Hence they 'wear out' the soil. For miles and miles along the banks of the Mississippi there are worn-out estates of the thriftless planters. For a time this did not matter: land was plentiful and the soil virgin. But by and by the land which could easily be brought under cultivation for the staple crops got scarce. Then the planters wished to remove to the newer states further west, and to carry along with them their peculiar institution. This was objected to by the free States, and then commenced that quarrel which culminated in four years of bloodshed, and the end of slavery on the North American Continent. If the Southerners had known about manures,—or, rather, chosen to apply their knowledge as they have to do now—Appomatox Court House might still have been an obscure spot in Virginia, and 'the late unpleasantness' an unwritten volume of the history of the Great Republic."

HAVE THEY CONFESSED?

STATEMENT THAT TOMPSITT AND LOUDER ACKNOWLEDGE THEIR GUILT.

A despatch from Picton says:—It is stated that Joseph Tompsitt does not deny being at Jones on the night of the murder, but he says Lowder did the shooting. Lowder repudiates this with the statement that he was in the road when the shot was fired. The Lowders feel that in trying to save Tompsitt, George has been made to suffer more than he otherwise would have; while Tompsitt's friends assert that the Lowders have been shoving all the blame on him. It is the general opinion that both the prisoners will make a confession before the day of execution. The petition which is being circulated to have their sentence commuted is not being generally signed. The Sheriff and County Judge were each asked to append their signatures to the petition but declined to do so.

Burned to Death.

AWFUL RESULT OF A DRUNKARD'S BAD TEMPER.

Kingston, May 19.—The details of a shocking tragedy, which occurred at Sharbot Lake this morning, reached this city to-day. Geo. Peters an old man who is addicted to drink, went to his home last night, and during a quarrel threw a lamp down stairs, when a blaze instantly took place. His son then threw a pail of water on the flames which only increased the danger, and in a few seconds the house, which was a small frame one, was a fiery furnace. Upstairs was Peters' wife, his two daughters, and a visitor named Miss Bridgen. The mother and eldest daughter managed to get down stairs and outside; Peters, his daughter, and Miss Bridgen perished in the flames, and only portions of their bodies can be found. The son and several borders who were sleeping down stairs escaped minus their clothing, but when the daughter found one youngest child was upstairs she attempted to get her, but fell exhausted at the foot of the stairs, and was dragged out by her mother. Both were badly burned, the daughter fatally. The affair has created consternation at Sharbot Lake, and the Kingston and Pembroke authorities are now more determined than ever to abolish the sale of liquor along the line of the railway.

A subscription list has been started for the mother and daughter, who were left without a stitch to their backs. Peters had a narrow escape from being killed by a train some time ago while in liquor, but it proved no warning to him. His son, who got out of the building first, says he heard his father's voice above the roar of the flames cursing his luck and those about him.

Nearly 4,000 passengers have been landed at the Grand Trunk Railway railway depot, Quebec, from incoming steamships within the past few days.

There was a large arrival of immigrants at Montreal on Wednesday night, most of them being Irish and Scotch. About 1000 went forward at midnight.

General Manager Van Horn denies the rumor that between 3000 and 4000 Chinamen from the Union Pacific were to be employed by the Canada Pacific.

☞ TAKE NOTICE.—The TRADE supplied at WHOLESALE PRICES, with D. M. Ferry & Co's. New Garden Seeds by the *pound* or *ounce* or in papers at DEANS' DRUG & SEED STORE.

Mining Notes.

Work is booming at the Coe Hill mine in Wollaston.

Work commenced last week under the road allowance at the Hematite mine.

We hope to hear of active operations being commenced again soon at the Seymour, the Soesmith, and other mines in this neighborhood.

The lessees of the Canada Consolidated Gold Mining Company, of Deloro, advertise for tenders for hauling coal from the railway station at Madoc to their works. We understand this mine is now in full operation again.

Colonel Brown and Thos. Kelso, of Belleville, the present owners of the Richardson Gold mine, Eldorado, went out yesterday to inspect the property. We believe there is a prospect of work being commenced at this place soon. Experts say "there is plenty of gold there."

Prof. Coste, the mineralogist who has been examining the mines in this section, referred to in our last issue, left for Ottawa this week. He will endeavor to get leave to stay in this neighborhood all summer, as he asserts the importance of the mineral deposits of this county demands a thorough investigation, and it will take him that length of time to do justice to the matter. He is expected back here in a few days, and we trust he will have permission to stay as long as he thinks necessary.

For the past few days a couple of gentlemen, practical miners, from Nova Scotia, have been visiting the mines in this neighborhood, as well as those of Kaladar, in Addington County. Their names are Geo. S. Steward, of Sherbrooke, and D. Hatie, of Truro. They are principally interested in gold mining, and having heard much of the Madoc mines determined to pay them a visit, for the purpose of investing if they saw an opening. They were satisfied we had gold in this section but did not secure any property. They say there is too much machinery, too expensive buildings, and too much capital sunk in the crushing mills around here to make gold mining pay.

The Wardenship.

VITIATION OF THE ELECTION AND ANOTHER ORDERED.

Judge Lazier gave judgement in the case of Wilmot vs. Faulkner, *in re* the Wardenship, on Friday last. He said:—I have come to the conclusion as to how I shall dispose of this case. I think my decision is final and that there can be no appeal from it. On the evidence I think the relator is entitled to succeed. The Judge then quoted from the statutes to endorse his decision and cited several cases. I think it clear that the Warden was not duly elected. In this case the relator did not object to the election and did not show any acquiescence or concurrence in it. The respondent had not a majority of the votes cast, there being in accordance with the vote fourteen for each, and he therefore declared that a new election was necessary.

The question of costs in this case was decided against Mr. Faulkner.

It will, therefore, be the duty of the Council at its next session to appoint a presiding officer. Should Dr. Faulkner and Mr. Wilmot again be candidates and should all the members be present, the chances of success will be in favor of the latter.

☞ For Root Crops! Red and Yellow Mangels, White Belgian Carrots, Yellow Belgian Carrots, for farm cultivation at Deans' Seed Store.

AN END TO BONE SCRAPING.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well. Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25c. per box, by all druggists.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Teaming Contract.

WANTED Tenders for hauling any part of 1000 tons of Coal from Madoc to Deloro. About 200 tons each month. Address—
STEVENS, NEWBERRY & ROTHWELL,
Lessees Deloro, Ont.

NOTICE.

ALL parties are hereby warned against purchasing any past due notes, made in favor of the undersigned, the said notes having been lost at Moon's Hotel in Madoc. The makers of said notes are also notified not to pay the same to anyone except myself or to Mr. Allen Moon, who is authorized to collect all notes and accounts due me, in my absence.
W. C. REID.
Centreville, May 19th, 1884. 369-4t

L. WEISS,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
Has opened business in the
SECOND FLAT WEISS BLOCK.
First class stock, and good work.
TERMS—STRICTLY CASH.

TENDERS.

TENDERS will be received by the Trustees of Union S. S. No. 2, Queensboro, up to the 10th of June, 1884, for repairing, bricking, and building foundation wall of Queensboro School House. Specifications can be had by applying to
D. THOMPSON,
369-3w Sec-Treas.

W. C. REID,

CENTREVILLE, ONTARIO.
Dealer in all kinds of
Fruit & Ornamental Trees, Vines, Shrubs, Flowers, &c.
I will call annually on my friends and customers in Madoc and vicinity, soliciting your orders, which will be filled with as good stock as can be procured in the country.
369 W. C. REID.

L. O. District Meeting.

THE semi-annual meeting of Loyal Orange District No. , North Hastings, will be held in the lodge room of Lodge No. 1133, Hazzard's Corners, on Saturday May 31st, at 2 p. m. A full attendance is requested.
WM. THOMPSON,
District Master.
Madoc, May 20, 1884. 369-2w

Notice of Changing Road.

County of Hastings.

NOTICE is hereby given that at the next meeting of the Council of the County of Hastings, a By-law will be passed authorizing the opening of a new road, in lieu of part of the present County Road, between the 5th and 6th concessions, across lot 12, more particularly described as follows: The new road to be 66 feet wide, commencing at a small elm tree south of the railway track on the road known as the Hastings Road, and running across the corner of lot 12 in the 5th concession in a north-westerly curving direction, crossing the railway track east of the switch, thence in a northerly direction around the Hematite mine out to the sideroad between lots 12 and 13 in the 5th concession of said Township of Madoc.

All parties in any way interested in the above change of road are hereby notified to govern themselves accordingly.

JAMES T. BELL,
County Clerk.
May, 1884. 369

Court of Revision.

TUDOR, LIMERICK AND CASHEL.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Court of Revision for the united Townships of Tudor, Limerick and Cashel will be held in the Orange Hall, Millbridge, on Tuesday, the 10th day of June, 1884, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of hearing and determining appeals against the assessment for the current year.

All parties interested are requested to govern themselves accordingly.

CHARLES DONALDSON,
Township Clerk.
Millbridge, 8th May, '84. 368-3w

COURT OF REVISION.

Township of Madoc.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Court of Revision for the Township of Madoc, will be held in the Town Hall, Madoc Village, on Monday, 26th day of May, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of hearing and determining complaints against the assessment for the current year. All parties interested are requested to govern themselves accordingly.

J. R. KETCHESON,
Township Clerk.
Madoc, May 1st, 1884. 366-4t

Farm for Sale.

THE undersigned is offering for sale that desirable property, described as Lots 29 and 30, in the 11th concession of the Township of Dungannon, containing 177 acres, near 60 acres cleared, with good, new frame house, 18x24, cook house attached, 12x12, log barn 24x36, and log house used as stable and granary. All in good repair. There is an orchard containing 80 apple trees, part bearing. It is situated between L'Amable and Bancroft. Terms, half cash; balance on time at 7 per cent. interest. For further particulars apply to
W. M. SPURR,
Apr. 28, 1884. 356 L'Amable.

Lacrosse Shoes,

LADIES'
Long Rubber Boots,
—AND—
Gent's Cloth Guiters,
—AT—
T. ROBERTS,
BOOT AND SHOE STORE,
also a large assortment of
TRUNKS, VALISES,
ETC.

TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT

IN THE CLOTHING TRADE.

150 More Watches to be Given Away 150

to every buyer of a
Suit at $12.00, and upwards.
Every watch warranted to keep correct time.
SECURE ONE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

Men's Suits at $5.00.
Boys' Suits at $5.00.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.
POST OFFICE BLOCK.

Brantford Harvesting Machines!

Over 1800 Brantford Mowers Sold in 1883.
2200 being built for the coming season.

1600 Brantford Reapers and 900 Brantford Binders sold in 1883.
1200 Binders being built for '84.

The undersigned has on exhibit at Madoc, under the care of their agent, Mr. W. I. Tumelty, a full line of the celebrated machines manufactured by us, comprising:—

THE LITTLE BRANTFORD FOLDING BINDER, cuts a full swath of five feet, and can be folded in two minutes so as to pass through an ordinary gate or barn door, or along narrow lanes.

THE BRANTFORD BINDER, six feet cut.

THE BRANTFORD MOWER, front cut. The best Mower on wheels.

THE OSBORNE MOWER, back cut. A powerful machine and fitted with adjustable steel ledger plates.

THE BRANTFORD REAPER, light, simple, strong, efficient. The Princess of the Harvest.

Call and examine before you place your order elsewhere.

A. HARRIS, SON & CO., [Limited.]
Brantford, Ont.

P. S.—R. R. Casement & Co., of Madoc, keep a full line of Repairs on hand for the above machines, and will furnish all information regarding them in the absence of the agent.

Hardware!

Builders, and those intending to build, will find our prices RIGHT for all their requirements, such as

BUTT HINGES,
STRAP & T HINGES,
SCREW HINGES,
NAILS,
LOCKS,
LATCHES,
HASPS,
HOOKS,
PLANES,
SQUARES,
HAMMERS.
and all the other sundries, also
GLASS,
PUTTY,
TURPENTINE,
VARNISHES,
JAPAN,
BOILED & RAW OIL,
WARRANTED WHITE LEAD,
RED LEAD.
and various dry colors,
PAINT BRUSHES,
WHITE WASH BRUSHES,
SCRUB BRUSHES,
SHOE BRUSHES.

FULL LINE OF MACHINE OILS.

BABBIT METAL.

TINWARE.

We are offering special value in
MILK CANS,
MILK PANS,
MILK PAILS,
MILK STRAINERS,
STRAINER PAILS,
BOILERS,
TEAKETTLES,
STEAMERS,
CULLENDERS,
WASH BOWLS,
DIPPERS,
TEAPOTS,
OIL CANS.
and all the other sundries belonging to Housefurnishing.

No man can sit on the fence and plant onions, but he can sit on this

Patent Combined Milk Bucket and Stool,
and milk with perfect ease, and save time, milk and money. Just call and see it—it speaks for itself. No farmer should be without it.

FULL LINE COOK STOVES.

SPECIALTIES.

SARVEN — PATENT — BUGGY WHEELS,
BENT RIMS, BENT SHAFTS, BENT POLES, HICKORY & OAK SPOKES (all seasoned), ARMSTONG'S PATENT BUGGY SPRINGS, ARMSTRONG'S PATENT SEAT SPRING, PLASTER PARIS, PORTLAND CEMENT, STOVE & BLACKSMITH COAL, LAND PLASTER.

BUCKTHORN FENCING.

R. R. CASEMENT & CO.,
Sign of the Circular Saw,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc, Ont.

—Seeding is about over.

—Farmers complain of the amount of rain this season.

—This is a good time of year to tie up your horse—at least your neighbors think so.

—The sodding of lawns and planting of trees has beautified many private residences in this village this spring.

—Wm. Moore of this village announces by dodgers that he has fine tomatoes, cauliflowers, cabbage, and celery plants for sale.

—June 17th has been fixed as the date on which the Odd Fellows of Madoc will decorate the graves of their deceased members.

—G. A. Skinner, Esq., Barrister of Stirling, is about removing from that village to Belleville. This will leave Stirling without any representative of the law.

—Our sister village of Stirling, if it has not quite the pretentions of Madoc, has at least more regard for its appearance. The by-laws regarding cows, &c., running at large are being enforced.

—On Saturday last Mr. Wm. Thompson, Deputy Reeve of this township, took home a "Little Brantford" self-binder, purchased from W. I. Tumelty, agent of A. Harris, Son & Co., of Brantford. There are now about half-a-dozen self-binders in this township.

—We have received the first number of the Ottawa Daily *Sun*, a new newspaper venture at the Capital. It is edited and published by Mr. Carroll Ryan, and in typographical appearance and contents is highly creditable. Like all the best, if not exactly the leading, papers in the country, it is independent in politics. There ought to be a good field for the *Sun* in Ottawa.

—An exchange tells its readers how to mind their P's in the following paragraph: Persons who patronize papers should pay promptly, for the pecuniary prospects of the press have a peculiar power in pushing forward public prosperity. If the printer is paid promptly and his pocket book is kept plethoric by prompt paying patrons, he puts his pen to paper in peace, his paragraphs of passing events have more pleasing colors, and the perusal of his paper is a pleasure to the people. Paste this in proverbial philosophy in some place where all parties can perce.ve.

—Attention is directed to J. & J. White's advt. in this issue. Their woollen mills in connection with the foundry has been put in thorough working order for the season, and they are now prepared to attend to the wants of their customers in carding, spinning, weaving, &c. Mr. L. Howe has charge of this department. Messrs. White have instituted a good way of insuring their customers satisfaction this season. Every one bringing wool to the mills will receive a card with the number, weight, name, &c., corresponding with the same marks which will be placed on the goods. This will prevent any mistakes on either side.

☞ Seventeen (17) pounds of good Sugar for $1.00, at John Dale & Son's.

Court of Revision.

The Court of Revision for Madoc township will meet on Monday next, 26th inst., at the Town Hall, in this village.

Brigade Camp.

The camp of No. 3 Military District, will be held this year at Trenton, commencing on the 23rd of June. The only corps that will go under canvass will be the 16th, 45th and 49th Battalions.

Good News for Sportsmen.

The *Intelligencer* says:—The Hon. Minister of Customs, in response to an application from Mr. Inspector Wilkins, has procured an order from the Fisheries Department for the distribution of 200,000 salmon fry in the lakes in the northern part of this county.

Horse Stables.

Mr. Wm. Coe has already let the contract for brickwork for two large stables which he is about erecting in this village, which will stable about eighty horses. During the year more thoroughbred stallions and mares will be added and in the course of time Mr. Coe will have the finest collection of horse flesh in Canada.

I. O. O. F. Demonstration.

A monster Odd Fellows' International Demonstration will be held at Brockville on July 9th, 10th and 11th, which gives promise of being the greatest gathering of the kind ever held in Eastern Ontario. An elaborate programme entailing an expense of some $3000, is being prepared for the entertainment of Oddfellows and other guests, comprising Caledonian and other games, competition drill of Uniformed Encampments, Band contests, concerts, fire works, orations, &c. We acknowledge the receipt of a handsome complimentary Press Ticket from the managers.

Strange Freak of Nature.

Mr. John Embury, who lives a short distance north, brought to this village the first last week what may be considered a genuine curiosity. It is the progeny of a sow, but at first sight might be taken for a young white elephant. The head is the peculiar part of the animal, being very much unlike that of a pig. The ears are nearly as large as the side of the head. There is no opening for the mouth, and the nose is prolonged into a miniature elephant's trunk. The curiosity is on exhibition at the Veterinary Pharmacy of Mr. M.W. Sine, who has quite a collection of pathological specimens which he is willing to show anybody who may call on him.

☞ Remember this—2 papers Ferry's New Seeds for 5 cents, at Deans' Drug and Seed Store.

with a copy of the 2nd volume of the Census of Canada. The work deals with the births, ages, and occupations, of the people—a monstrous mass of figures.

Runaway.

On Monday evening Dr. Sutton's horse took fright at Mr. H. H. O'Flynn's bicycle, and made a successful attempt to run away. The Dr. was thrown out and severely injured, but the horse was caught before any damage resulted to it or the rig. The accident happened in front of Mr. E. D. O'Flynn's residence.

To Correspondents.

We have received a letter from "A Citizen," regarding the billiard table in this village, with the sentiments of which we are fully in accord, but we must repeat once more that we have never yet and we never will publish a letter from any one, on any subject, unless we have the real name of the writer. This rule was established with THE REVIEW, and will only die with the death of the paper, so far as the present management is concerned.

A Good Move.

The members of the Alert Fire Co. again manifest their interest in the protection of the village by the following resolution:—

Believing that considerable damage has heretofore been done by the careless use of firecrackers, it is hereby resolved that the Alert Fire Co. disapprove of allowing the same to be used within the limits of the corporation, and will do all in their power to assist the village police in carrying out the law in reference to the same.—ALLEN MOON, Chief of Fire Brigade.

Temperance.

At the recent Provincial District meeting of the Methodist Church held in Trenton, it was moved by Mr. G. S. Johnson, of Belleville, seconded by Mr. John Francis, of Madoc: "That this meeting cannot close its session without recording our earnest sympathy with the movement for the suppression of intemperance generally throughout our Dominion, and that we would gladly see the Temperance Act submitted in the localities which we represent, and would take pleasure in giving it our earnest support. We also ask all Christians for their earnest prayers to Almighty God for the suppression of the deadly curse of intoxication."

The Ontario & Quebec.

The following is a list of the new stations on the railway east of Toronto:—

NO.	STATIONS.	MILES.
	Carleton Junction	0
1.—	Yorkville	4.05
2.—	Agincourt	13.63
3.—	Green River	21.60
4.—	Claremont	29.15
5.—	Myrtle	38.07
6.—	Burketon	47.32
7.—	Pontepool	56.13
8.—	Cavanville	68.31
9.—	Peterboro	77.20
10.—	Indian River	86.99
11.—	Norwood	95.41
12.—	Blairton	105.82
13.—	Central Ont. Crossing	114.67
14.—	Madoc Road	123.41
15.—	Tweed	132.62
16.—	Sheffield	140.04
17.—	Kalader	148.77
18.—	Arden	158.86
19.—	Godfrey	164.56
20.—	Sharbot Lake	173.64
21.—	Maberly	183.88
22.—	Bathurst	191.18
23.—	Perth	199.19

Queen's Birthday.

Should the weather be favorable there ought and no doubt will be a large turnout of citizens and visitors from the country on Monday next, 25th, to encourage the Fire Company and Lacrosse Club in their efforts to carry out a creditable celebration of this holiday. The stores will be closed on Monday, the Reeve having proclaimed that date instead of Saturday. Those who wish to see the working of the fire engine will have an opportunity of doing so in the forenoon, when the firemen will also have a parade through the principal streets. At one o'clock promptly a series of games and athletic sports, for which cash prizes will be offered, will commence. These will include running, jumping, tugs of war, bicycle races, &c. The games will be held on the Lacrosse grounds, east of the School House. At 3 o'clock an exciting Lacrosse match will commence between the Norwood and Madoc Clubs, the old opponents of last year. A good exhibition of our national game may be looked for. In the evening the firemen will have a grand Calithumpian parade, by torchlight, through the streets, which will be worth coming miles to see. Admission to grounds during the afternoon, only 10 cents.

Born.

FOX.—At Bannockburn, on May 3rd inst., the wife of Mr. Sidney Fox, of twins, daughters.

Married.

MCMULLEN—CONLEY.—At the residence of the bride's father, on May 14th, by Rev. E. N. Baker, M. A., S. R. McMullen of Michigan, to Ellen Conley, of Madoc.

PARLIAMENT—GILES.—On May 20th, at the residence of Mr. Edgar Bristol, Madoc, by the Rev. F. McAmmond, B. A., Willet Parliament to Elizabeth Giles, both of the township of Ameliasburg, Prince Edward County.

ROSE—RIKLEY.—At the parsonage, on May 21st, Rev. E. N. Baker, M. A., William Rose to Rosanna Rikley, both of Madoc township.

Sores, Tetter, Chapped hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by all Druggists.

COURT of REVISION.

Village of Madoc.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Court of Revision for the Village of Madoc will be held in the Town Hall on Friday the 30th day of May, instant, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of hearing and determining complaints against the assessment for the current year.

CHARLES GREAM,
Village Clerk.

Madoc, May 15th, '84. 378

NOTICE.

Court of Revision.

THE first sitting of the Court of Revision for the united Townships of Marmora and Lake will be held in the Town Hall, Marmora, on Friday the 30th day of May, commencing at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m.

All parties interested are requested to be governed accordingly.

J. W. PEARCE,
Township Clerk.

Clerk's Office,
Marmora, May 8th, '84. 368-3w

Estate of the Late Colin Russel.

FROM this date no sales or business arrangements made by Hugh and John Russel, acting as power of Attorney for Mrs. Russel, (at present in Scotland) will be valid without the consent of all the heirs.

R. D. RUSSEL.

Madoc, February 18, 1884. 362

SEED GRAINS

—AT THE—

North Hastings Warehouse.

The best quality of

SPRING WHEAT,
PEAS and OATS.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, April 15th, 1884. 364

Lands for Sale.

THE following lands have been placed in my hands for sale. Prices and terms of sale can be ascertained by application at my office:—

W ½	13	in 1st concession	Madoc,
29	5th	"	"
29	7th	"	"
W ½	30	9th	"	"
N E ¼	13	10th	"	Marmora,
27	11th	"	"

I am instructed to prosecute any one trespassing on these properties.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, April 14th, 1884. 364

LUMBER.

BRIDGEWATER MILLS.

Constantly on hand

SHINGLES,
LATH,
JOISTING,
SCANTLING,
PLANK,
BOARDS,

at lowest cash prices. Bill stuff cut to order.

J. D. BREEZE.

Bridgewater, April 14th, '84. 364

FOR SALE.

WEST half 29, in 2nd concession Madoc, and west half 27, in 1st concession of Madoc. Apply to A. F. Wood, Madoc, or to

JOHN C. T. COCHRANE,
P. O. Box 178, Brockville.

March 17, 1884. 362

A large stock of the best quality and at the lowest possible prices, at

MAYBEE'S.

PICTURE FRAMING,

A very fine stock of Cabinet size Photo Frames just opened. A large stock of Moulding kept on hand, and Frames of all sizes made to order.

UNDERTAKING,

Particular attention given to this department of our business. Coffins, Caskets, Adults' and Children's Shrouds, Gloves, and Crape, &c., always in stock.

N. M. MAYBEE.
Weiss' Block, Madoc.

Established - in 1862

WHITE'S AGRICULTURAL WORKS,

MADOC, - ONT.

Wanted Immediately 1000 Farmers

TO BUY

1000 Mowers, Reapers, Horse Rakes, Steel Plows, Iron Plows, Gang Plows, all wrought iron and steel Horse Hoes, Cultivators, Drags, etc. etc.

Farmers beware of silver mouthed agents selling western machines. Rest assured you will suffer as others have in getting repairs for them in the busy harvest season. Our

MODEL MOWER AND IMPROVED REAPER

for lightness of draft, fine finish, and good workmanship and simplicity stand without a rival. Our MODEL HORSE RAKE is one of the finest Rakes in the County. We give a written warranty with all our machines that they will do good work.

Wool Carding, Weaving, Spinning, &c.

In the Carding Department, we have engaged

MR. LORENZO HOWE,

which is a warranty of good work. Parties coming from a distance can have their carding done the same day. In the Spinning and Weaving Department, we are a branch of

MR. JOHN LAZIER,

of Belleville. We will carry in stock the different kinds of Yarns and Woollen Goods, which we will exchange for wool, or sell at manufacturers' prices.

CUSTOMERS—The day you bring your wool, you can take the yarn home with you, thereby avoiding delays.

THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR WOOL.

JAMES WHITE. **JOHN WHITE.**

HARDWARE!

40 Gal. Iron Clad Milk Cans, No. 24 Tin, $5.45.

30 Gal. Iron Clad Milk Cans, No. 24 Tin, $4.25.

6 qrt. Milk Pans, per doz. $1.10.

And all other Tinware equally low.

J. DALE & SON.

AT THE FULL OF THE TIDE.

Among the summer visitors that year were two young girls, without friends or acquaintances in the gay company. For them was no lawn-tennis, no rambles with congenial spirits by the shore, no drives to the one or another of the many points of interest about them. They chose from necessity an unpretentious boarding-place, where the fare was not always of the best nor bountifully supplied. Plainly dressed, they were often seen in some picturesque nook by the sea or on the mountain roads, the one with her easel before her, for with her brush she strove to increase the income which their small property afforded; the other with folded hands and patient face—poor girl, she was blind—a picture artistically perfect, and one which touched each heart with pity. Nor were the sketches—one could hardly call them more—of the young artist without merit, for she caught the spirit of nature and transferred it feelingly to her canvas. One or two of these little pictures had found their way into the hands of fashionable guests, and one of them—a few storm-beaten trees, and a bit of rock jutting out into the breakers—was now attracting the attention of a group of tennis-players on their way to the field.

"A very excellent picture," commented one of them, a young fellow who had recently come from the city.

"Ya-as, rather, but very crude," returned another of the number, who aped English ways, and was consequently admired by the others.

"I must disagree with you there. I find it anything but that. There is a sentiment about it which lifts it at once out of the ordinary run. I should say a lady painted it."

"It looks like one of Miss White's," chimed in one of the young ladies. "I have seen two or three of her pieces."

"Who is Miss White?" inquired the newcomer.

"Haven't you seen her yet? She is that pretty girl with a blind sister whom we met down by the beach yesterday. You surely must have noticed her."

"Not I, I assure you. But I should certainly notice anyone whom I suspected of being a fellow-artist."

"And very impertinent it would be, Mr. Fillebrown," cried a little fair-haired lady at his side, "if you were walking with me, as you were then."

The other regarded her laughingly, and so the subject was dropped, and they passed on.

Was it his superb figure, set off by his light flannel suit, bounding lightly over the grass to return or volley the ball, or was it the light-heartedness of the four players as they eagerly followed the fortunes of the game, which caused a passer-by to draw a long breath, perilously like a sigh, as she glanced at them over the railing? Her companion remarked it, and pressed more closely to her side. "What is it dear?" asked she. Her voice rang with a vague plaintiveness born of her affliction, and her hand trembled on her sister's arm.

"Nothing much, pet, only the same old story. For one was poor and the other was rich.' I ought to be thankful that it has been given me to keep you from want and harm; but [sometimes my heart rebels, and I wonder how it is that others have means to gratify every wish while I must struggle for our daily bread."

"Don't talk so, dear; you make me feel as if I were a burden to you."

The other stooped and kissed the upturned face.

"Never that, pet; you can never be a burden to anyone. My nature demands that I should love someone, and you are the one who satisfies it."

"Yet——"

"No, not 'yet.' Never. You always fling that horrible word 'man,' at me. My dear Nettie, they are monsters of iniquity, all of them. They have no feeling for anyone—they are all self. If you think that I shall ever link my fate with one of them be undeceived at once."

And poor Nellie was so overawed at her sister's superior wisdom and her earnestness that she kept silence until they had entered the forest.

There was, indeed, some truth in her judgment as regarded three of the players, but Walter Fillebrown was certainly rich in the usual sense. He had a moderate assured income; he had once or twice made successful ventures in stocks, or grain, or cotton, and his artistic talent paid. But he had a warm heart and a liberal education had fitted him to hold his own in whatever company he was placed. And, although Miss Rivers was far from suspecting it, she had interested him in the blind girl and her artistic sister, so that he was on the alert to meet them, and followed them with his eyes—thereby making a serious error of play—until they disappeared.

It was not altogether chance which led him, an hour or two later, along the path skirting the shore. By his side the billows lashed the rocks, uncurled up the steeply-sloping beaches; overhead great clouds flew, producing changes of light and color almost magical; the aroma of the pines and cedars were borne to him on the breeze; a great bird wheeled overhead, seeking its fancy prey; a white-winged vessel was running in from the open sea with legions of feathery waves chasing at her heels. He turned a sharp corner in a cove walled on one side by stratified, square-cut rocks, while on the other great trees sprung at the water's edge from clefts in a rock flooring, on which lay fragments thrown up by the tide. Here lay a box of sketching materials and a few colors; beside an easel inclined a girl, asleep or deeply plunged in reverie; over against her another was searching in a pool between over-lapping rocks just above the water-line, her sweet profile revealed or hidden in her eagerness. Fillebrown saw that already the water had run over the only path by which she could return, and just then a wave higher than its fellows swept under the easel, which fell clattering on the rocks; swept, too, through a concealed channel into the rock-pool bubbling up among the mosses. Both girls started; the one drew back with a pretty gesture of affright, the other rose, uttering a terrified exclamation, and stretched out her hand uncertainly.

"Where are you, Grace?" cried she.

For answer a manly hand grasped hers, and a strange voice replied to her instinctive opposition. "Do not be afraid of me. Your sister can not come to you just now. Allow me to help you in her place."

"Grace, Grace!" called she.

"Well, pet?"

"What does this gentleman mean? Who is he? Where are you?"

"He is a stranger to me. But he is right. The tide has cut me off. Be careful of her, sir, because she is blind."

"I know it, Miss White. There"—leading his charge under the pines—"now the water can not possibly reach you." He leaped across the fissure in which the tide was already knee-deep. "Permit me!"

She looked hesitatingly at the rocks, ruefully at her easel, the sport of every wave, and shook her head. "I am afraid, sir, I can not attempt the leap you have just made and my poor easel——"

"That is quickly remedied." He leaned over, and taking advantage of the countercurrent, drew it to the shore. He held out his hand to her again. "Now can you come?"

Fiercely curled an oncoming breaker and dashed against the rocks. The water deepened behind her, and a little stream trickled from it over the platform on which they stood. "I—I fear I can not. Do not think me cowardly, sir, but——"

"So he is. Excuse my impertinence, if impertinence it be."

He clasped her in his arms, and clearing the waterway stood with her by her sister's side. Her face was covered with blushes—a man had held her as no man ever had done before.

"I thank you, sir," she stammered presently, "though more for my sister's sake than my own." For she had noticed the water already rushing over the spot where her sister had been. "I could have escaped with a slight wetting."

"Doubtless," he returned courteously; "yet it is better not to wet one's feet when it can be avoided."

He showed no disposition to continue his way, but stood watching her as she gathered up her box of pastels, then glanced across at the little pool, now part and parcel of the fast-rising tide, as she looked back.

"May I ask what you were looking for over there?"

A faint color again arose to her cheeks. "Sea anemones and star-fish for my aquarium."

"There are plenty of them hereabouts. Though one oughtn't to look for them when the tide is rising unless one knows the ground."

She had by this time collected the sketching materials and had come over again to where he stood. "You addressed me as Miss White just now. How did you know my name, sir? I don't recollect having ever met you before."

He laughed quietly. "Perhaps you are not so entirely unknown as you imagine. You were pointed out to me as an artist. Being something of one myself, I was interested. Permit me to say you paint exceedingly well."

She made a gesture of dissent. "I only wish I could feel that what you tell me is true."

"Be assured that I never praise without cause," he returned quickly.

She busied herself in some way near her sister and said nothing.

After a short pause, "I trust that if we should become better acquainted, I may be permitted to sometime see your work. Pardon me for having forced my company upon you so long;" he lifted his hat and passed away under the trees. The elder sister turned and looked after him, half-expecting that he would glance backward at them, but he did not, and was soon out of sight. She remembered him now; he had been among the tennis-players; he, too, was one of the lordlings of the earth.

"What do you think of him, pet?" for she was accustomed to trust to her sister's intuitive perceptions of true gold and false.

"He is a true man," answered the other, "without fear and without reproach."

A hush fell upon them, broken only by the monotonous roar of the breakers. Grace seated herself and began to sketch a gnarled stump before her, about which were growing gay-colored flowers. Her sister clasped her hands behind her head and lay back on the rocks and mosses.

"Without fear and without reproach," she repeated. "Sister, you should love a man like that."

A brush fell from Grace's lap on the rocks. She stooped and picked it up before replying, "Yes."

"Yes. Ah, if I had only the gift of sight I might love such a one myself. Perhaps my infirmity quickens my other senses, but I know by his voice that he is a man one might trust utterly."

"It may be so. I had not thought of it," returned her sister, busy over her sketch.

"Some day you will think of it, and then you will go away from me and——"

"Hush!" The other rose quickly and pressed an impulsive kiss on her sister's brow. "What have I done that I should deserve this?"

It was no more than just that Miss White should notice him when they next met, and having done so she could not blame him for joining her. He introduced himself frankly, and in his off-hand, easy way at once won her favor. A foot-hold thus gained, he rapidly developed in her a strong interest, so that she learned to consult him in many matters relating to her work, and to place reliance upon what he said. Though not forward or obtrusive in his intentions, he was nevertheless so much occupied with her that his former companions saw less and less of him. He was by no means a great "catch," yet one or two of the summer loiterers did not consider it unworthy to engage in a slight flirtation with him—such a one as consists in moonlight strolls along the bar, or evenings passed in threading the little fleet of yachts clustered around the pier,—which, if conducted by one more in earnest than he might have become serious. But, however he might be inclined to flirt with those who invited it, his intercourse with the fair young artist and her sister was free from any suspicion of it. Sometimes a bunch of wild flowers—it was astonishing what numbers of them he found—or of cultivated plants found its way to cheer her on whom all beauties of color were lost; or his timely suggestions supplied the one thing lacking to insure the ready sale of the pictures upon which depended so much; one or two sketches, the joint work of both, added to the little pile which was steadily accumulating; sometimes he read to them while one worked and the other listened in contentment too complete for words; occasionally as they floated near one or another of the rocky islets he would sing ballads to the accompaniment of his banjo.

As the summer deepened, deepened with it their intimacy. He heeded not society calls to other summer resorts; he seemed unmindful of the enchantment of sweet voices which had been wont to cast over him their spells. His thoughts, his mind, his soul, were absorbed in this great enchantment, which overtopped them all. Small wonder was it that the elder sister, coming suddenly in, saw the younger's face buried with passionate fervor in a handful of flowers. Small wonder was it that in the moment of her happiness, as they stood together in the glow of the setting sun, she forgot for an instant what she had seen, and answering, met his lips as they sought hers. And then she dreaded to speak of what had come to her, and for the first time the bond of absolute confidence between the two young girls was broken. Yet, none the less was he with them both; none the less did he shower kindly attentions upon the poor helpless girl, and, if he sometimes took advantage of her infirmity to touch her sister's lips, or press her sister's hand, who shall blame him for it?

He rowed them at evening out into the bay. Calm and still were the waters, the moon looked over the mountain-tops, and made a path of silver over the sea; and beneath it all was the great treachery of the tide, which set with a strong current away from the shore. An oar snapped somehow—he had taken but two—and the rower, seizing the other, attempted to skull again into the harbor. But the force of the waters was too mighty; he was borne backward, and, as the lights paled and faded or were concealed by intervening rocks and trees, he became for the first time uneasy. Then he called, and his voice rang loudly over the water, but it met with no answering cry.

He ceased skulling and looked blankly about him. A heavy cloud arose and obscured the moon. Afar off a pale flash of lightning gleamed, and the dull, distant boom of the thunder proclaimed the coming of the storm god. Grace rose and clung to her lover's arm, for she was of a timid nature after all; but when she asked her sister if she were not afraid, a high smile lighted up the blind girl's face, and she made answer deeply: "I fear nothing since Walter is here to protect us." A blush of shame rose to the other's face. This love which trusted so utterly was indeed greater than hers, for she had sought a visible support. So they drifted till the mountain-tops and the distant land-line were enveloped in a black shroud, and around them was only the softly-swelling sea.

The blind girl shivered and drew her shawl more closely about her. "I am cold," she murmured; and her sister rose from her lover's side and went over to her, and gathered her into her embrace. "Thank you, dear," she said, and nestled into her sister's arms.

"The tide must be nearly at its ebb," said Walter bravely; "we will be carried back before morning."

Out of space behind them came a black shape, silently, like a ghost, gliding over the sea. Two colored lights, its eyes glared at them; a third clung higher, and gently swayed from side to side. Propelled by some mysterious influence, the great misshapen thing crept nearer, as though to run them down and destroy them. From it presently came a sound of music, and a change in its course revealed a line of lighted cabin windows, which again swung out of sight.

Pastering drops, the edge of the passing storm, swept over the boat. Walter rose. "Steamer a-ho-oy!" he cried. There was no response. Thank heaven that he had at least powerful lungs! Again his clear voice rose, and now an answering trumpet-blast. "Where away?" smote on their ears with startling nearness.

"In a row-boat—dead ahead—or broken—drifting out to sea!"

A thrill seemed to pass through the nearing shape, a lantern hurriedly crossed it, a confused group of shadows rushed hither and thither; then the onward motion slowed, and on deck a blue light suddenly blazed, illuminating the sea with a strange, steely glare. It flooded the faces of those in the boat; so near were they that fifty yards advance would infallibly have crushed them. By it they could see that some of the shadows were long robes; and now their voices were heard, sweet and clear, among the deeper tones around them. Arms were extended, fingers pointed.

"Lower a boat," cried Fillebrown; "I can not skull against the tide."

They were indeed sweeping past the steam yacht; every foot was taking them further away. The blue light went out, a second was lighted up, the davits creaked as a cutter struck the water and flew toward them.

"Ladies!" exclaimed the coxswain, in a surprised tone. He had evidently not expected such. It was the work of a moment to fasten the boats together; then sturdy arms pull them back to the steamer.

"Let Nellie go first." But she shrank back as her fingers touched the cold iron. "Where am I?" she cried.

"It is only the ladder, pet, leading to the deck." Yet she hesitated: she turned uncertainly. Fillebrown interpreted her wish, though he was far from suspecting its cause. As his hand touched her she trembled a little, then became passive, and courageously began that ascent of which she knew nothing. But his arm supported her; at that moment, wet and chilled through as she was, she was happy. As they gained the deck someone came to meet them.

"Ask the lady to step this way into the cab—why Fillebrown! now are you? What brings you here?"

"I will tell you in good time." He clasped his friend's hand, then in a low voice, "Take charge of her for a moment, please; she is blind."

"Poor girl!" A look of pity passed over the other's face as he hesitated to comply.

In another moment Grace stood beside him. They joined the others. "Mr. Adams—Miss White—Miss Nellie White."

The owner of the "Siren" bowed courteously to the ladies, perhaps more to the second, though she could not know it, than to the first, then led the way to the cabin.

A young fellow rushed from some shadowy corner up to Fillebrown and shook his hand with enthusiasm. "How are you, Walter, old boy!" he cried. "Delighted to see you;" then lower, "She's a 'stunner.' Introduce me, will you? Who is she?"

"My betrothed wife," answered the other, calmly; and then the "Siren" resumed her course and sped through the thunder-storm into a safe harbor at last.

Every day the task which Grace had set for herself became more difficult. Why had she not spoken at first? Why had she prevented Fillebrown from speaking, and influenced him by specious pleas to conceal from her sister their relation to each other? For the poor blind girl's love for him had become almost a passion, and she, accustomed to confide in her sister, confided this to her also—her hopes, her doubts, her fears. "Does he love me?" she would say. "Sometimes I almost think so, he is so kind, so tender, so gentle. How could he be this if he did not love? And yet, no—he can not, I am blind and helpless; he knows I would be a burden to him, even as I am to you. Do you think he loves me, sister?" And that sister unnerved by the great sorrow which tortured her, would murmur some reply which quieted the questioning for a little, and soothed the questioner's troubled heart.

This sorrow she must bear alone, for it must never be told to him, and he, manlike, strayed not into the faintest suspicion of it. What a terrible double part she was forced to play, and how would it end? Some disclosure, some breaking of the charm which now held her sister in its power, and then—oh, what an awakening would be hers. For her only chance of happiness in this world lay in this, and this could not be.

The long summer days glided into their fruition and decay; on every side were evidences of migration; the gaudy-plumed birds of passage were about to resume their way, and leave this northern climate for a more congenial abiding-place. Yet these three lingered; the golden-rod blossomed for them, and the trees put on their gayest livery; the rocks reflected in sinuous lines the glory about them; the sea took on a richer hue, and the sea anemones, with their hosts of cousins and cousinsgerman, drew themselves farther from the unfriendly air.

On an elevation overlooking the bay and town sat the lovers, through the branches the sun sent down his kindliest rays—poor, cold things they were at best—upon them. For a while a desultory conversation had been kept up; but now the third, reclining among her shawls, lulled by the faint roaring of the breakers, had fallen asleep.

Presently, seeing this, the two took up again the old subject; that never-tiring subject which held in its power the hopes, almost life, of that other so near.

"No, Walter. It can not be. Your income is not large enough to support three, and Nellie must always be my care."

"Yet you earn barely enough to make both ends meet."

"We can struggle along," she smiled faintly. "Better it is that you should wait; you are young yet and have a future. Achieve it! Some day, perhaps in five years, perhaps one, your talent will be properly recognized, then I will come to you gladly."

"And I must wait till then?"

"Yes, dear; we will not become a drag to pull you down. Perhaps—though it is almost a sin to say it—perhaps if I were alone, I would yield to you and come now; we could fight our battle together and make ourselves a foothold."

"Your words are sound sense;" he spoke bitterly now—"there speaks the woman of business." He caught her appealing look and checked himself. "I know you are right, darling, but what you say is none the less distressing for that. No. It has indeed narrowed itself down to this. My income will not suffice for three; but it might for two. This is a lesson I must learn; and, having learned, must profit by it."

He rose and paced nervously over the fallen leaves; she rose, too, and clasped her hands about his arm. "But I love you just the same, Walter."

"I know it, my dear, noble girl; and it will not be my fault if our marriage is long delayed."

They passed away together into the full gladness of the sunlight. A slight figure sank still deeper into the coverings about her; she emitted a smothered cry—they, bound up in each other, heard it not—then voice and form alike were still.

Presently the two returned. "She is still sleeping," said he, glancing at her, but his companion saw there a nameless something which filled her with dread. With a bound she was at her side. "Nellie!" she cried, but the lips moved not in answer, nor was the pressure of her hand returned. "Walter, come here. What is the matter?"

The face was white and cold. An agony seemed to have left there its fearful impress. The little hands clutched a few broken twigs and leaves; but the pulse beat still, though uncertainly and faintly. The two fell beside her, and rubbed her cold palms and colder brow. Water, which they had brought with them, was dashed in her face, and at last she revived. Slowly the color chased away the pallor of her cheeks.

"What has happened?" though the elder sister trembled as she asked the question, knowing full well the reply.

"Can you ask me, Grace?" What piteousness in her tone! What a world of reproach in her sightless eyes! "My God!" murmured the unhappy girl, "my cross is greater than I can bear."

And in their privacy of their chamber that night: "You were cruel, sister. He would not knowingly have deceived me so."

Thereafter on this subject she held her peace. Only the pallor of her face—its hard, pinched look—the listlessness of her movements, told of the great forbearance which she exercised; of the struggle which was going on within. Still she accompanied them on their artistic strolls, but she took little or no part in their conversation, seeming always to hug some phantom of her imagination, or to meditate upon some overmastering resolve. And once, as they sat by the shore, they missed her calling, they received no answer; searching, they found her not; till at last——

For the poor girl had dragged herself to where the moaning sea attracted her—through the scanty woods, over the shelving rocks—till the froth of the breakers rolled up to her feet, and their voices bellowed, inviting, in her ears.

"Yes, yes, I come to you," she whispered; "it is the only way. I am always a drag, always a hindrance. Without me they could be happy. Oh, my loved one—my sister—accept my sacrifice, and rejoice."

Gently she slid into the waters. "It is cold," she murmured, "but I will not be cold long; it will soon be over, soon——." The waves engulfed her; a bubbling cry, a faint struggle, and then——

So they found her, lying peacefully but an arm's depth beneath the sea, whose spray sparkled in the sunlight, and made about her an aureole like that of the Christian martyr.

* * * * *

Years may come and go, but will those two ever reach that happiness which seemed so near? Ah, no! The act which should have united them has parted them forever; unless in the hereafter they may meet again, and he joined to eternity by her forgiving and forgiven spirit.

SCIENTIFIC GOSSIP.

Protection to Oil Paintings—Card Telegrams—False Comets—Ingenious Contrivance for Steamship Shaft, &c., &c.

Rapid progress is making on the Aliwal North Railway, South Africa. When completed this line will form a short and direct route between the coast and the Free State and Basutoland.

At Bourke, New South Wales, the average temperature of the hottest part of the day for the first fifteen days of the present year was 119·6° Fahrenheit, and the highest temperature recorded during that period was 122° Fahrenheit.

Mr. W. H. Massey, of the Society of Telegraph Engineers, London, has strongly urged the introduction of a small engine and dynamo-electric machine on each locomotive, in order to supply incandescent lamps, by means of which, he maintains, railroad carriages can be lighted better and cheaper than by gas jets.

The first Londoner according to the *Builder*, who introduced conduit water into his premises, was a tradesman of Fleet-street. This is how a record of 1478 sets forth the occurrence: "A wax chandler in Fleet-street had by crafte perced a pipe of the condit withynne the ground and so conveied the water into his seller; wherefore he was judged to ride through the citie with a condit uppon his hedde," the city crier meanwhile preceding the criminal and proclaiming his offense.

Card telegrams are much in use in Paris. There are two kinds of them—one like the ordinary postal card in form and color, and the other blue and capable of being so closed as to conceal the writing. They are each large enough to contain a message of fully 60 words. When a card is dropped into the card telegram box of the nearest telegram office the official in charge picks it up and has it transmitted through one of the pneumatic tubes which extend all over the city, thus insuring its delivery at the place to which it is addressed in less than half an hour from the time it was "posted."

A correspondent of the *Scientific American* describes several false comets observed by himself and others in and near Philadelphia within recent years. He ascribes them to reflection by a water-charged atmosphere of the sharp and well-defined flames produced by the ignition of natural gas at the extremity of escape pipes. Other places in Pennsylvania have been the scene of like phenomena under analogous circumstances. Probably similar spectacles witnessed at Porto Rico and Sulphur Springs may, when all the facts are thoroughly sifted, be found to have their origin in not dissimilar terrestrial agencies.

M. Cailletet, one of the two French savants who succeeded in liquidising the last of the gases, has invented an apparatus for the continuous production of intense cold. It consists of a closed steel cylinder containing a coil of copper pipe, the ends of which project from each head of the cylinder. Two copper tubes are also screwed into the cylinder, and one of them communicates with the mercurial piston pump already used by Cailletet, while the other receives the ethylene which has been compressed by the pump and cooled by methyl chloride. A circuit is then formed in which the same quantity of condensed ethylene is repeatedly evaporated in the copper coil, producing intense cold, and then compressed again by the pump being sufficiently cooled with ethyl chloride and ready for evaporation again.

In the absence of flexibility other than that provided by the springing of the screw shaft of a steamship the *Engineer* maintains that breakages will occur, and in order to minimise the results of fractures, suggests an ingenious expedient borrowed from rolling mill practice. In rolling mills a "breaking spindle" is always introduced between the driving wheel and the roll trains to save the rolls and gearing from the effects of undue strains. This spindle is simply a short length of shafting of smaller section than the rolls or roll-necks. If something must give way it will be the weak or breaking spindle, which being of cast iron, can be replaced for a few shillings, and with no more than a few minutes' delay. Why, very pertinently asks our contemporary, should not screw shafts have one short length in each, with a strength of, say 75 per cent of the rest of the shaft? Two or three lengths might be carried. If the shaft breaks as all it will be here, and the broken bit can be taken out and replaced by a sound section in a couple of hours.

A Good Clerk.

A good clerk is a prize too rarely found, and when found often unappreciated. When a man has a clerk in whom he can place confidence, he may regard himself as extremely fortunate. One good clerk will do more, and do it better, than two poor ones. He does not require constant looking after. When he does anything there is no necessity for his employer to do it over again. He will always take pains to treat customers well and serve them with exactly what they want. He never acts as if he owns the whole establishment, and a very large portion of the world outside of it. He is polite, unassuming and anxious to forward his employer's interests. He is sufficiently level headed to recognize the fact that the more his employer's business increases the better is his own chance for advancement. With this end in view he naturally takes a close personal interest in the business. When a man is fortunate enough to get such an employe, he would do well to endeavor to retain him. If he wants a holiday once in a while, let him have it. He will appreciate it and make it up to you. Should he ask a favor of you, grant it, as by so doing it will make him regard you as his best friend and the bond between you will be one of friendship as well as business interest. Many employers overlook the fact that a good clerk is a person of some influence. He can always bring trade with him, and need never be at a loss for employment. If he leaves one employer he can readily obtain a position with another, probably in the same neighborhood, and draw trade to his latest employer. When you get a good clerk keep him. You can feel a sense of security when you go to market or for an evening's recreation if you leave such a person in charge. Your business will be well attended to, and even if you pay him a liberal salary, you will find it a benefit in the long run.

MURDER MOST FOUL.

An Aged Couple Brutally Murdered—The Crime a Mystery—Empanelling the Jury.

A murder trial which promises to be a *cause celebre* recently commenced at Chicago, Ill., and it is not without interest to Canadians, as the accused is one Neil McKeague, the son of a farmer who lives near Thorold, Ont. Most murders in Chicago, though brutal, are done in the light of day; but this one is shrouded in mystery. The story of the crime is briefly this:—Sixteen miles north of Chicago lies the pretty little suburban village of Winnetka. In a handsome two-storied cottage, located from the other houses, lived James L. Willson and his wife. Willson was 72 years old and his wife 82 years. They were wealthy, and the husband frequently came to the city to superintend his money matters. On Wednesday, Feb. 13, a young lady named Miss Emma Dwyer (whose custom it was to call at the house and remain with the old lady while Willson was in the city), rang the door bell, but received no answer. The house was barred, and no noise could be heard inside. She passed to the rear, and entered through a kitchen window. What a sight met her gaze!

BLOOD WAS EVERYWHERE,

on the walls, the ceiling, the furniture, the floor. The old man Willson lay near the door of his bed-chamber, dead. Two bullets were lodged in his body, and the breast-bone and nine ribs had been crushed in by the jumping of the murderer upon him. Upstairs, in her bed, was Mrs. Willson, beaten almost out of human semblance. The right arm lay outside the blood-soaked coverlet. Her thin fingers were grasping a stout cane which had snapped in two when she defended herself. She had been beaten to death with a pair of iron tongs, which were found dripping with blood at the bedside. Her lower jaw was splintered, her eyes gouged, and her right arm broken in two places. The young woman was horrified, and ran to a butcher whose shop was within sight, and solicited his assistance. That person was Neil McKeague, the new prisoner. When she came to the shop she found McKeague standing in the doorway, looking apparently towards Willson's house.

THE CRIME A MYSTERY.

Who committed the murders was naturally the first thought. Its object was plainly robbery; but why should robbers kill the old couple if they were not known to them, as ordinary professional cracksmen would have been? A number of arrests were made pro forma of tramps and other suspicious persons seen in the neighbourhood, but there was no evidence forthcoming to warrant their detention. The heir of the old couple called in the services of Pinkerton's detectives, and a clue was quickly followed up, which led to an arrest. At the time of the murder there was snow upon the ground. Tracks were found in the snow leading to the front gate. Exact plaster casts of these tracks were taken by the detectives. In the rooms where the crime was committed were found three rubber vest buttons of peculiar make. The name of a Paris maker was stamped on them. All were blood-stained. One had a piece of cloth attached, as if rent from somebody's clothes. These valuable links in the evidence were naturally taken care of. The day before the murder, Willson had received a considerable sum of money through the sale of some property. All this money, his gold watch, a memorandum book, and other valuable papers were gone; but $350 in cash and $3,000 in village bonds were found in an old trunk undisturbed. They were probably overlooked.

THE SUSPICION FIXED.

Among the villagers who was fond of discussing the murder was the young Canadian butcher, McKeague. He repeated constantly, with varying details, a story to the effect that the night before the murder Willson came to his store and said "that he expected a caller that night and wanted an extra nice steak." The constant reiteration of this story made people whisper that it might be possible there was an object in his doing so. The whispering became loud talking. McKeague's custom fell off. His store was avoided. It became known that McKeague owed Willson a large sum of money, but the evidence of this debt was taken in the papers carried off by the murderer. Detectives watched McKeague. His clothes were secretly examined and the three buttons matched other buttons upon his clothes. The microscope identified the threads attached to one button as being the same material as in one of his vests. His pistol carried bullets of the same calibre as those in the old man's body. Despite his protestations of innocence, this circumstantial evidence was deemed sufficient for his arrest. His father, a gentlemanly old man, came on from Thorold, Ont., interviewed his son, and pronounced him guiltless. He then secured eminent counsel and employed detectives for the defence.

MCKEAGUE IN THE DOCK.

His trial was opened before Judge Anthony. The prisoner is a cleanly-shaved, plump-faced, rather good-looking man, and decidedly free from the hang-dog appearance usually ascribed to murderers. He was fashionably but inexpensively dressed. His coat was closely buttoned to the chin. A bright cameo pin relieved his dark scarf. His collar was altogether of the latest fashion, and his get-up unlike that of a man who has been in gaol for some time. His hair was worn short, and parted nearly in the middle. The whole day was wasted in challenging the jurors. Everybody who had conscientious objections to capital punishment, or were over 60 years old, or who had formed an opinion about the murder from reading the newspapers were allowed to stand aside. It was amusing to notice how the "pre-formed conviction" racket was worked by the jurors who wanted to get away. From ten in the morning till five in the afternoon not a single juror had been selected. If somebody had put the newspaper-reading test to the presiding judge it is possible he would have "excused" himself from attendance also.

EMPANELLING A JURY.

The McKeague trial continues to draw a crowded court, although not a particle of evidence has yet been submitted. Only four jurors having been sworn so far. Every person presented as a possible juror is as a rule willingly excused from further attendance. Nearly one hundred persons have been rejected. McKeague's counsel appears confident of a verdict of acquittal, and so do his aged Scotch father and mother, who are here from Thorold. His sister, aunt, and affianced, Belle Hagen, are in court every day. The press is devoting much attention to the trial, and one journal is publishing neat sketches of the principal witnesses, counsel, &c. All the evidence is circumstantial and is now centered around a single waistcoat button with a few threads attached. The defence confidently assert McKeague's innocence, and maintain that Pinkerton's Detective Agency employed by the prosecution to work the case up knows that he is guiltless. For this latter reason the defence challenged all the jurors who have had dealings with these renowned detectives.

Major-General F. D. Middleton.

Major-General Middleton, who has accepted the command of the Canadian Militia, will proceed to Ottawa immediately upon his arrival in the country to assume his new duties. The General will be much missed at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, where he has been Commandant and Secretary since September, 1874. In alluding to his departure from that establishment the *Army and Navy Gazette* says that he has earned the respect and gratitude of everybody, and that the thoroughness with which he has carried out the duties of his by no means sinecure appointment has done much to raise the general tone of the college. The *Gazette* goes on to say that it would have been impossible to have found a more worthy successor to General Luard, and if Major-General Middleton does not continue the good work commenced by Sir Edward Selby Smith and continued by General Luard, it will be due to a want of official encouragement on the part of the Canadian Government, and not to any lack of zeal on his part.

The General is already well known in Canada, where he first came at the time of the Trent affair as a Major in the 29th Regt. The headquarters of that corps were at Hamilton, but Major Middleton spent a great deal of his time in Montreal, where he is widely known and universally liked. After serving some ten years on the staff of General Windham he left for home at the time of the withdrawal of the Imperial troops, and soon afterwards was appointed Commandant of the Royal Military College. The General obtained his first commission as ensign on the 30th December, 1842, and saw his first active service in 1846, in the southern part of New Zealand, where he took part in the attack on Wanganui. He afterwards served in India during the Santhal rebellion and the never to be forgotten Sepoy Mutiny of 1857-58. He was orderly officer to General Franks in the action of Solnapore, and subsequent affairs on the advance to Lucknow. At the siege and capture of that city he was A. D. C. to General Luard, and took part in the storming of Bank's House, and the Martiniere, where his gallant conduct gained him the Brevet of Major. The General subsequently served in nearly all the principal actions during the mutiny, and was time and again specially mentioned in home despatches and has received the order of Commander of the Bath. According to the new rules relative to compulsory resirement Major-General Middleton would have had to leave the army as a Colonel next November, but getting the command of the Canadian Militia and his Major-Generalship he can now serve on for some years. The General was recommended to Lord Clyde by Lieut.-General Sir E. Lugard for the Victoria Cross for two acts of bravery of which the following is a brief outline: On April 15, 1858, in the engagement near Azemghur a troop of the military train charged a large body of rebels. Captain Middleton, staff officer, had been ordered by Sir Edward Lugard to take command of the party and gallantly he led it. In the *melee*, Lieutenant Hamilton, 3rd. Sikh Cavalry, fell from his horse mortally wounded. A body of Sepoys, tulwar in hand, rushed at him to cut him to pieces, Captain Middleton and Farrier Francis Murphy, in a desperate hand to hand fight, killed several of the enemy and drove off the rest and enabled some others, who afterwards came up, to carry off the wounded officer. On the same day and about the same time, Private Fowles of the Military Train was unhorsed and wounded. The rebels were swarming about him and were on the point of cutting him to pieces when Captain Middleton coolly dismounted placed Fowles on his horse and brought him into camp. More devoted and heroic conduct was never rewarded by the Victoria Cross. Yet, though Murphy received the decoration in question, Lord Clyde declined to recommend Captain Middleton on the ground that he was on the personal staff at the time. In writing about this the *Army and Navy Gazette* stated that this was incorrect, for Captain Middleton had been expressly placed in command of the party. But even had he been merely present as a staff officer, the *Gazette* fails to see how that fact would have diminished the credit due for his unselfish and heroic conduct.

Corporal Punishment.

"Do you believe in corporal punishment?" asked a visitor in a large grammar school out West.

"That depends," replied the lady-teacher, with a peculiar look, "on the size of the boy. If he is bigger than I am, I try moral suasion."

"What if the moral suasion doesn't persuade?"

"In that case, I have a method which never fails."

"What is that?"

"I hand the ferule to the refractory pupil and compel him to give me as many strokes with it as he thinks his own punishment deserves."

"How many times have you done that?"

"Only twice within six years. So I think the system a good one."

"Yes, I should think it was," and the visitor went away, thoughtful.

The idea is by no means new. Every boy and girl who has read Miss Alcott's "Little Men" will remember the case of Father Bhaer and Emil. It must be said, however, that such a system of punishment might safely be followed by a lady-teacher, when the result would not always be so pleasant if a gentleman should adopt it.

Accounted For.

Mrs. Plaindame, after looking long and thoughtfully at a plaster cast of Shakspeare, remarked:

"Poor man! how pale he was! He couldn't have been well when it was taken."

"No," replied Fogg, "he was dead."

"Ah! that accounts for it," said Mrs. P., drawing a sympathetic breath.—*Buffalo Express.*

How to Prevent Fires.

The following simple precautions suggested by the New York *Independent*, if strictly followed, would prevent a great many destructive fires. The rules might be posted in every store, dwelling, and factory with good results:

The leading causes of fires are kerosene oil, matches, and furnaces.

1. Always buy the best quality of oil.
2. Never make a sudden motion with a lamp, either in lifting it or setting it down.
3. Never place a lamp on the edge of a table or mantel.
4. Never fill a lamp after dark, even if you should have to go without a light.
5. See that the lamp wicks are always clean and that they work freely in the tube.
6. Never blow out a lamp from the top.
7. Never take a light to a closet where there are clothes. If necessary to go to the closet, place the light at a distance.
8. Use candles just as much as possible in going about the house and in bedrooms. They are cheaper, can't explode, and for very many purposes are just as good as lamps.
9. Matches should always be kept in earthen jars, or in tin.
10. They should never be left where rats or mice can get hold of them. There is nothing more to the taste of a rat than phosphorus. They will eat it if they can get as it. A bunch of matches is almost certain to be set fire if a rat gets at it.
11. Have good safes in every place where matches are to be used, and never let a match be left on the floor.
12. Never let a match go out of your hand after lighting it until you are sure the fire is out, and then it is better to put it in a stove or an earthen dish.
13. It is far better to use the safety matches, which can only be lighted upon the box which contains them.
14. Have your furnaces examined carefully in the fall, and at least once during the winter by a competent person. All of the pipes and flues should be carefully looked to.
15. If there are any closets in the house near chimneys or flues, which there ought not to be, put nothing of a combustible nature in them.
16. Never leave any wood near a furnace, range, or stove to dry.
17. Have your stove looked to frequently, to see that there are no holes for coal to drop out.
18. Never put any hot ashes or coal in a wooden receptacle.
19. Be sure that there are no curtains or shades that can be blown into a gaslight.
20. Never examine a gas meter after dark.

Fires, of course, arise from other causes than those we have stated. Smokers burn up much valuable property which is not in the shape of cigars. Bunches of oiled rags of the most inanimate nature in themselves still perform the most wonderful feats in the destruction of property. Tramps, with their old pipes, will creep into barns and haymows, and servants will be careless in thousands of ways, but if every person who owns property will give the subject attention, and see that those around him are posted, and see that reasonable rules are always obeyed, many thousands of dollars could be saved annually which are now burned out of existence.

Great Men's Diversions.

Greatness unbending from its dignified surroundings to refresh itself with the amusements of commoner folk envelopes itself, in so doing, with a peculiar charm. Many a man plays on the floor with his children, without any fear that such rompings may go to make history. The diversions of busy men are seldom what we should imagine them to be; for the reason that, in order to produce the desired effect; they must as far as possible produce a contrast to their daily toil. Beethoven, when in want of a change after mental labor, liked best of all to run round the largest square in his vicinity. Hartley Coleridge, in the same way, was fond of tearing wildly round a field. Richter's relaxation was a long walk on a rainy day. He took his family with him—all being clad in clothing that a thorough wetting would not spoil. Jean Paul averred that the electrical effect of such a rain-bath on the human system is one of the best therapeutics in the world; and we incline to agree with him. Victor Hugo does his locomotion by proxy; next to playing with his grand-children he loves to knock about Paris on the top of omnibuses.

Carlyle, on the other hand, liked travelling inside an omnibus, though why, nobody, apparently has discovered. Adam Smith's sole indulgence (beyond a taste for finely bound books) was a passion for pedestrianism. Never was there a more peripatetic philosopher. One Sunday morning in 1775, he went to his door in Kirkcaldy, to feel the fresh air; the peripatetic instinct came upon him unawares. He walked straight away to Burntisland, many miles from Kirkcaldy, and astonished the kirk going folk there with an apparition in dressing-gown and slippers. During this particular walk Smith exoogitated the first chapter of the "Wealth of Nations."

Scott was a great pedestrian, lame though he was. Christopher North once walked seventy miles in one day for some loch fishing; Dickens could have emulated the feat; and Professor Blackie has boasted that he has not only walked seventy miles in one day, but slept by the roadside during the following night. This eccentric Scotch Professor has made such good use of his legs that there are few towns in England and none in Scotland to which he has not walked. Mr. Fawcett, though blind, takes the keenest delight in fishing, and casts a fly with the utmost skill. Mr. Bright is another votary of the rod. At the Reform Club, in winter, he may be found playing billiards with the zest of a "good cue." But his highest enjoyment lies in our poets. He reads himself to sleep every night with the work of one of our classical bards. It may be wondered whether, in some secret drawer, the orator preserves some little bundle of his own verses, prompted by such continuous reading in the harmonious thoughts of mighty men. Campbell declared that there was no inspiration to the writing of poetry so good as the reading of poetry.

Little Nell: "Mamma, what is color blind?" Mamma: "Inability to tell one color from another, my dear." Little Nell: "Then I does the man that made my geography is color-blind." Mamma: "And why?" Little Nell: "Because he's got Greenland painted Yellow, and the Red Sea painter black."

The Royal Wedding.

At the marriage of the Princess Victoria of Hesse to Prince Louis of Battenburg, recently in Darmstadt, the streets were profusedly decorated with flags in honor of the event, and were thronged with sightseers. After the performance of the civil marriage, the bride was led to the palace chapel by her grandmother, the mother of Grand Duke Louis. They were followed by a procession of Royal guests, Queen Victoria leading, followed by the Prince and Princess Imperial of Germany, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Beatrice, Prince William of Prussia, and Prince Alexander, of Bulgaria, the brother of the bridegroom. In the bridal possession the bride and the bridegroom walked between the Princesses of Battenberg. When the bride and bridegroom exchanged rings at the altar a salute of thirty-six guns was fired. Queen Victoria stood during the choral portion of the services. At the conclusion of the ceremony she embraced the couple. The bride wore the veil of her mother, the late Princess Alice. All the guests except queen Victoria attended the banquet in the evening. The only toast drunk was to the health of the newly wedded pair. The couple afterward started for Jugenheim amid the plaudits of throngs of people. The streets were beautifully illuminated in the evening. A performance of "Colomba" was given on Wednesday at the Opera House. The Princess Victoria and Prince Louis of Battenberg occupied the front centre places of the royal box, and grouped around them were other royal personages. The city was brilliantly illuminated and there were a torchlight procession and serenades. Princess Victoria was born at Windsor, on the 5th of April, 1863. She is the eldest daughter of the Grand Duke Ludwig IV. of Hesse-Darmstadt and the late Princess Alice, daughter of Queen Victoria. Prince Louis of Battenberg is a comely, graceful young fellow and a great favorite in royal German Circles. He is the oldest son of Prince Alexander of Hesse, the uncle of the Grand Duke. This young Prince was born May 24th, 1854, and became a naval officer in the British navy, besides being an officer in the Hessian Royal Artillery. He is of an ambitious nature, and took a decided position of activity in pushing his brother Alexander into place as Prince of Bulgaria. He first met the Princess in Darmstadt, and, obtaining the aid of the Prince of Wales, pursued his suit and got the sanction of the head of the Hesse house. He then proceeded to Windsor, when the Queen of England approved the betrothal, thus adding another link to the Germain chain that encircles the British throne.

Blessed for Charity.

A little old woman, pale-faced and bowed in form, dressed in the habit of the order of St. Vincent de Paul, is always to be found pacing the wards or corridors of the chain of institutions which surround the block bounded by Sixty-eighth and Sixty-ninth streets, Lexington and Third Avenues, New York. This is Sister Irene, the foster mother of thousands of foundlings. Toddlers of all complexions cling to her skirts and nestle at her side, awaiting her benignant smile and loving greeting. Four fully appointed buildings, the Asylum, St. Ann's and St. John's Hospitals, and an imposing chapel, occupy the square purchased by the efforts of this woman, who began her work without a penny in her pocket. Sister Irene and Mrs. P. L. Thebaud begged the first ten dollars that was the nest-egg of the fund to save the foundlings. Last week $10,017 was paid as wages to the nurses who take care of the children in their homes. There are nearly two thousand children in the asylum, besides 1,700 nurses outside. The number left in the creche daily average forty-nine. "The great effort of my life," says Sister Irene, "is to restore the mothers; if they come here they are shielded, and, by kindness and good counsel, brought back to a virtuous way of living."

The weather prophet looks for spring this month. The wise man looks for a blood purifier that will not injure his system: he can find what he wants in Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, the greatest of all blood-purifiers. In large bottles at 50 cents.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships

Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday, and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland. Also from Baltimore via Halifax and St. John's N. F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow line sail during winter between Portland and Glasgow, and Boston and Glasgow alternately; and during summer between Quebec and Glasgow and Boston and Glasgow every week.

For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's N. F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N. B.; Allan & Co., Chicago; Love & Alden, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; H. A. Allan, Portland, Boston & Montreal

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HOMESTEADS!

IN THE

TEMPERANCE COLONY

N. W. T.

160 Acres Free To Actual Settlers

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES.

First Class Land.
Healthy Climate. No Fevers.
Plenty of Pure Water.
Convenient to Coal Mines.
Navigable River passing through it.
Season longer than in Manitoba.
Located in the centre of fertile Belt
Sober, Thrifty, Moral Neighbors
Supply Store in the Colony.

SASKATOON,

The capital of the Colony, already shows prospects of being the most important city on the Saskatchewan River,

LOTS FROM SALE CHEAP, AND ON EASY TERMS.

Excursions from Ontario every wee

For particulars apply to HEAD OFFICE (114 KING ST., WEST, TORONTO.

M. S. SMITH, President. W. PEMB ETONHAGH, Manager.

CANADA PLATE.

Price Low For Future Delivery.
Tin Plate.
Galvanised Sheet.
Stamped Goods.

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COPLAND & McLAREN.

MONTREAL.

TO SADDLERS.

The celebrated Elm City Harness Oil can be had from the following Wholesale Saddlery Hardware houses: Field and Davidson, Hamilton; Mortimer Rice, Hamilton; Fraser and Johnson, Hamilton; C. Davidson, and Co., Toronto; S. Trees and Co., Toronto; T. Woodhouse and Co., Toronto; W. Ellis, London; W. C. Martin, Kingston; T. Smith and Son., Brantford; or from P. D. DALLEY and Co., Hamilton. Sole agents for the Dominion

MUTUAL

Marriage Aid

ASSOCIATION.

$5,000 Paid on Marriages. Over $100,000 Paid in Benefits to Date.

ISSUE IN 1883, OVER $2,000,000.

The only Company in Canada that has paid a claim.

UNDOUBTED SECURITY.

Premiums small. Address,

Agents Wanted W. B. WARREN, Secretary, Hamilton.

Agents Wanted

FOR THE

Citizens Insurance Co., of Canada.

Established 1864.—Capital and Assets, $1,488,000.

—Government Deposit $122,000 Cash.—

At this Company transacts Fire, Life, and Accident business a profitable agency is thus offered to those soliciting insurance risks.

Special terms to those who have valuable connections. Farm property insured as low as by Farm Mutuals.

Address,

Head Office, 179 St. James Street, Montreal.

The stock of this Company is held by many of the wealthiest citizens of Montreal.

THE MODEL

[redacted]

Washer

AND

BLEACHER

Weighs but 8 pounds. Can be carried in a small valise. Illustration shows Machine in boiler. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

$1000.00 REWARD FOR ITS SUPERIOR.

Washing made light and easy. The clothes have that pure whiteness which no other mode of washing can produce. No rubbing required, as by the old way, to injure the fabric. A 10 year old girl can do the washing as well as an older person.

To place it in every household THE PRICE HAS BEEN REDUCED to $3.50, and if not found satisfactory money refunded. See what the "Canada Presbyterian" says about it:—The Model Washer and Bleacher which Mr. C. W. Dennis offers to the public has many and valuable advantages. It is a time and labor-saving machine, is substantial and enduring, and is very cheap. From trial in the household we can testify to its excellence. Delivered to any express office in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. Charges paid $1.00. Send for circulars.

AGENTS WANTED.

C. W. DENNIS,

TORONTO BARGAIN HOUSE.

213 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

Mutual Marriage Endowment Ass'n.

INCORPORATED.

—HEAD OFFICE, LONDON, ONT.—

Insure Certificates from $125 to $5,000, payable on marriage at following rates:

For $500, or less Certificate, $4; quarterly dues in advance, $0.75.

For $1,000 Certificate, $6; quarterly dues in advance $1.00.

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For $5,000 Certificate $15; quarterly dues in advance $3.00

A percentage of the Fees applied towards a reserve fund. The only cash payments required at the time of making application for a certificate. The remainder of the liability is made up of assessments at the rate of $1.00 on each $1,000 upon the marriage of members. If assessments made the first year payable quarterly, which upon the present large membership secures the payment of a number of Endowments, and a safe and reliable investment for young people. Send for By Laws and full particulars. W. J. MLLAGH, Secretary, London, Ont.

84,000

Sold in 17 Months.

BUY ONLY THE

GLOBE

Walter Woods

HAMILTON, ONT

GURNEYS & WARE,

STANDARD SCALES.

THE BEST,
THE STRONGEST,
THE MOST RELIABLE.

Unrivalled in material, construction and finish, perfect in accuracy and unequalled in durability. Guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.

THEY EXCEL ALL OTHERS.

RAILROAD, WAREHOUSE AND MILL TRUCKS.

Mills' Alarm Money Drawers.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST.

GURNEYS & WARE,

HAMILTON, ONT

J. H. FORD,

PHOTOGRAPHER, BELLEVILLE.

Advertising has become so common among business men that the genera public give very little attention to any thing he may say about his business There is certainly a feeling among all classes of persons in favor of their own production. Now it is a common thing for us to say our photos are superior to any in the city, and it has been advertised time and time again and the public say now give us something new. This we will now do by way of letters which you will find below. The letters are not old ones but letters received recently as you will see by the dates they bear. You will see by the way they are written that they were not intended as puffs, as they are short and most of them on postals. Again, they are from persons whose truthfulness is unquestionable, and well known in most instances. You will also see they are from gentlemen who live in the cities and large towns of our Dominion. With the hope that the publication of these letters will give you more confidence in our work than you now have, we submit the following:—

METHODIST MISSION ROOM,
TORONTO, OCT. 28, 1883.

J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: I received your Photo. It is regarded as excellent. Please send me a dozen, with the bill, and I will remit, as you did not state your price. Are you carrying out the album place for the group? What will be the price of that and the ordinary groups respectively?

Yours faithfully,
REV. A. SUTHERLAND, D. D.

WINGHAM, Oct. 30, 1883.

MR. J. H. FORD—Dear Sir: The Cabinet Photo's you sent me last week came to hand all right. They are regarded as excellent by all who have seen them. If you carry out your design concerning the Conference Album you may put me down for one.

Yours faithfully,
REV. G. H. CORNISH.

MONTREAL, Oct. 18th, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—I am in recept of the dozen of photos. They are perfectly to my satisfaction and the price I paid you I thought very reasonable. I only regret that I did not ask you to take me full size and will do so, should I again visit Belleville. You will please send me one of the group, as I have no doubt it will be a work of art which all will appreciate.

Yours respectfully,
HON. JAMES FERRIER.

J. H. Ford, Esq., Belleville.

LAKESIDE, Nov. 2nd, 1883.

J. H. Ford, Esq.—Dear Sir: I received the photo's all right. They were sent to Embro and were transferred to Lakeside. They were well executed and give entire satisfaction. My wife says they are first-class, and so say they all. &c, &c.

Yours &c.,
CHARLES KITMER.

HAMILTON, Oct. 22, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—Photos to hand. I like them very well. Will you please print 38 more, making 50 in all, and on their receipt I will send you the balance of the money as per agreement. I would like them soon.

Yours truly,
REV. J. S. WILLIAMSON.

To J. H. Ford, Esq., Belleville.

Bond St., TORONTO, Oct. 24, '83.

DEAR SIR,—The photo to hand and am much pleased with its excellent finish. Enclosed you will please find pay for half a dozen, which you will oblige me by sending as early as possible.

Yours truly,
REV. J. COOPER ANLLEFF.

To J. H. Ford. Belleville.

248 Simcoe St., TORONTO, Oct.

DEAR SIR,—Please find enclosed pay for the dozen photos you sent me last week. I must give you credit for the the best picture I ever had taken. They give great satisfactron to myself and family. You may expect an order for some more soon.

Yours as ever,
REV. ROBERTS,
Pres. of B. C. Con.

To J. H. Ford, Belleville.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable box of samples, that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

I MUST go to BELLEVILLE for my

SHIRTS AND NECKWARE.

I ALWAYS BUY AT

S. C. RETALLACK'S

SHIRT FACTORY.

White, Oxford and Flannel Shirts made to order on short notice.

Agent for English, Canadian and American Bicycles and Tricycles. Bicycle hose, shirts, &c., in Stock. 360-6.

1858. —ESTABLISHED— 1858.

WRIGHT'S

GROCERY, PROVISION, WINE AND LIQUOR STORE.

CONFECTIONERY AND BISCUITS,

CROCKERY AND GLASSWAR

A quantity of Goods damaged by the late fire will be sold cheap. Call and see them.

JANE WRIGHT.

CHAMBERS & WHITE!

THE | BIG | TEA | POT | SIGN.

(Successors to J. A. Chambers.)

O'FLYNN BLOCK, - MADOC, ONT.;

where will be found a choice stock of fine

GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
CROCKERY.
GLASSWARE, &C.,

—ALSO—

FANCY CHINA WARE, OF THE LATEST DESIGNS.

Fine goods always a specialty with us.

James White. *J. A. Chambers.*

NOTICE!

All parties indebted to the undersigned, either by note or book account, are respectfully requested to call and settle the same without delay.

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, May 13, 1884.

1883. FALL and WINTER. 1884

Our stock of Fall and Winter Goods is now complete. An inspection solicited from intending purchasers. A large stock of Ready-made Clothing at lowest prices, and all other goods suitable for the season.

SPECIAL.

See our stock of China, Stone and Glassware.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

NUMBER 3, DURHAM STREET, MADOC, ONT.

—DEALER IN—

STOVES AND TINWARE,
HARDWARE AND WOODENWARE,
LAMPS AND LANTERNS,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS & PUTTY,

C O A L O I L.

Prices to Suit the Times. Please Give me a Call.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

Great Bargains

AT THE "RIGHT HOUSE."

$10,000 WORTH OF GOODS thrown on the Market!

Having re-opened in building ONE DOOR east of Post Office, formerly occupied as carriage shop by M. Bristol, we shall for the

NEXT 30 DAYS MARK GOODS DOWN TO COST.

Goods damaged by removal from fire sell at LESS than manufacturers' prices.

All lines of Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats and Caps, cut **away down.**

Boots and Shoes *MUST BE RUN OFF* inside 30 days, to make room.

Don't forget the place—one door east of the Post Office, Madoc.

D. C. CLARKE.

Madoc, Feb. 21st, 1884.

WATCHES, WATCHES, WATCHES.

Call and examine my stock, just arrived, which I am offering for nearly COST PRICE, for cash.

E. L. WEISS.

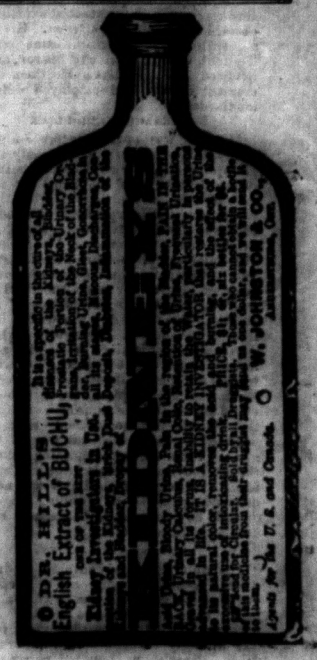
C. G. WILSON,

CHEMIST

—AND—

DRUGGIST.

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.



R.R. Casement & Co. Hats from Store AND GENERAL HABERDASHERY

North Hastings Review.

E. R. Jasmann & Co. Piano, Paints, Dealers in all kinds of FURNITURE.

JOHN R. DIX, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 370. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, May 29, 1884. POSTAGE PREPAID

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In your issue of the 15th inst., your correspondent "P. M.," furnishes statements of Charles Payne and George Allen, which claims to be justification for the statement he made concerning me in your issue of the 10th ult.

The original allegation of P. M. was that I refused to give the information asked for, not merely, as he now puts it, that I said "I know nothing about the matter." The evidence of Mr. Payne and Mr. Allen does not support P. M. in his allegation—they simply state that in answer to the enquiry of Mr. Allen, as to lots that were open for location, I said "I could not tell anything about it," not that I "refused to do so," thus clearly shewing that P. M. had no warrant whatever for his assertion that I had refused, as there is a very wide difference between refusing and not being able to give information. Mr. Allen states the case very fairly, and in connection therewith I may here mention, that I explained to Mr. Allen, that the reason why I could not tell him what unlocated lots were really open for location was, because many of the unlocated lots in Wollaston, Limerick and Cashel, may be in occupation and held by parties who claimed them prior to these townships being placed under the Free Grant Act, and that in view of this the Government require applicants for location to furnish proof that there is no occupation or adverse claim to the land applied for, and I may further mention that as a rule parties looking for land can readily find out in the various neighborhoods what lands are unoccupied, and unclaimed and have advised where there was a doubt as to whether located or not, that they write to me specifying the lots, and that I would give them all the information in my possession concerning them.

Yours Truly,
J. R. TAIT,
C. L. Agent.

L'Amable, 21st May.

National Morality.

Every country has its peculiar characteristic, not only of climate and energy of public institutions, government and laws, but every country has also its moral characteristic upon which is founded its true title to a station, high or low, in the scale of the nations. And the question at issue is, what is the true characteristic of the Dominion of Canada—what will the future historian have to record with regard to the moral standard of our country? Will he not have to state that it has sunken into the lowest depths of degradation—will he not have to record that our Government for a series of years past has been administered by a system of sale and purchase by pandering to individual interests and by playing on sectarian and national prejudices and other corrupt practices. That it is not to be wondered at that our country has become so scandalously demoralized that our representative men have forgotten the main object of Government. The penalty we pay for their indifference to the true interest of the political affairs of the country, is to be ruled by bad men. On the contrary, the reward that men should for their political services should be that that they might enjoy good government. When we look at the tendency of our politicians in this our day it cannot certainly be said to point very definitely in the latter direction. It is not so much the welware of the country as their personal emolument seems to be the motive power of our leading politicians. A natural consequence of the corrupting influence of a corrupt Government. The result is much to be deplored and if possible to be avoided. Our true reward for putting good men into power—men in whose moral honesty and integrity of character and whose political course we have confidence in—is that the country should have the benefit of good Government. In this we all have a common interest. If we have good Government and good laws and feel ourselves safe and comfortable, we partake of the natural prosperity that results therefrom. But if our representatives obtain a seat in parliment merely to show their influence with the party with which they have identified themselves with a view to the loaves and fishes and the possibility of obtaining an office of emolument, such men should be avoided and entrusted with representing and guarding the rights and liberties of the people and the moral advancement of the state. Office seekers have a long pedigree and we do not see any prospect of their speedy extinction as long as our Government remains in such a demoralized state, for as long as the present system exists men will be found to condone any act of their party no matter how base and corrupt it may be. This can only be remedied by cultivating a higher standard of moral refinement of the people, and the press should take the lead in setting an example in writing down all corruption wherever it exists, showing to the aspirants after Government affairs that they could find other employments that would be as profitable and far less servile and more independent. Men of independent minds and ambitious desires for fame would prefer to carve out their own fortunes by their honest application to business independent of Government employment.

A CITIZEN.

Madoc, May 22.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, and regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25c a bottle.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

Mr. Wm. Johnson, of Huron, Dak., writes that his wife had been troubled with acute Bronchitis for many years, and that all remedies tried gave no permanent relief, until he procured a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which had a magical effect, and produced a permanent cure. It is guaranteed to cure all Diseases of the Throat, Lungs, or Bronchial Tubes. Trial bottles free at all Drug Stores. Large size $1.00.

NOTICE.

ALL parties are hereby warned against purchasing any past due notes, made in favor of the undersigned, the said notes having been lost at Moon's Hotel in Madoc. The makers of said notes are also notified not to pay the same to anyone except myself or to Mr. Allen Moon, who is authorized to collect all notes and accounts due me, in my absence.

W. C. REID.

Centreville, May 19th, 1884. 369-4t

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Municipal Council of Dungannon and Faraday, in the County of Hastings, will pass a By-law at its next meeting to be held at L'Amable, May 31st, 1884, for the purpose of establishing a deviation on the Carlow Road, commencing at lot 8 in 10th concession of Dungannon, and running thence northeast about 40 rods to lot 7, and thence about 45 rods southeast, on said lot No. 7, 10th concession of Dungannon, till it joins the present travelled road.

A By-law will also be passed, to establish a piece of road running from north to south, through the middle of lot 10, in the 9th concession of Faraday.

A. C. BARKER,
Township Clerk.

L'Amable, may 5th. 367-4w

Wholesale & Retail

The undersigned begs leave to notify his customers and the public that his stock is complete once more, since the late fire.

Having just received a full and complete assortment of

GROCERIES,
CROCKERY,
WINES,
LIQUORS,

&c.,—the very best that the

MARKET WILL AFFORD,

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Mr. R. D. Russel has no further connection with Mrs. Sarah Russel's affairs.

(Signed.)

H. & J. RUSSEL,
Attorneys for Mrs. Sarah Russel,
Montreal.

Feb. 19th, 1884. 361

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Madoc, Jan. 27th, 1879. 90

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Belleville, Nov. 27, 1882. 291

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March, 31, 1883. 311.

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Sept. 25, 1883. 335-tf

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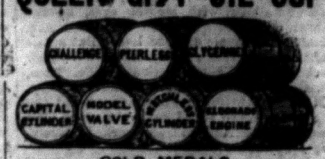

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Miss Lapham's Japanese Silk

A PARTLY TRUE STORY.

BY H. H.

Great bustle and stir pervaded Miss Jones's dressmaking room. Four new gowns were to go home that afternoon, all to be worn at one party. Such a thing had never before happened since Milly Jones, brave little thing that she was, had undertaken to keep father, mother, sister, and two brothers in food and clothes by the work of her two slender hands. Her father was a paralytic, her mother not overstrong, her sister only fifteen, and the boys ten and twelve.

It was a big load for Milly to shoulder, but she took it up as gayly as if it had been play, and had been carrying it now for four years, without a day's rest, or a night's either, for that matter, since there never was a night that she did not sew till twelve o'clock, and sometimes long after. All she knew of the dressmaking art she had learned on the sly, or on the wing, as it were, in the great Madame Gullall's establishment, where she had toiled and drudged for five years, sometimes going shopping, sometimes sewing on skirts of gowns, sometimes holding the pincushion for madame while she fitted.

This last was her opportunity, and not a second of it did she lose. No seam, no pleat, no trick of the madame's deft fingers, escaped Milly's eye. She had not been long in the place before the dream took distinct shape in her mind. It was not such a very difficult thing, Milly perceived, to fit a gown. She could even improve on some of the madame's methods, she dared to think. And she was not mistaken, for the madame was at best but a trained work-woman, and Milly had a dash of genius in her nimble brain. So she plotted and planned, and studied and observed, all the while saving every penny that she could.

She confided her project to her mother, who, luckily, did not frown on it, and together they schemed and economized, until at last they had money enough in the savings-bank to keep the family in food and pay the rent for one year. Until that was assured Milly would not make her venture.

"In one year I can get under way, I know," she said. "Plenty of madame's customers will give me their old gowns to alter over, because I will do it so cheap. I've many a time heard them say that it was no economy to have madame alter them, for she charged as much as for a new gown. And that way I'll gradually work in till they'll give me their new gowns too. If I had the French patterns I'd very soon fit as well as madame. If I had had her experience, I believe I'd fit better. I've seen her make awful blunders sometimes."

So, when the money for one year's living was put away, Milly electrified Madame Gullall one day by giving notice that she would leave at the end of the month. The madame was displeased. All her customers liked Milly; she herself liked her. She had no one in her whole establishment whose eye was as quick for a shade of color as Milly's. Many a time, when other shoppers had reported a sample as unmatchable, Milly had gone out, and in an hour returned with the right thing. And more than once, when some accident had happened to a gown, and a dilemma had arisen, Milly's ingenuity had come to the rescue, and devised an expedient which had saved the madame's credit. No; Milly must not go. She offered to double her wages. It was a temptation, but Milly resisted.

"It might be long before we would have a whole year's living ahead again," she thought; "and I'm getting old" (she was nineteen). "If I'm ever going to begin, now's my time."

So, politely thanking Madame Gullall, she declined her offer, and departed.

It was surprising how work poured in on her as soon as it was understood among a few of Madame Gullall's customers that Milly had "set up for herself." No woman living who cares for dress can resist the temptation of having a pretty gown at half price.

Milly was a tireless creature, went to her customers at their own houses to fit them, carried samples, ripped, sponged, and pressed old gowns, and brought them back as good as new, or better. She smiled to herself sometimes—knowing well how much more work she gave for the money than the fine ladies had ever got before—to find them inclined to drive close bargains with her. But she was working for an end; she could afford to bide her time.

"If I live and have my health, you'll see me ask twenty-five dollars for making a gown, the same as the rest of them," she said to her mother. "It's worth it, too. I just wish the ladies would try making one their own selves, from beginning to end, and see if they don't think differently after they've done it!"

Before the end of the first year Milly had a sewing-woman of her own. In six months more she had two, and at the time of our story had four. More than that Milly could not manage; in fact, more than six human beings could not have breathed in the little basement room where Milly's work must still be done. It was a dark, dismal, cramped place; but Milly did not yet, prosperous as, judging by her own modest criterion, she had become, dare risk a bigger rent. She knew what she wanted—a sunny, airy house far up-town. Many a Sunday afternoon she spent walking, with longing eyes, up and down the streets in which she would like, and hoped some day, to live. But before she could do that the boys must have their schooling, and get to work at a trade. Then, with only their father and mother to keep, Milly thought she and her sister would feel as if they could afford to live more as they would like. And so they worked bravely, cheerily on.

It seems to me that there is nothing in all the world which is reckoned by so false standards as courage. To set off on an exploring expedition to the north pole or into the heart of Africa, with rich men's money and names blazoning the affair all over the earth, with the lure of promised fame and glory beckoning one on, is not, to my mind, half so heroic a thing as to live in a dingy house in a respectly respectable street, trudge back and forth in all weathers to fetch and carry work, sit in a dark basement sewing ten hours at a stretch, day in and day out, year in and year out, and keep cheerful through it all. If only one person here and there did it, the world would see clearer how much courage and fortitude it takes. But there are so many hundreds, so many thousands, doing it all around us all the time, that we do not realize what it is or what it means. When we do realize this, a better time will dawn for work-people, and the world will wake up to a shame-stricken consciousness of some of its unconscious cruelties.

No such thoughts as these bothered Milly's brain, however. She went about her work, was sorry when it fell off, and elated when it poured in, no more questioning whether it were just for her to have to work so hard than sparrows question about flying in search of food.

The four gowns which were to go home this night were a great triumph for Milly. Two of them were for rich and fashionable young ladies for whom she had never before made new gowns, the Misses Lapham, who lived with their uncle in a superb home near the Park. They had been among Madame Gullall's best customers, as Milly very well knew. It would be enough to keep Milly's whole family for a year if she could earn all that these two girls had been in the habit of paying to madame. But that she did not hope for.

One of the dresses was of a Japanese silk, a sort of brocade. Milley wondered where it had been bought. She had never seen anything like it. It had gold and browns and purples so shot and interwoven that the color was like a beech-tree in the autumn—a beech-tree with its leaves all turned by frost, and shaking in the wind. Many a time Milly had paused in working, and held up a bit of it to the light, for the pure pleasure of seeing the colors change. With it had come a piece of very old gold brocade, which was made into an over-dress, with long sleeves hanging from the shoulder; and when Miss Florence Lapham put it on, she looked, with her black eyes and hair, like a Japanese lady of degree. Miss Florence was exceedingly difficult to please always, and with this particular dress it seemed as if she never would be suited. Even gentle Milly's patience was nearly worn out waiting while she stood before the long dressing-glass, turning and turning and turning again, and scrutinizing every fold and loop. At last she exclaimed:

"I never can tell how anything looks on myself. If I could only see it on somebody else, I could tell in one minute if it was as I want it."

"I might send Jenny up with it, Miss Florence," said Milly, hesitatingly. "If you would be willing to let her put it on. She is just about your size. I've often pinned a pattern for you on her, and I dressed this skirt on her."

"Who is Jenny?" said Miss Lapham, sharply.

"One of my girls," answered Milly, a little frightened. "But she's just as neat and nice as any lady. Indeed, Miss Florence, I don't think you need mind letting her put it on."

"Is she as tall as I am?" asked Miss Lapham, wonderingly; she had few acquaintances tall as herself.

"Not quite," said Milly; "but I've got a piece of wood I have her stand on, and that makes her just the right height. You could tell exactly how the dress looks if you saw it on her."

"Very well. You can bring her up with you to-morrow, when you fetch the dress home," said Miss Lapham, little dreaming what destinies lay in her words. "Come early, so there will be time for you to alter it if it isn't right. I don't believe that the loopings at the back are as I want them, but I can't possibly tell with the hand-glass. Bring the piece of wood along too, so as to have it exact."

Milly exclaimed: "Oh, Miss Florence, I can't bring that! Won't a footstool do?" and she glanced around the room, full of every sort of luxurious fitting and appointment.

"No," said Miss Lapham; "I want her to be the exact height you fitted it on. You can have one of your brothers bring the piece of wood."

"So I can," said the good-natured Milly. "I never thought of that. Robby will be only too delighted to come."

This conversation had been two days before the day of the party. When Milly reported it at home, to her great surprise, Jenny, flushing hotly, said that she could not go up to try on Miss Lapham's gown.

"Why not?" said Milly.

Jenny, still scarlet, made no answer.

Milly continued: "You'll get me into a dreadful scrape, Jenny, if you don't go; for Miss Florence is counting on it; and if she is displeased she'll never give me another bit of work. What earthly difference does it make to you, Jenny, whether you try the gown on there or here?"

Jenny opened her lips as if to speak, but changing her mind, remained silent for some minutes, looking down on her work, and rapping absently with her thimble on the window-pane. Then suddenly looking up, she said:

"I'll go, Milly, because you've always been so good to me, but I don't want to go a bit. I wouldn't do it for anybody but you."

"I didn't think you'd be such a goose as to care," laughed Milly, "or I wouldn't have offered to do it. I wouldn't mind it a bit myself, and I don't see why you need."

If Milly had known all Jenny knew, she would have understood very well; but she did not know all Jenny did. Neither did she know all that there was to be known about the beautiful Japanese silks of which Miss Lapham's gown was made. Those silks had a story which nobody but Miss Florence Lapham and Mr. George Bayliss, her cousin, knew. He had given the silks to her when he came home from his last voyage—the voyage from which nobody expected he would come back alive, poor fellow. He seemed at death's door when he started. But the sea cured him: the sea, and time to think; for the thing that ailed George Bayliss was only in part what the doctors called it—nervous prostration from overwork. His had had a sharp hurt, and lost faith in a girl he loved, and thought he did not care to live any longer; but before he got fairly around Cape Horn he discovered that he was mistaken; that he decidedly preferred to live; and as soon as he discovered that he got well instanter, and when he stepped on shore at San Francisco, his father and mother and Florence Lapham, who had gone overland to meet him, and had been nearly dead with anxiety because the ship was two weeks overdue, hardly could believe their eyes at the sight of George, hale, hearty, plump, and jolly.

They all said it was a miracle, but it was not. It was the farthest possible from a miracle. It was the work of a law as plain as the multiplication table; but that is neither here nor there in this story, except that being, as I say, cured, and in a healthy frame of mind, when he came to unpack treasures he had had stored away in San Francisco for two years, keeping them for somebody to whom he could now never give them, he decided to make presents of them all to his cousins, and the very first things he gave away were these Japanese silks to Florence. He and Florence had always been so fond of each other that everybody expected them to be married, until George went to college, and, it was said, had become entangled with a daughter of a boarding-house keeper in the country town where the college was situated—a most unfortunate affair, which had been wound up, nobody knew exactly how, just before George's health broke down. But now he was all right again, and to be seen here, there, and everywhere with his handsome cousin Florence, and all would undoubtedly turn out in the end as everybody had prophesied four years ago. George had come back to New York, and this very party at which Miss Florence would wear the Japanese silks was given in honor of his return. What Florence Lapham thought about it all, what was in her mind as she planned and devised the toilette, nobody knew but Miss Florence herself, and she never told, for the best of reasons, as will be seen.

It was a little past four when the procession set out from Milly's door, Milly and Jenny each bearing a big box, and Robby trudging by their side with the block of wood. As they got into the horse-car everybody looked at them, and wondered what that little boy could be carrying that big block of wood for. But Robby did not mind. He was full of anticipations of seeing the mocking-bird which Milly had told him was in a cage in Miss Florence's room, and often sang while she was there.

They soon reached the house, and were shown upstairs, where Florence was impatiently awaiting them. "Be quick! be quick!" she said. "It is long past four o'clock."

In a very few minutes the gown was out of the box, and in a few minutes more Jenny had laid aside her shabby clothes, put on the rich dress, with one of Miss Florence's own embroidered petticoats under it, and stepped up on the block of wood which made her precisely Miss Lapham's height.

The dress was faultless. Walking round and round Jenny, turning her from side to side as if she was a wooden lay figure, Miss Lapham scrutinized every part of the costume, and had nothing but approbation to give.

"Really, Milly," she exclaimed, "it is lovely. Madame Gullall never made anything prettier. You shall make all my new dresses this spring."

"Thank you, Miss Florence," said Milly, warmly. "I'll do my very best to have them all perfect."

"What a shame she isn't as tall as I am, so I could see her walk a few steps in it!" said Miss Lapham, her eye resting on Jenny with no more consciousness of her being a living human being than she would have had if she had said of a wooden frame, "What a pity it can't walk across the floor!"

Jenny colored, but remained silent. Milly recollected afterward that Jenny had not once opened her lips in Miss Lapham's presence.

"Couldn't she hold the dress up in front so that she could walk in it and I could see the sweep of the train?" said Miss Lapham.

"Try, Jenny," said Milly. And Jenny stepped down from her wooden block, and lifting the front of the skirt in both hands, walked toward the door.

"There isn't room in here," exclaimed Miss Lapham. "I want to see the gown at a little distance. Come across into our sitting-room;" and she threw open her bedroom door, and led the way across the broad hall.

The Misses Lapham were luxurious young ladies—as there was no reason why they should not be—and had on the same floor with their bedrooms a large and beautifully furnished sitting-room, to which their own intimate friends were in the habit of coming at all times.

Closing the door and seating herself, Miss Lapham said to the lay figure, "Now walk slowly up and down the room."

Jenny obeyed. Spite of the holding up of the skirt in front, the effect of the train was good, and the long hanging sleeves showed well.

Miss Lapham was delighted, and gazed almost dreamily at the slow-moving figure. For the first time she noticed Jenny's face.

"That girl is very pretty," she said, in an under-tone, to Milly.

"She's as good as she is"—"pretty," Milly was about to reply, but she did not finish her sentence.

"Hullo, Florry!" came in loud, boisterous tones from Miss Lapham's brother Tom, bursting open the door with a vehemence which sent it against the wall. "Here's George."

Miss Lapham shrieked in comical dismay, and sprang to catch the door as it swung back. "Go away! You can't come in here."

It was too late. George Bayliss was close behind Tom.

At that very second, Jenny, at the farther end of the room, had turned to walk back. In the next second had come from George Bayliss's lips a cry which none who heard it ever forgot.

"Jenny! oh, Jenny!" And in another second Jenny, with a strange stare in her eyes, had fallen. "sunk," as Milly said afterward, describing the scene to her mother—"sunk right down till there wasn't anything but a pile on the floor, just a pile of the silk and things, and Jenny's face white as death in among it."

Not the most practical literateur could ever have described the scene from first to last so well as Milly did—honest, hearty little Milly, who had a few times in her life been to the theatre, and who had read hundreds of romances in the story papers of the day.

"I never saw anything so perfectly beautiful—never!" she said. "There was Jenny in a dead faint on the floor, and Miss Florence's new dress all mussed up under her, and that splendid-looking man down on his knees lifting up Jenny's head and calling to her, and calling to everybody. 'Oh, get water,' and 'Bring salts,' and 'Can't somebody do something for her?' and Miss Florence for the first minute standing stock-still, and looking first at Jenny and then at the gentleman, just her haughtiest way; and then she got softer, and she said, 'Who is it, George?' just as loving; and he looked up at her, and says he, 'Oh, Florry, it's Jenny!' as if that let her know any better. And right into the midst of it Robby came running in at the door, calling to me, 'Milly! Milly! come, hear the mocking-bird sing; he's singing splendid.' If ever I wished a child in the sea, I wished Robby Jones there that minute. Oh, there never was anything in the theatre half so nice, nor in the best story ever I read. It was just splendid. The gentleman he dashed the water over her, right on to the gold brocade, just as if it wasn't anything but a cotton night-gown. I saw Miss Florence try on the sly to wipe a little off with her handkerchief; but it wasn't any use. I made up my mind the gown was done for as soon as I saw them give him the hartshorn bottle. 'Twas a shame, too—such a brocade!"

Of course the story ends here, but as stories always have to be finished after they are done, it is in order to relate, in as few words as possible, that a carriage was called, and that Milly Jones and Robby Jones and Mr. George Bayliss all rolled away in it, Jenny still white and trembling, but with heavenly happiness in her downcast eyes, and George Bayliss gazing at her, and holding her hand in his, and talking to her, and not minding Milly and Robby any more, as Milly told her mother, "than if we'd been deaf, dumb, and blind." And when they reached Milly's house, and Milly said, "Now, Jenny, you must come in and stay till you feel better," Mr. Bayliss had lifted his hat to Milly, just as if she "had been a queen," she said, and spoke in such a ordly way:

"Thank you, Miss Milly, but Jennie will be better at home. I shall go home with her, and not leave her till she is well again. Where shall I tell the man to drive, Jenny?"

How poor Jenny shrank and hesitated to give the name and number of the miserable home where she and her mother were fighting their poverty! But it was of no use now. She had met her rightful master, and never again would a false scruple come between them. For it had been nothing else which had separated them three years before—a conscientious determination on Jenny's part, when she and her mother suddenly found themselves penniless, not to be a burden on her lover, who she well knew was not rich. "He must not begin life with two to support," said Jenny; and she wrote him a letter so worded that he could not but infer that her feelings had changed toward him.

Then she and her mother had disappeared, leaving in the little village where they had lived no trace by which they could be followed: a brave, foolish thing such as women are forever doing, and many a time since Jenny's heart had been sick with misgiving lest it had been wrong. But she thought George would have written if he had cared; so he had written a letter, which would have changed everything, perhaps, if Jenny had got it, but she never did. It went nobody knows where, and the hopes and the happiness of two hearts with it; and George broke down, and went on the voyage; and Jenny kept up, and went to sewing at Milly Jones's; and the Japanese silk and brocade went to Miss Florence Lapham, on their roundabout way to Jenny at last; and it was because Jenny knew that the Laphams were cousins of George Bayliss that she was on the point of refusing to go to the house to try on Miss Florence's gown for her; and if she had—oh, if she had, what then? Who can tell? The Japanese silk would never have been her wedding-gown, which, as things turned out, it really was. It had not been ruined, after all, and in another box of George's was more of the gold brocade; and when Florence Lapham, having heard the story, gracefully made the best of the situation, saying to her cousin, "I really think your pretty Jenny ought to have that gown, George; don't you—would she mind, do you think, my sending it to her?"—George had exclaimed: "No, indeed! and I'll make her be married in it. That's the thing to do. I'd never have found her except for that gown."

Jenny remembered how she herself had planned and made the flowing sleeves to the gold brocade, and how, as she stood on the wooden block being turned round and round for Miss Florence's pleasure, her heart had been fuller and fuller of the memory of George Bayliss, till she looked up and saw him, or his ghost, coming toward her, and how when she came to herself, one of her first thoughts was, "Oh, dear! I have ruined Miss Florence's gown!"—Jenny was superstitiously glad of the gown, and held it in such tender regard that she would never have it altered. She wore it for years and years, as one may a gown that is of true artistic fashion. And now it is packed away, to be handed down in the Bayliss family, and it will be Jenny's granddaughter that, some day in 1900, will be dancing in Miss Lapham's Japanese silk.

The Land Owners of England.

The following fresh statistics in regard to the ownership of land in Great Britain, will prove interesting reading: Twenty-eight dukes in the United Kingdom possess 158 separate estates, comprising nearly 4,000,000 acres. The other members of the peerage, 475 in number, hold 1436 separate estates, embracing about 10,000,000 acres. Of 33,000,000 acres in England and Wales, more than 17,000,000 are owned by a body of men which probably does not exceed £500. According to Hon. Geo. Brodrick, Warden of Morton College, Oxford, nearly half the enclosed land of England and Wales, is owned by about 2250 persons.

The largest landed proprietor among the peers, is the Duke of Sutherland, who owns more than one million acres. His rent roll, however is not so large as that of some peers with much less property, his income from land amounting to only $656,772, while that of the Marquis of Bute, who owns only 116,000 acres, is considerably more than $1,000,000.

The Duke of Buccleuch comes second to the Duke of Sunderland in number of acres, and second to the Marquis of Bute in size of income. His land comprises 459,550 acres, and his rent roll is about $1,100,000. The Duke of Northumberland's rent roll ranks next, being $880,000, and next to him comes the Duke of Devonshire, with about $25,000 less. The Earl of Derby and Earl of Fitzwilliam, receive rents amounting annually to about $700,000. Altogether there are ten peers who each receive over $500,000 a year from land.

Polar spots observed on Venus by M. E. L. Trouvelot seem to be permanent, although they vary greatly in brilliancy, and are often rendered invisible by the distance of the planet toward superior conjunction.

Oh! how tired and weak I feel. I don't believe I will ever get through this spring house-cleaning! Oh yes you will if you take a bottle or two of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters to purify your blood and tone up the system. In large bottles 50 cents.

Magistrate, who has lately taken to himself a wig, severely—"H'm—I think I have seen you here before on a similar charge!" Drunk and disorderly female—"No, your 'onor, s'elp me, never. The last time I was up afore a bald-headed old cove not a bit like ye."

A New Motive Power.

It is said that steam is now to be supplanted in much of the mechanical toil of the world, by the vapor of bisulphide of carbon. This gas has the advantage of vastly greater power than steam, and in the qualities already named as being possessed by steam, it has been, in the main, considered deficient. Recent experiments, however, are said to show that all difficulties have been overcome. Not only is the motive force of this gas greater than that of steam, but it is claimed that it can be controlled and safely applied; that the machinery used in the application can be protected from its chemical attacks, and that it can be produced so cheaply, that unless unforeseen difficulties develop, it will soon displace steam in many large factories. Mr. Keeley is believed to be working on a similar plan in his prolonged endeavor to discover some form of stored-up natural power which will free mankind from the necessity of labor. A few centuries ago it was perpetual youth that dreamers toiled after; now it is only perpetually moving machines.

Their Occupation Gone.

"My occupation's gone" is the sad exclamation of the host of slashers who once exercised themselves upon the pedals of the people. Of course it is too bad; but a new and brighter era has dawned upon the sufferer from corns. *Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor* is more efficient than the knife, and yet it acts without pain. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor does its work better, is cheaper, and absolutely painless, and therefore is much better than the old butchering process. Do not take any other than Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Poison & Co., propts., King ton.

Leap year parties are popular in some sections. At these gatherings the girls yell "mouse" and the men jump on chairs and shriek.

To be permanently esteemed any article must have virtues so marked as to be plainly apparent. The good name of the Triangle Dyes is evidence of merit. They prove themselves always reliable. 10c.

Madame Gerster says that champagne strengthens the lungs and the voice. Physical development, so to speak.

Not another Pill shall go down my throat again, said a citizen "when I can get such a prompt and pleasant cure for my Bilious attacks, such as Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. It renders the blood pure and clear, and makes a splendid Spring Medicine. Large bottles 50 cents.

To forge ahead in this world a good education is necessary. No man can be a successful forger if he cannot write.

Why Wait,

If suffering from pain, but go at once to any drug store and buy a sample bottle of Poison's Nerviline, the great pain cure. Never fails to give immediate relief. Nerviline is composed of the most powerful pain-subduing substances known. Nerviline is endorsed by medical men everywhere. Don't wait a single hour without trying Nerviline. The best medicine in the world to keep in the house in an emergency. Ten and 25 cents a bottle at druggists.

An ass is not satisfied unless his ears have a conspicuous place in the procession.

A. F. 178.

IMPROVED WASHING MACHINE, patented, approaches nearer the old method of hand rubbing than any device yet introduced to the public. Easily worked, and washes perfectly clean, without breaking buttons, or injury to the clothes. Description circular mailed free. Price, $8. J. H. CONNOR, Yankleek Hill Ont.

$250 to $4,000 on marriage. Ladies & Gentlemen apply to Secretary, R. M. CURRY, J.P., Sec.-Treas., London, Ont. Agents wanted.

SHORTHAND. LESSONS GIVEN BY mail in Isaac Pitman's system, by practical phonographer. Send for terms and plan to FRANK YRIGHT, 58 Sherbourne St. Toronto.

LOTS FOR SALE—28 AND 29, 1st. CONCESSION South West of Toronto and Sydenham Road, Holland; mill site thereon. For particulars apply Box 136, Newmarket.

REINHARDT'S HAIR RESTORER AND MOUSTACHE PRODUCER. A genuine preparation which is guaranteed to do all that is claimed for it. Promotes luxuriant whiskers and moustache in six weeks. In bottles safely packed to any address for $1. F. REINHARDT, Mail Building, Toronto.

THE LILY is a perfect gem, equal to an imported French Corset; fits like a glove to the figure; very stylish, elegant in appearance, and approved of by the most fastidious. Manufactured only by THE CROMPTON CORSET CO., 78 YORK STREET, TORONTO.

BEAVER S. S. LINE. WEEKLY BETWEEN Quebec, Montreal, and Liverpool. CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN AND BELFAST For lowest rates and all particulars apply to H. E. MURRA, Beaver Line, Montreal.

F. E. DIXON & CO., Manufacturers of Star Rivet Leather Belting! 79 King Street, East, Toronto. Large double Driving Belts a specialty. Send for Price Lists and Discounts.

TO SADDLERS. The celebrated Rio City Harness Oil can be had from the following Wholesale Saddlery Hardware houses: Fleet & co., Hamilton; Shaw, Rice & Co., Hamilton; Fraser and Johnson, Hamilton; C. C. Dartnell and Co., Toronto; S. Trees and Co., Toronto; T. Worthington and Co., Toronto; W. Ellis, London; W. C. Martin, Kingston; J. Smith & Co., Montreal; or from T. J. DALLEY and Co., Hamilton. Sole agents for the Dominion.

COX & CO. STOCK BROKERS (Members of the Toronto Stock Exchange). Buy and sell on commission for cash or on margin all securities dealt in on the Toronto, Montreal and New York STOCK EXCHANGES, Also execute orders on the Chicago Board of Trade. —IN GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.— 26 TORONTO STREET.

Mutual Marriage Endowment Ass'n. INCORPORATED. —HEAD OFFICE, LONDON, ONT.— Issues Certificates from $125 to $5,000, payable on marriage as following rates.

For $125, or half Certificate, $1; quarterly dues in advance, $0.75.

For $250 Certificate, $2; quarterly dues in advance $1.50.

For $1,000 Certificate $10; quarterly dues in advance $5.00.

For $2,000 Certificate $15; quarterly dues in advance $7.50.

A percentage of the Fees applied towards a reserve fund. The only cash payments required at the time of making application for a certificate. The remainder of the liability is made up of assessments at the rate of $1.50 on each $1,000 upon the marriage of members. All assessments made the first year payable quarterly, which upon the present large membership secures the payment of a handsome Endowment, and a cash surrender in settlement for every payment. Send for By Laws and full particulars. W. J. BLACH, Secretary, London, Ont.

MOVING DAYS.

They were moving. The ordinary and regular routine of [illegible] distressed families from [illegible] and inconvenient dwellings [illegible] of the same type, but this was different.

"Out of the old house into the new,"

and the mother's face was serious, for there was one of the little flock missing, not lost, but gone before into the new home, in the city whose walls are pearl.

Thus it happened that one little room was left to the last, and as a rough workman laid his hand on the door, and pushed it open, the mother cried out as if he had struck her a blow:

'Oh, not there! Not there! I will move those things myself. You cannot touch them!"

"That was baby Grace's room and she died in that little bed," said one of the older children.

The rough workman stayed his foot on the threshold. Then he touched his hat, and his voice was husky as he said:

"If ye please, ma'am, I'll handle them things gently. I've a little one of my own in glory—the heavens be her bed—and it's myself will see them not a bit damaged, and I'll settle it beyond with you."

It was "the one touch of nature" that "makes the whole world kin."

THE HELPING HAND.

Men are generally conspicuous by their absence during moving time, and shrewd business men have actually been known to have sudden calls by bogus telegrams to distant parts of the country, not getting home till the new house had been thoroughly warmed for their comfort, or discomfort as they sometimes find. So it usually happens that the man of the house at moving time is a woman who drives sharp bargains with the draymen and tackhammers and initiates her family into boarding off barrel-head tables. But the woman is not usually an object of pity, because John has given her his mantle of authority to back her and his pocket-book is at her disposal, and she rather glories in a little brief authority. But there is a class of women to be pitied—women who are widows, who must do battle single-handed against insolence and want and a host of evils; whose little children cannot run and "tell papa," as happier children can, when anyone abuses them, who are dependent for every comfort on the one slender, fragile, black-robed figure, who stands between them and distress.

Such a woman moved last week from one plain house with a moderate rent into another that was plainer and more moderate. When the first night found the new family in its strange quarters all was confusion and disorder. The stoves were down, and there was no one but the tired mother to put them up; the beds were not made, there was no supper, and the children, who had exhausted their curiosity over the new place, were hungry and sleepy. Then they all crowded around the poor mother and raised a dismal cry.

"We want to go home! we want to go home!"

And as the mother looked at them she wrung her hands and sobbed.

"Poor children! in all the wide world you have no other home than this."

But that mother heard, as in the whispers of a secret intelligence higher than that of earth, these words that thrilled her soul with new life.

"The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the son of man has not where to lay his head."

She told the story of the Babe of Bethlehem to her little ones as she undressed them and put them to bed. When they wakened in the morning, hungry but rested, they saw the table set and the room in order. Mother had done it all as they slept, but who had helped her? Ah! who? The children only knew that it was mother, and here was home.

DIALOGUE A LA SAISON.

"Are you going to help me put down the carpets, John?"

"S'pose so; where's tack hammer?"

"It's in the barrel of dishes—no, it isn't—yes, it is—oh, I know now; I put it in the band-box with your new Sunday hat."

"Just like a woman; never knows where anything is; hat ruined, like enough; where is the handle of the hammer?"

"Oh, I packed that up with the china set; you'll find it, dear, at the bottom of the box."

"Now, who's going to stretch this carpet, hey?"

"Me, dear."

"Well, stand there. Gracious, I can't pul a hundred pounds of dry goods along with the carpet. Oh, dear, I'm going to have a fit, I believe."

"I'll make you a cup of tea, dear. You can drink it out of your shaving-mug. It'll be just like a picnic."

But when she got back with the tea, John was missing.

"Poor fellow! It was too much for him! he's gone to get the air. He looked pale."

John—as a counter covered with eatables, salads and things: "Two fingers of old crow, and a dash of bitters to begin with. I'm nearly starved! A hot beefsteak will help me out. I tell you, boys, moving is tough work."

Life has its compensations. John's wife sits on a roll of carpet and drinks her tea. "Poor boy! I wish he could have waited for it; it's so refreshing. He'll be half starved by supper time! I know he will."

Not much, little woman.

How a Herd of Cattle Were Saved.

"One of the bravest things I saw in my travels," said a passenger from the West, "was a cowboy stopping a cattle stampede. A herd of about six or eight hundred had got frightened at something, and broke away pell-mell, with their tails in the air, and the bulls at the head of the procession. But the cowboy did not get excited at all when he saw the herd were going straight for a high bluff, where they would certainly tumble down into the canyon and be killed. You know that when a herd like that gets to going, they can't stop, no matter whether they rush to death or not. Those in the rear crowd those ahead, and away they go.

"I wouldn't have given a dollar a head for that herd; but the cowboy spurred up his mustang, made a little detour, came in right in front of the herd, cut across their path at a right angle, and then galloped leisurely on to the edge of the bluff, halted and looked around at that wild mass of beef coming right toward him. He was as cool as a cucumber, though I expected to see him killed, and was so excited I could not speak. Well, sir, when the leaders had got within a quarter of a mile of him, I saw them try to slack up, though they could not do it very quick. But the whole herd seemed to want to stop, and when the cows and steers in the rear got about where the cowboy had cut across their path, I was surprised to see them stop and commence to nibble grass. Then the whole herd stopped, wheeled, staggered back, and went fighting for a chance to eat where the rear guard was.

"You see, that cowboy had opened a big bag of salt he had brought out from the ranch to give the cattle, galloped across the herd's course, and emptied the bag. Every critter snuffed the salt, and of course, that broke up the stampede. But I tell you it was a queer sight to see that chap out there on the edge of that bluff, quietly rolling a cigarette, when it seemed as if he'd be rolling under two hundred tons of beef in about a minute and a half."—*"Plain Talk" in Chicago Herald.*

Women as Photographers.

"I took up photography from choice many years ago," said the fair artist, a tall, fair woman, attending to the details of her work as she chatted. "I worked for my employer nine years, becoming practically the head of the business. Then I told him I was going to start a gallery of my own. He looked shocked but recovered himself shortly and made me a proposal of marriage. Nine years of him was quite enough. I was idle for a year and then bought this place. A man can never realise how nice it is for a woman to be absolute mistress of her own affairs. I keep my own books and attend personally to everything. My greatest successes have been with nervous and excitable subjects. Last week a lady brought her son and daughter to me. She had tried several of the leading photographers, and none of them had succeeded in making even a passable picture. I appointed a morning for the sitting, and it took just five hours to photograph these two children. The girl had a twitching eye, and at first she could not keep still two consecutive minutes to save her. I looked at that twitching eye with such a professional gentleness, and treated her with such a vast amount of patience, that in the end she gave up completely, sat still and was photographed with thorough success. I had just as much of a struggle with the boy. But I succeeded at last. I have really more work than I can attend to, and my success is mainly due to the fact that I am a woman. Every woman has little points about her face and figure which she knows all women observe, but which, she has learned by experience, men never notice. When women are chatting together they refer to any unfortunate blemish in quite an ordinary way, but they never mention them to men, for fear of drawing attention to the defect. They even dread men photographers. They take a woman into their confidence at once, and the two chat about the effect of a cast in the eye, a crooked nose, a big ear, large teeth, or a scrawny neck, as though they had been cronies for life. This renders a satisfactory photograph easier to accomplish."

A Cigar Factory.

A journalist writes a letter from Seville describing the government cigar factory of Spain, seven hundred feet long and almost as wide, very dirty, and in the vestibule two hundred and fifty young girls making cigarettes, all talking as loud as they want to; one hundred girls in the next room doing the same, and on the next floor three thousand women as close as sardines in a box, in a single room, making cigars, some having their babies with them not a month old, and dogs lying on the tobacco stems. The women were divided up into sevens at each table, three on each side, and the mistress at the top. Around each table were shelves against stone pillars, on which lay children's shoes, socks and clothes. There were stone jars of water here and there for drinking, and the air was stifling, and the buzz of conversation only broken by the wail of the babies. The flooring was dilapidated, and it was possible for an incautious visitor to fall through. Two other side apartments one hundred feet long were both packed with laborers. The factory consumes about ten thousand pounds of tobacco a day, and employs over five thousand persons, who receive fifty cents a day for twelve hours' work. The matron at each table gets her pay from the women she commands. The girls and the superintendents had very little manners.

The Work of a Single Hair.

In the base of the Capitol at Washington is the engineery by which the House, the Senate, and the committee rooms are warmed and ventilated, and the gas lighted by electricity. It is altogether a big apparatus, consisting of three immense fans, four engines, and eight boilers, with the necessary appliances for regulating the temperature and moisture of the air supplied to the nation's legislators. The instrument which tells whether the air is too moist or too dry, is operated by a single human hair.

A perfectly dry air is put at 0; saturated air, that is air carrying all the moisture it will hold, is put at 100. A dial with a hand like that of a clock, represents the different degrees from 0 to 100. The human hair absorbs moisture like a rope, and like a rope it becomes shorter when wet. The difference in length between a hair six inches long when wet, and the same hair when dry, is made to represent the hundred degrees of moisture on the dial; and the hand, or pointer, moves backward or forward as the moisture in the air varies. If it becomes too dry more steam is thrown in; if too moist, less steam is allowed to escape, and thus the atmosphere for the nation's statesmen is regulated and kept at the healthful point, which is about 50°.

Lime-Kiln Club Mottoes.

At the meeting opened, the president announced that the following spring mottoes would be hung on the walls during the coming week:

"Pay cash."

"Deal on the squar'."

"Sell your dog."

"No man can sit on de fence an' plant onions."

"Time wasted am shillin's los' out of a hole in de pocket."

"If it am pollyticks 'galast taters, take de taters."

"An hour wid a saw buck am moah valuable dan an hour wid a statesman."

"De man in debt am a swimmer wid his butes on."

Australian Defences.

The area of South Australia is so great, and its population and resources comparatively still so undeveloped, that no attempt to defend the country districts or the numerous small towns on the sea-board can at present be contemplated. The heart of the country beats in Adelaide, which is at once the seat of Government and the repository of the national wealth. It is estimated that once in the hands of an enemy the sum of £8,000,000 sterling could be levied from it in a few hours, by placing Governments banks, and private individuals, alike, under rigorous contribution. The whole duty of local defences have been thrown upon the colonists themselves. Under no obligation to the Imperial Government to protect themselves, bound by no tie of federation to inter colonial uniformity of action, and imbued with a touching belief in the ubiquity and omnipotence of the British fleet, the different Australian Governments drifted on vaguely for several years. This state of apathy was rudely dispelled by the Russo-Turkish scare of 1877, when the Antipodeans suddenly awoke to their defenceless condition. Soldiering is very popular in South Australia. There is a steady and ever-increasing flow of recruits into the ranks of the Militia, so that, notwithstanding a severe medical examination, the inevitable waste is amply provided for. About 30 per cent. of the time expired men rejoin for a second term of three years, for which they receive £1 bounty. Many more enrol in the Reserve, where they annually attend twelve drills and fire through their classes to keep up the knowledge acquired with the colors. Between Militia and Volunteers about three thousand men have passed through the ranks, and are now more or less trained to the use of arms; they form a considerable, though unenrolled, reserve upon whom it would be safe to rely in case of emergency. The rising generation are also being steadily drilled at the State (*sanglice* School Board) schools throughout the Colony. All teachers have to pass in company drill before appointment, and so well do they train their boys that more than once six or seven hundred lads, collected from various schools, have been marched on to the parade ground and have gone through a long battalion drill with great success. Throughout the force the *physique* is excellent. The infantry in height, build and age, are decidedly superior to the line regiments of the present day, and the Artillery can hold their own with their brethren at home.

Of the remarkable loyalty and affection for the Old Country which prevades not only the South Australians, but all the Australasian troops, we will give one instance. Within four hours of the arrival in Adelaide of the news of our defeat at Majuba Hill three hundred men from the small defence force, we have been describing, had volunteered for active service in the Transvaal, "to help our chaps against the Boers." The offer had already been telegraphed home when the other colonies hearing of it, instantly began to follow suit, and in twenty-four hourse 2,000 sturdy Australians had placed themselves at the service of the Home Government, eager to help to avenge the honor of the British flag. It is greatly to be hoped that the colonies will lose no time in federating for military and naval purposes.

At present each member of the Australasian group works independently, without concert with her neighbors—a state of things which in time of peace is expensive, and in time of war might become dangerous. Even more pressing is the necessity for establishing a colonial government manufactory of small-arm amunition in some central locality, whence the magazines could be replenished without need of constant application to the British authorities.

Out of the population, which we may roughly estimate at 2,900,000, there are more than 16,000 men who voluntarily undertake military duties. The capital sums spent, or about to be spent, on permanent fortifications since 1877 (without reckoning naval defences) amount to a million sterling; while the estimated annual military expenditure is calculated at £272,000. In the face of these figures no one can accuse the Australian colonists of too exclusively relying on Imperial protection in case of war.

The Unexpected Visitor.

The uninvited visitor drops upon us at most inconvenient times and seasons, quite as a matter of course, like a poor relation, and proceeds to make herself thoroughly at home without more ado. Naturally we do not expect any great amount of diffidence on the part of a person who is bold enough to intrude upon the privacy of another without special request, and we are therefore but little surprised when we find her investigating the upper storey of the house, or devising means for invading the rooms that have been closed to her, or interviewing the servants; when she demands eatables not upon the table, and tells us about the luxurious surroundings of her last hostess: when knowing the breakfast hour, she wilfully lies in bed till that meal is spoiled, till all the delicacies prepared for her delectation have lost their relish and become indigestible; when she is impatient if something is not being done for her entertainment; when she complains of the temperature of the dining room in warm weather, and the torment of the flies, the persistence of the mosquitoes, without seeming to realize that they are annoyances to which she has voluntarily subjected herself; or when she is curious about our work. At the same time that she aggravates us with her peculiarities, her audacities interest and amuse us; we find ourselves wondering what she will do or say next, and if she has exhausted her impertinences. And her peculiarities afford a constant theme for mirthful thought long after she has left us.

How to Handle Bees.

A scientific paper announces that in its next issue will appear an elaborate article, entitled, "How to Handle Bees." Now a bee is not a difficult thing to handle. He is as easily picked up as a strawberry, and is reasonably light and compressible. To handle him is therefore a mere song. Any man can do it. In fact, the more ignorant of bees a man is, the more easily he can handle one. The main difficulty seems to lie in quieting the man down after he has handled a small but frolicsome bee. There have been men known to race around a ten-acre lot, and eventually lose their salvation, after handling one bee for the tenth part of a second. The scientific journal means well, no doubt; but what the country really needs is an article on how to avoid handling bees.

English Preachers.

Canon Liddon and the Bishop of Peterborough stand out as unquestionably the two finest preachers of the Established Church. There is a story of a private soldier having gone to St. Paul's on an afternoon when Dr. Liddon was to preach. The printed paper with the hymn was handed to him, but not understanding that it was offered gratis he refused it with a shake of the head, saying: "You don't suppose I should be here if I had got any money!" Most of the people who go to hear the eloquent Canon are different from this soldier, for they would pay—and very liberally—to get near the pulpit. On the afternoons of the Sundays when Dr. Liddon is in residence, the cathedral presents an extraordinary sight with its huge nave aisles densely thronged. So far as the preacher's voice will reach, people stand, straining eyes and ears, and fortunately Dr. Liddon's voice resonds well under the dome, though now and then it becomes indistinct through the preacher's speaking too fast in his excitement. Two other things occasionally mar Dr. Liddon's delivery. Shortness of sight makes him often stoop to consult Bible or notes, and again he bowsthe head in a marked manner when he utters the holy name, but when he thus bends he goes on speaking, so that his words fall on the pulpit cushion and are deadened, which produces upon people who are at some little distance off the effect of continual stoppages and gaps in the sermon. No other defects besides these, however, can be noted in orations which for beauty of language, elevation of thought, and lucidity in reasoning could not be surpassed. We have heard Dr. Liddon many times at Oxford and in London, and have observed that the impression produced by his eloquence was always the same, no matter who might be listening to him. We remember in particular, a sermon of his on the text, "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation." It was absolutely magnificent to hear him prophesy the gradual progress of the world toward a higher state. Every man, from the greatest to the least, was made to feel his share of the responsibility in advancing or retarding the evolution of mankind, and while the consequences of evil were pointed out as extending to incalculable lengths, there was a sublime hopefulness in the promise that the smallest good offering brought to the Creator would be multiplied by him as the "five loaves were multiplied."

WHAT MEN HAVE SAID ABOUT WOMEN.

The man who can govern a woman can govern a nation.—[Balzac.

The mistake of many women is to return sentiment for gallantry.—[Joux.

It is easier to make all Europe agree than two women.—[Louis XIV.

God created the coquette as soon as He had made the fool.—[Victor Hugo.

A woman who has surrendered her lips has surrendered everything.—[Viard.

Of all heavy bodies, the heaviest is the woman we have ceased to love.—[Lemontey.

Woman is a charming creature, who changes her heart as easily as her gloves.—[Balzac.

Who takes an eel by the tail or a woman at her word, soon finds he holds nothing.—[Proverb.

How many women would laugh at the funerals of their husbands if it were not the custom to weep?

Women deceived by men want to marry them; it is a kind of revenge as good as any other.—[Beaumanoir.

An asp would render its sting more venomous by dipping it into the heart of a coquette.—[Poincelot.

Rascal! That word on the lips of a woman, addressed to a too daring man, often means—angels.

We meet in society many attractive women whom we would fear to make our wives.—[D'Harleville.

A woman who pretends to laugh at love is like the child who sings at night when he is afraid.—[J. J. Rousseau.

Women swallow at one mouthful the lie that flatters and drink drop by drop a truth that is bitter.—[Diderot.

She is the most virtuous woman whom nature has made the most voluptuous and reason the coldest.—[La Bruyere.

The Russian and the Horse.

Paul's horses were admonished and chastised if they forgot the respect due to their owner. Once he convened an extempore court of justice on the streets to try a horse which had just stumbled with him; the brute—the ridden one—was sentenced to receive 50 lashes, and after the castigation it was rebuked by the riding one: "Taut, Sir, is for having stumbled with the Emperor." While flourishing his cane in one of his uncontrollable fits of anger, he accidentally struck the branch of a lustre, and broke it. Indignant at the lustre interposing itself as an obstacle in its way, he attacked it in right earnest, and beat it to powder.

Of English Origin.

The practice of whittling is considered so distinctive of a genuine American that any attempt to claim for it an English origin would require ample corroboration. In a little work published in London in 1794, entitled "The Sentimental Exhibition; or, Portraits and Sketches of the Times," we find the following statement: "Monsieur Grosse or some other Frenchman remarks that when we English have no other employment we are sure to do mischief, and therefore when a parcel of Sailors go into an Alehouse at Wapping, the Landlord delivers to each of them a stick and a knife to amuse themselves with while the Pip is preparing, that they may not destroy his furniture."

More Than He Could Manage.

"I say," said a busy draryman to a tramp who was holding himself up with a wall, "can't you come and help me load this dray?"

"Naw," said the loafer. "Hain't got time."

"Haven't got time? What in thunder are you doing?"

"Nuthin'."

"Then you ought to have time to spare, if you're doing nothing."

"That's whar you're wrong," replied the tramp. "That's more of it than I kin 'tend to!"

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Lake Chaubunagungamaug (Maine papers please copy) hasn't been so full in five years as it is now. The lake (not the name) forms a part of the boundary line between Massachusetts and Connecticut, and is in the town of Webster.

Public story tellers earn a good livelihood in Japan. In Tokio alone over 600 of these street improvisators ply their trade, provided with a small table, a fan, and paper-rapper to illustrate and emphasize the points of their tales.

Travelers rave about the soft purple light which fills Italian skies and gives a peculiar beauty to Italian mountains. That light has now been discovered on the mountains of Southern California, and tourists are so informed by the railroad companies interested.

The craze for painting houses all sorts of fancy colors in Atlanta has received a setback. A demented citizen had a painter imitate the pattern and colors of a crazy quilt on his house. After the first coat was flashed the citizens rose as a man and compelled him to whitewash it over on pain of death. This was more than even a Georgia populace could stand.

There is a man in Berrien Co., Ga., who has not slept in a house since the war. He carries his entire wardrobe with him wherever he goes, as well as his pantry and kitchen utensils, and spends the night wherever dark may overtake him. He is a veritable curiosity. He never reads newspapers, claiming that to read the Bible as it should be read occupies all of his time. Several days since he inquired of the editor of a paper if Germany and France were still at war referring to the war of 1870.

The soda deposits discovered in Wyoming are unique. One series is on the old Laramie Plains, fourteen miles from Laramie City, where there is a chain of so-called lakes five to twenty-five acres in area, averaging fifteen feet in depth. These deposits are sulphate of soda. It cuts out in chunks like ice. When wells are dug the water is so impregnated with soda that they are filled up in a few days. In the Sweetwater Valley, near Independence Rock, are thirty-four deposits varying in size from three and four acres up to thirty-two acres. A few of these are simply bodies of water highly charged with sulphate of soda.

The First Cotton Bale.

Tais is the way the first bale is made: A number of planters within a radius of from five to ten miles meet and agree on one of their number who shall father the first bale. Then, as the bolls open on their respective plantations, each gathers the staple, and when he has a small bag full carries it to the member selected. The "father" then weighs the cotton and enters it in a book to the credit of the contributor. This process is continued from day to day until sufficient cotton has been obtained to make a merchantable bale. It is then ginned, baled and forwarded to the market offering the highest premium. On the arrival of the first bale in the market selected, it bears the certificate that it was raised by the member of the league who had been selected as the father. Then it is decorated with flags and flowers and paraded about the city. The premium offered is paid to its father, and the bale is sold at public auction, and invariably brings a fancy price. This amount is also one of the perquisites of the father. Then that honest husbandman returns home and divides the profits with the members of the league in proportion to the cotton contributed.

The Talking Talent of the English.

I found an abundance of good talkers in England. From Lord Salisbury on the platform in "Parliament out of Session" down to the humblest political reformer haranguing a motley crowd on the sand hill at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, or the earnest young woman of the Salvation Army warning a London throng of the coming of the coming of the day of judgment, the public speakers of the Kingdom seemed to me to be fluent, direct, effective, and perfectly at home on the stump. There is, of course, a class of highly cultured, very studious and scholarly men, specimens of which have visited this country as lecturers, whose homes have for a lifetime been in the study, whose long habit of non-intercourse with the masses, and pursuit of authorship seems to have completely unfitted them for public spdaking, and who are when they attempt it, but awkward, shy, stammering specimens of tediousness.

A Good Idea.

A New Orleans dressmaker, who employes a large force of workwomen, has behind her house a large, old-fashioned garden, in which her workwomen dig, plant, grow flowers and otherwise amuse themselves during their mid-day rest. Every day at 12 o'clock the girls all hurry through their lunch in order to spend the most of their hour at their beautiful and fascinating recreation. Mme. H. does not require her workwomen to keep garden, but she tells them the garden is there, and they may cultivate in it anything they choose; of course, the fruits of their toil being for themselves. The lady argues that the change of work is most grateful to her seamstresses; that they work better and are better natured, and are improved in health since her garden project. She herself, by the way, is very proud of her own patch in the "community garden." Mme. H.'s wisdom may at least give a suggestion to other employers.

Just for Fun.

It was a Toronto street car. A woman was running after it with frantic haste, jumping up and down at every step, waving her parasol in the air, and shrieking "Car! Car!" at the top of her voice. To her said the conductor slowly, as he reached for the bell:

"D-o y-o-u w-a-n-t t-o r-i-d-e?"

"O, no," gasped the woman, as she swung herself on the platform. "I want to walk. I want to follow this car to the end of the route! I want to make a spectacle of myself for the amusement of the passengers who do ride!"

A Detroit river fisherman says that the pike of the Straits is a very destructive fish. One that was recently speared had swallowed another pike and that pike had swallowed a perch. The trouble with the whole business is about swallowing the story.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, MAY 29, 1884.

METHODIST UNION.

For nearly two years Methodism in Canada has been in a state of excitement over the question of Union. When first agitated it was thought by many that the obstacles were too great to bring the bodies together for some years, but the friends of union pressed their cause, and next Sabbath—not two years from the time the present agitation began—they all come together as one body. No more Methodist Church of Canada, nor Methodist Episcopal, nor Primitive Methodist, nor Bible Christian, but The Methodist Church. It will be the largest of the Protestant denominations in the Dominion, and if true to its traditions will, in the united capacity, do good work for the country. There are difficulties yet to overcome in the practical workings of the movement, but if the congregations as they come together show the spirit they profess as christians, no jar can arise. Follow the golden rule: Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.

Bible Statistics.

The following is a curious dissection of the old and new testament, showing the number of books, chapters, verses, words, letters, etc.

In the old testament the books number 39, chapters 929, words 592,439, verses 23,214, letters 2,728,100.

In the new testament—Books 27, chapters 260, verses 7,959, words, 281,258, letters 833,380.

Total books 66, chapters 1,189, verses 31,173, words 773,697, letters 3,566,480.

Apocrypha— Chapters 183, verses 6081, words 152,185.

The middle chapter and the least in the bible is Psalm CXVII.

The middle verse is the 8th of Psalm CXVIII.

The middle line is the 16th verse, 4th ccapter, 2 Chronicles.

The word "and" occurs in the old testament 35,543 times, in the new 10,684 times.

The word "Jehovah" occurs 6855 times.

Of the old testament, the middle book is Proverbs. The middle chapter is Job XXIX. The middle verse would in the 2nd of Chronicles, 20th chapter, between the 17th and 18th verses. The "least" verse is the first of Chronicles, 1st chapter and 1st verse.

Of the new testament, the middle book is 2 Thessalonians. The middle chapter is between the 13th and 14th of Romans. The middle verse is the 17th of Acts XVII. The shortest verse is the 35th of John XI.

The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezekiel contains all the letters of the alphabet.

The 19th chapter of 2 Kings, and the 37th of Isaiah, are alike.

It is stated that the above calculation took three years to complete.'

DUNGANNON AND FARADAY.

The month of May has been a wet one, and the settlers here, I am sorry to say, have been unable to get a burn for their fallows chopped last winter. If we don't soon have fine weather it will be hard on the new settlers, as a bad burn means a short crop.

The rails on the C. O. railway were laid last Saturday as far north as the place where it makes its final turn west, and crosses the Hastings Road into the township of Wollaston, and on this day the first engine crossed at that point, but there were not quite rails enough laid to reach all the way to the mine.

The York Branch is very high and in good order for driving saw logs. Bronson's drive is now at Bancroft and is the largest one that ever went down the river. It consists of 120,000 logs.

SYLVANUS.

Faraday, May 23.

LONDON, May 26th.— Sir Henry Gordon said to-day, concerning his brother, that the latest news received from General Gordon was that he had no fears as to his personal safety. He could leave Khartoum by a safe route at any date, but would not until a better Government in Eastern Soudan had been established and safety for the inhabitants from rebels assured. At the time of General Gordon's news to Sir Henry, he was engaged in a project against the slave trade in Upper Congo.

General Gordon considered a large British expedition needless. He only wanted a few hundred English troops to co-operate with gun boats after the rising of the Nile to clear the country of the rebels from Barbor to Khartoum.

Our Holiday.

Celebration of the Queen's Birthday in Madoc.

Monday the 26th was the day appointed for the observance of Her Majesty's birthday in Madoc. Alert Fire Company had full charge of "the day," and they made the most of it, the celebration on the whole being ahead of anything attempted in this village for many years. As usual the obstreperous small boy was early on the scene with his bunch of fire-crackers, and throughout the whole day was the most prominent feature of the show, being here there and everywhere where there was room for himself and squib, but for a wonder no damage from this cause resulted during the day. First on the day's programme came the

FIREMEN'S PARADE,

and well did the members of the company look in their neat and showy uniform. For a volunteer fire company it would be hard to find anywhere a finer body of men than the Alerts. They numbered about 40, and headed by White's Agricultural Band, also finely uniformed, and which surprised many by the excellence of their playing, the firemen marched through the main street, and were also photographed by Mr. Morrice.

At 1 o'clock the large crowd commenced to wend its way to the Lacrosse grounds, where a variety of

SPORTS AND GAMES

were indulged in. These were interesting and closely contested. The following were prize winners:—

Running jump—W. Ham.

Running hop step and jump—W. Ham.

Standing jump forward—Geo. Richardson, John Phillips.

Standing three jumps forward—J. Phillips Geo. Richardson.

Single jump backward—W. Ham, John Phillips.

Three jumps backwards—John Phillips, H. A. Kemp.

Putting heavy stone—Joseph Liberty, W. Ham.

Running race—W. Ham, G. A. Rollins.

Three-legged race—Burns and Ham, Harper and McDonald.

Bicycle race—I. Geary, H. Aylsworth, J. F. Weir.

THE LACROSSE MATCH,

between the Norwood Club and the Sioux, of Madoc, was next in order. When the two teams faced the Referee, Mr. A. B. Ross, it was plainly evident that the advantage in weight lay with the visitors, who put on the field a fine muscular body of young men. The Sioux team had of necessity to be made up from both the junior and senior twelves, and it is also due the local players to say that they engaged for the match with only one week's practice, not from a feeling of over-confidence by any means, but simply for the reason that the 26th could not be postponed a day later. The following were the teams and their positions on the field:—

Sioux.		*Norwood.*
A. Love	GOAL	S. Hendron
E. A. Halliwell	POINT	M. Higgins
J. Vanorman	COVER POINT	J. A. Harper
J. A. Chambers	DEF.	P. Clark
H.V.W. Aylsworth	DEF.	D. Denison
J. F. Davis	FIELD	F. Stephenson
R. Francis	CENTRE	W. Stephenson
W. Wright	HOME	P. Stewart
W. Jenkins	FIELD	W. McFall
J. R. Orr	HOME	F. H. Brennan
I. Geary	HOME	F. Pearce
F. E. O'Flynn	HOME	J. R. McKelvie

The Umpires were Messrs. W. J. Morrow for Norwood and J. Mouncey for Madoc.

As far as the playing was concerned the two teams were pretty evenly matched. The first game, however, fell to Norwood in about 10 minutes, the second to Madoc in 12 minutes, third to Norwood in 15 minutes, fourth to Madoc in 10 minutes, and fifth to Norwood in about 10 minutes. This gave the visitors the match. No particularly noticeable play was made on either side, but the best individual playing was made by Halliwell, for the Sioux. The two games were won for the Sioux by O'Flynn.

Cheers were then given for the respective clubs, the Referee and Umpires, both sides being apparently satisfied with the result. The band played on the ground during the afternoon.

THE PHYSIOGS PROCESSION

in the evening was witnessed by a large crowd, and was also headed by the band. Some amusing caricatures were made of tinshops, blacksmith shops, Singer sewing machine works, &c. There was about 100 torches, but the large number carried by boys spoiled the appearance of the procession by their disorderly behavior. The make-up of some of the physiogs were excellent, and created a great deal of amusement.

The firemen are to be congratulated on the success of the day's performance as a whole. Everything passed off quietly, and there was a very noticeable absence of the usual amount of drinking prevalent on such occasions.

—Farmers and cheesemakers will be well to use the Queen City Oil Co's celebrated "Peerless" Machine Oils. For sale by all first class dealers. See their advertisement elsewhere.

AN END TO BONE SCRAPING.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well. Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25c. per box, by all druggists.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHEAT WANTED.

AT the North Hastings Warehouse. Highest price paid.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, 27th May, '84. 370

OFFICE TO LET.

THE one lately occupied by C. J. Pusey, near the Masonic Hall.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, May 27, '84. 370

PHRENOLOGY.

NOW is the time to submit your heaven-erected heads to the light fantastic touch of

M. MERRIMELSON,

at the Madoc House, Madoc, where he will make private examinations and give written Charts during the week.

Notice of Changing Road.

County of Hastings.

NOTICE is hereby given that at the next meeting of the Council of the County of Hastings, a By-law will be passed authorizing the opening of a new road, in lieu of part of the present County Road, between the 5th and 6th concessions, across lot 12, more particularly described as follows: The new road to be 66 feet wide, commencing at a small elm tree south of the railway track on the road known as the Hastings Road, and running across the corner of lot 12 in the 5th concession, in a north-westerly curving direction, crossing the railway track east of the switch, thence in a northerly direction around the Hematite mine out to the sideroad between lots 12 and 13 in the 5th concession of said Township of Madoc.

All parties in any way interested in the above change of road are hereby notified to govern themselves accordingly.

JAMES T. BELL,
County Clerk.

May, 1884. 369

L. O. District Meeting.

THE semi-annual meeting of Loyal Orange District No. 2, North Hastings, will be held in the lodge room of Lodge No. 1133, Hazzard's Corners, on Saturday May 31st, at 2 p. m. A full attendance is requested.

WM. THOMPSON,
District Master.

Madoc, May 20, 1884. 369-2w

Court of Revision.

TUDOR, LIMERICK AND CASHEL.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Court of Revision for the united Townships of Tudor, Limerick and Cashel will be held in the Orange Hall, Millbridge, on Tuesday, the 10th day of June, 1884, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of hearing and determining appeals against the assessment for the current year.

All parties interested are requested to govern themselves accordingly.

CHARLES DONALDSON,
Township Clerk.

Millbridge, 8th May, '84. 368-3w

Farm for Sale.

THE undersigned is offering for sale that desirable property, described as Lots 29 and 30, in the 11th concession of the Township of Dungannon, containing 177 acres, near 60 acres cleared, with good, new frame house, 18x24, cook house attached, 12x12, log barn 24x36, and log house used as stable and granery. All in good repair. There is an orchard containing 80 apple trees, part bearing. It is situated between L'Amable and Bancroft. Terms, half cash; balance on time at 7 per cent. interest. For further particulars apply to

W. M. SPURR,
Apr. 28, 1884. 356 L'Amable.

Lacrosse Shoes,
LADIES'
Long Rubber Boots,
—AND—
Gent's Cloth Guiters,
—AT—
T. ROBERTS,
BOOT AND SHOE STORE,
also a large assortment of
TRUNKS, VALISES,
ETC.

TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT
IN THE CLOTHING TRADE.

150 More Watches to be Given Away 150
to every buyer of a
Suit at $12.00, and upwards.
Every watch warranted to keep correct time.
SECURE ONE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

Men's Suits at $5.00.
Boys' Suits at $5.00.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.
POST OFFICE BLOCK.

Brantford Harvesting Machines!

Over 1800 Brantford Mowers Sold in 1883.

2200 being built for the coming season.

1600 Brantford Reapers and 900 Brantford Binders sold in 1883.

1200 Binders being built for '84.

The undersigned has on exhibit at Madoc, under the care of their agent, Mr. W. I. Tumelty, a full line of the celebrated machines manufactured by us, comprising:—

THE LITTLE BRANTFORD FOLDING BINDER, cuts a full swath of five feet, and can be folded in two minutes so as to pass through an ordinary gate or barn door, or along narrow lanes.

THE BRANTFORD BINDER, six feet cut.

THE BRANTFORD MOWER, front cut. The best Mower on wheels.

THE OSBORNE MOWER, back cut. A powerful machine and fitted with adjustable steel ledger plates.

THE BRANTFORD REAPER, light, simple, strong, efficient. The Princess of the Harvest.

Call and examine before you place your order elsewhere.

A. HARRIS, SON & CO., [Limited.]
Brantford, Ont.

P. S.—R. R. Casement & Co., of Madoc, keep a full line of Repairs on hand for the above machines, and will furnish all information regarding them in the absence of the agent.

Hardware!

Builders, and those intending to build, will find our prices RIGHT for all their requirements, such as

BUTT HINGES,
STRAP & T HINGES,
SCREW HINGES,
NAILS,
LOCKS,
LATCHES,
HASPS,
HOOKS,
PLANES,
SQUARES,
HAMMERS.

and all the other sundries, also

GLASS,
PUTTY,
TURPENTINE,
VARNISHES,
JAPAN,
BOILED & RAW OIL,
WARRANTED WHITE LEAD,
RED LEAD.

and various dry colors,

PAINT BRUSHES,
WHITE WASH BRUSHES,
SCRUB BRUSHES,
SHOE BRUSHES.

FULL LINE OF MACHINE OILS.

BABBIT METAL.

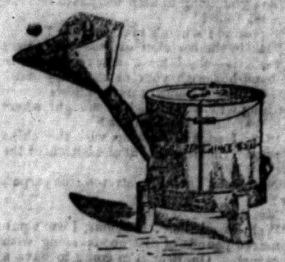
TINWARE.

We are offering special value in

MILK CANS,
MILK PANS,
MILK PAILS,
MILK STRAINERS,
STRAINER PAILS,
BOILERS,
TEAKETTLES,
STEAMERS,
CULLENDERS,
WASH BOWLS,
DIPPERS,
TEAPOTS,
OIL CANS.

and all the other sundries belonging to Housefurnishing.

No man can sit on the fence and plant onions, but he can sit on this



Patent Combined Milk Bucket and Stool,

and milk with perfect ease, and save time, milk and money. Just call and see it—it speaks for itself. No farmer should be without it.

FULL LINE COOK STOVES.

SPECIALTIES.

SARVEN — PATENT — BUGGY WHEELS,
BENT RIMS, BENT SHAFTS, BENT POLES, HICKORY & OAK SPOKES (all seasoned), ARMSTONG'S PATENT BUGGY SPRINGS, ARMSTRONG'S PATENT SEAT SPRING, PLASTER PARIS, PORTLAND CEMENT, STOVE & BLACKSMITH COAL, LAND PLASTER.

BUCKTHORN FENCING.

R. R. CASEMENT & CO.,
Sign of the Circular Saw,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc, Ont.

Latest Local News.

—Lock and [illegible]

—Next Sabbath [illegible]

—The [illegible] is completed.

—Village Council will meet on Monday evening next.

—Union services in the Methodist churches next Sunday.

—Mr. D. W. Wright now sports a handsome phaeton.

—There was very little drunkenness in the village on the 24th.

—A strong force of workmen are pushing the work in Mr. Coe's stables.

—A large addition will be built to Dale & Son's dry goods store this summer.

—The concert of the Tweed Brass Band, on Saturday last, was a grand success.

—Mr. Thomas Roberts, of the Madoc Boot and Shoe store, has put up a new awning in front of his store.

—Mr. Geo. Wallbridge, a Councillor from Carlow and Mayo municipality, was in the village this week.

—Next Wednesday evening is the regular night of meeting, and every member of the fire company is requested to be present.

—Those of our readers who are in doubt as to their abilities can have their craniums examined by Prof. Mendelson, the phrenologist, at the Madoc House this week. By all means get your "bumps" felt.

—A social tea and entertainment will be held in the M. E. Church next Wednesday evening. A good tea will be served after which a literary and musical entertainment will be given. Admission, 25 cents.

—On Saturday next, 31st inst., M. W. Sine, V. S., will give an exhibition of castrating, on the most improved scientific principles, and with the least possible pain and danger to the animal. Every farmer interested is invited to be present, at Mr. John Gillen's place, near the village, at 3 o'clock, sharp.

County Council.

The June meeting of the County Council will commence on Tuesday next, 3rd prox. A new Warden will then be elected.

Auction Sale.

Mr. Joseph Liberty will sell by public auction on Saturday, 7th June, on the Madoc House corner, a number of farming implements, etc. See posters for particulars.

Handsome Pillars.

Madoc Lodge, No. 48, A. F. & A. M., have, at an expense of nearly $100, added a pair of handsome Masonic Pillars to their already well-furnished lodge room. The pillars are full bronzed, 9 feet high, surmounted with 9-inch globes, and artistic network with lillies and pomegranates in colors. The base is highly ornamented and paneled, the panels showing a variety of Masonic emblems. They are the finest pieces of lodge furniture we have ever seen.

Brigade Camp.

The Trenton *Courier* thus speaks of the camp which will assemble in that place on the 23rd June:—"The location is a beautiful one with river, forest and mountain adjacent. The Brigade will have a grand field day on July 1st, and some have mooted the getting up of a monster demonstration. If the Council contribute towards expenses, the management of the *fete* should be in the hands of a committee composed of citizens and Councillors. It would also be a 'feather in our bonnet' to have the Central Ontario North formally opened on that day."

Union Services.

Next Sabbath being the day appointed for the coming together of the Methodist bodies in this country, union services will be held in both Methodist churches in this village. At 9 o'clock there will be a general fellowship meeting in the body of the C.M.Church. At 10:30 the Rev. E. N. Baker, M. A., will preach to both congregations in the above named church. In the evening service will be held in the M. E. Church, preaching by the Rev. F. McAmmond, B. A., after which the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered. In the afternoon both Sabbath Schools will mill meet together in the C. M. Church. Special collections at all the services. The public are invited. In the afternoon Rev. Mr. Baker will preach at Hazzard's and Rev. Mr. McAmmond at Hart's appointments.

Daring Burglary.

On Tuesday afternoon a daring burglary was committed at the residence of Mr. Wareham Tuller, near this village. Shortly after dinner, and while everyone was out of the house excepting Miss F. Dunn, a woman called and begged for some old clothes. In the absence of Mrs. Tuller none could be given her, and she was finally induced to go away. During the afternoon, on the return of some of the members of the family a silk jacket was found outside the front door, and in the hall were scattered around other articles of clothing. This naturally gave rise to suspicion, and on search being made it was discovered that Mrs. Tuller's wardrobe had been visited and clothing to the value of $50 stolen. It is supposed that while the one talked to Miss Dunn in the kitchen another went through the front door of the house, but had only time to take an armfull of the best clothing found. Mr. Tuller believes he has a clue which may lead to the discovery of the thief.

Court of Revision.

The Court of Revision for this village meets to-morrow (Friday) at 10 o'clock, in the Town Hall. Any appeals against the assessment of the village will then be settled.

Fire.

The residence of James Stout, 8th concession of Huntingdon, was burned to the ground on Sunday morning last. The fire caught on the roof, and had a ladder been handy the building could have been saved. The fire originated from an out house in which they had been smoking hams on Saturday. Insured.

Banquet in Honor of C.O.R.

The Stirling *News-Argus* is authority for the statement that the farmers along the line Central Ontario railway, fully appreciating the great benefit the above road has been and promises to be to them, are arranging to give a grand banquet in honor of the proprietors and officers of the road on its being fully opened to passenger traffic, which will be as soon as the official inspector passes upon it, probably a few weeks longer, the iron being now about laid to Wallaston. It is worthy of note that this road was built without asking for a single bonus, the work being done almost entirely by the settlers through whose country it passed, instead of importing the surplus labor of large cities. In other ways it has been of vast benefit to the farmers along the route, and they wish to express their satisfaction in the way mentioned.

Teachers' Institute.

The Union Teachers' Institute, held last week in Belleville, under the auspices of the Teachers' Associations of North and South Hastings was, we are given to understand, a success in every respect. The attendance of teachers was very large. From N. Hastings, the number in attendance was greater than was expected. Rawdon, Huntingdon, Marmora, Madoc, Elzevir, and even Tudor were well represented. Not a few had, in order to get to Belleville, to travel more than forty miles. This reflects great credit upon the teachers and speaks volumes for their intelligence, enthusiasm, and anxiety to become more efficient. For, be it remembered, at there teachers' meetings not a word is said about increase of salaries or lessening of work. The whole time is given up to work which has for its object the enhanced efficiency of the teacher. Among those present, were the Inspectors of Schools for Lennox and Addington, Northumberland and Durham; the newly appointed Inspector of Model Schools the Principal of the Model School, Napanee, and other educationalists from other counties.

The Institute lectures given by Prof. DeGraff were intensely practical and the results cannot fail to be useful. Public lectures were delivered by Prof. DeGraff, on Tuesday evening, in the City Hall, and, on Friday evening, in the Opera House. On the latter occasion, A. F. Wood, M. P. P., presided.

The absence, from the Institute, of some the teachers from this village and its immediate vicinity and the partial attendance of one or two others was the subject of no little surprise and comment.

Died.

BROAD.—At her residence in Madoc township, on Tuesday, May 20th, the wife of Mr. Joshua Broad, Sr., aged 61 years.

Seventeen (17) pounds of good Sugar for $1.00, at John Dale & Son's.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—As winter advances and the weather becomes more and more inclement and trying the earliest evidences of ill-health must be immediately checked and removed, or a slight illness may be result in a serious malady. Relaxed and sore throat, quinsey, influenza, chronic cough, bronchitis, and most other pulmonary affections will be relieved by rubbing this cooling Ointment into the skin as nearly as practicable to the seat of mischief. This treatment, simple yet effective is admirably adapted for the removal of these diseases during infancy and youth. Old asthmatic invalids will derive marvelous relief from the use of Holloway's remedies, which have wonderfully relieved many sufferers, and re-established health after every other means had signally failed.

Teaming Contract.

WANTED Tenders for hauling any part of 1000 tons of Coal from Madoc to Deloro. About 700 tons each month.
Address—
STEVENS, NEWBURN & ROTHWELL,
Lessees, Deloro, Ont.

TENDERS.

TENDERS will be received by the Trustees of Union S. S. No. 3, Queensboro, up to the 10th of June, 1884, for repairing, bricking, and building foundation wall of Queensboro School House. Specifications can be had by applying to
D. THOMPSON,
369-3w Sec-Treas.

W. C. REID,

CENTREVILLE, - ONTARIO.
Dealer in all kinds of
Fruit & Ornament l Trees, Vines, Shrubs, Flowers, &c.

I will call annually on my friends and customers in Madoc and vicinity, soliciting your orders, which will be filled with as good stock as can be procured in the country.
369 W. C. REID.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by all Druggists.

L. WEISS,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
Has opened business in the
SECOND FLAT, WEISS BLOCK.
First class stock, and good work.
TERMS—STRICTLY CASH.

COURT of REVISION.

Village of Madoc.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Court of Revision for the Village of Madoc will be held in the Town Hall on Friday the 30th day of May, instant, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of hearing and determining complaints against the assessment for the current year.

CHARLES GREAM,
Village Clerk.
Madoc, May 15th, '84. 368

NOTICE.

Court of Revision.

THE first sitting of the Court of Revision for the united Townships of Marmora and Lake will be held in the Town Hall, Marmora, on Friday the 30th day of May, commencing at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m.

All parties interested are requested to be governed accordingly.

J. W. PEARCE,
Township Clerk.
Clerk's Office,
Marmora, May 8th, '84. 368-3w

Estate of the Late Colin Russel.

FROM this date no sales or business arrangements made by Hugh and John Russel, acting as power of Attorney for Mrs. Russel, (at present in Scotland) will be valid without the consent of all the heirs.

R. D. RUSSEL.
Madoc, February 18, 1884. 362

Lands for Sale.

THE following lands have been placed in my hands for sale. Prices and terms of sale can be ascertained by application at my office:—

W ½ 13	in 1st concession	Madoc,	
29	5th	"	"
29	7th	"	"
W ½ 30	9th	"	"
N E ¼ 13	10th	"	Marmora,
27	11th	"	"

I am instructed to prosecute any one trespassing on these properties.

A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, April 14th, 1884. 364

LUMBER.

BRIDGEWATER MILLS.

Constantly on hand
SHINGLES,
LATH,
JOISTING,
SCANTLING,
PLANK,
BOARDS,
at lowest cash prices. Bill stuff cut to order.
J. D. BREEZE.
Bridgewater, April 14th, '84. 364

FOR SALE.

WEST half 29, in 2nd concession Madoc, and west half 27, in 1st concession of Madoc. Apply to A. F. Wood, Madoc, or to
JOHN C. T. COCHRANE,
P. O. Box 178, Brockville.
March 17, 1884. 362

FURNITURE.

A large stock of the best quality and at the lowest possible prices, at

MAYBEE'S.

PICTURE FRAMING,

A very fine stock of Cabinet size Photo Frames just opened. A large stock of Moulding kept on hand, and Frames of all sizes made to order.

UNDERTAKING,

Particular attention given to this department of our business. Coffins, Caskets, Adults' and Children's Shrouds, Gloves, and Crape, &c., always in stock.

N. M. MAYBEE.
Weiss' Block, Madoc.

Established in 1862

WHITE'S AGRICULTURAL WORKS,

MADOC, - ONT.

Wanted Immediately 1000 Farmers

TO BUY

1000 Mowers, Reapers, Horse Rakes, Steel Plows, Iron Plows, Gang Plows, all Wrought iron and steel Horse Hoes, Cultivators, Drags, etc. etc.

Farmers beware of silver mouthed agents selling western machines. Rest assured you will suffer as others have in getting repairs for them in the busy harvest season. Our

MODEL MOWER AND IMPROVED REAPER

for lightness of draft, fine finish, and good workmanship and simplicity stand without a rival. Our MODEL HORSE RAKE is one of the finest Rakes in the County. We give a written warranty with all our machines that they will do good work.

Wool Carding, Weaving, Spinning, &c.

In the Carding Department, we have engaged

MR. LORENZO HOWE,

which is a warranty of good work. Parties coming from a distance can have their carding done the same day. In the Spinning and Weaving Department, we are a branch of

MR. JOHN LAZIER,

of Belleville. We will carry in stock the different kinds of Yarns and Woollen Goods, which we will exchange for wool, or sell at manufacturers' prices.

CUSTOMERS—The day you bring your wool, you can take the yarn home with you, thereby avoiding delays.

THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR WOOL.

JAMES WHITE. JOHN WHITE.

HARDWARE!

40 Gal. Iron Clad Milk Cans, No. 24 Tin, $5.45.

30 Gal. Iron Clad Milk Cans, No. 24 Tin, $4.25.

6 qrt. Milk Pans, per doz. $1.10.

And all other Tinware equally low.

J. DALE & SON.

HUMORS OF DUELLING.

Some Amusing Episodes on the Field of Honor—Abraham Lincoln's Wit.

A Philosophical Mathematical Tutor—Adventures of Croquard.

Incomparably witty, as well as sarcastic, was Abraham Lincoln's remark, when—after accepting a challenge and agreeing to fight, he was given the spot selected for the assemble meeting (which was on the Missouri side of the Illinois river)—he said that the site was singularly appropriate, as it was within convenient distance of the penitentiary. It is well, by the way, that the gentleman selected by Mr. Lincoln for his attendant in his threatened duel was a man of infinite jest; for he arranged that the combat should be fought with dragoon swords, which put a ridiculous termination to the affair, as Mr. Lincoln's adversary (Gen. Shields) was a much shorter man than himself. We can just see the immortal Father Abraham going for the eminent Missourian with a dragoon sabre. The cascades of Lincoln's wit continued to effervesce, however, even after the dragoon sabres had been anointed with the oil of peace, for the illustrious Railsplitter then proposed to Shields that they play a game of "old sledge" to see which should pay the expense of the trip—and Shields "pungled."

In 1414 Henry V. of England sent the dauphin of France a challenge; and in reply the latter presented Henry with some tennisballs, with a message to the effect that the latter had better confine himself to the use of something less mischievous and more appropriate than the playthings of war.

The Washington (D.C.) *Sunday Herald*, not a long time since, related the following anecdote of a well-known Virginian: "Hill Carter, of Virginia, a lineal descendant of King Carter, of Shirley, on the Lower James river, was for many years an officer of the navy of the United States; but resigning he found his estate in a dilapidated condition. From his training in the navy he had become a rigid disciplinarian, thoroughly systematic and practical. He first directed his overseer to pull down the old fences and pile together all the crooked and dried rails and fire them. All of the old rickety cabins and other outhouses were next burned. Then all of the old waggons, carts, plows, hoes, axes, rakes, baskets, spinning-wheels, and looms were piled together and burned. The next order was to gather up every old horse and mule that could not work, and all non-producing mares, cows, sheep, and hogs, and old dogs that could not hunt, and place them in a lot. When this was done the animals were killed, placed in one vast heap and burned. On his several plantations were seventy five or a hundred old negroes, male and females, that had not performed any labor for many years. Some were cripples and some almost past walking from old age. To support so large a number of non-producers did not comport with Mr. Carter's idea of discipline and economy. So he told the overseer to gather together in a certain lot all of these old negroes; but when the overseer went out to execute the order the old darkies, knowing how the old fences, cabins, farming implements, and the old stock had been served, had gone by the break of day to the fields and were all ready for work. The ex-naval officer proved himself a model and successful planter. Hill Carter was of an irritable nature, and by virtue of his education dictatorial. On one occasion, while riding over one of his plantations, the overseer had displeased him, and he undertook to horsewhip him. The overseer being the stoutest of the two, took the whip from him and lashed him severely. He then challenged the overseer to mortal combat, but the overseer declined to fight, for the reason, he said, that if he was maimed or killed it would leave his wife and children without support. Mr. Carter said he would settle on his wife and children a competency if he would fight him. The overseer accepted the proposition, and —the property settlement made—the parties met, the terms of the duel agreed on, the pistols loaded, and they were just taking position when the sheriff of the county arrived on the field and arrested the parties. Mr. Carter never changed his property gift to the overseer's family, nor did he dismiss him from his employ. He said he would let him keep the property because he might again want to fight him."

A certain mathematical tutor at Cambridge who had been confidently made the recipient of information to the effect that a pupil had about completed preparations for a hostile meeting, sought out the latter and inquired: "What is this all about—why do you fight?" "Because he gave me the lie," frankly and promptly replied the young man. "He said you lied, eh?—well, let him prove it; if he proves it, then you did lie, of course; but if he does not prove it, why, then, it is he who lied. Why should you shoot one another?" In the gallery of Dusseau, one time, a crack shot was affording a good deal of entertainment to himself and others by shattering one after another the puppets set up to be fired at. There was one man present, however, who could not laugh. That man was the proprietor of the puppets. At last they were all down but one—that was Napoleon. The marksman took quick aim, and down went the first consul. The proprietor gave a wild scream, and exclaimed: "You cannot fire as well upon the ground!" "Come out and see!" "Bang!" and down fell the proprietor. "He could fire as well," groaned the prostrate one.

M. Olivier, bishop of Evreux, and Monsigner Affre, archbishop of Paris, met one day, and the latter dwelt at length upon the imperfections and inconsistencies of the law against dueling; when Bishop Oliver asked: Suppose, Monsigner Affre, some one of standing should slap you in the face—what would you do?" The archbishop was slightly thrown from his equilibrium, but replied: "I know what I ought to do, but I don't know, really, what I should do."

Croquard was not unlike St. Foix, in many respects, although not so gallant and proficient in the use of the sword, and was always without a sous. One day, at the instance of the Count de Chambord, he called upon a contractor and challenged him, at which the latter picked Croquard up and held him under a pump and pumped water on him until he was completely drenched. He once challenged a linen draper, whose wife informed Croquard that her husband was ill and would not recover before six months. In precisely six months from the day of his first visit Croquard again called, and was again met at the door by the wife of the linen draper, who invited the nomadic duellist to breakfast. He declined, although hungry, saying that he wanted to fight more than he wanted to eat. "Won't monsieur try a glass of Madeira?" inquired the diplomatic woman, with well-affected affability. "Madeira!" ejaculated Croquard, with a smack of his lips like the crack of a whip, "Oui, oui, my dear madame; and your good husband shall remain ill for another six months." Croquard once got enraged with an actor named Mouton, and was about to challenge the Thespian, when he remembered that he owed him 5 francs. "How unlucky, mon Dieu!" he cried, after having unsuccessfully attempted to borrow that amount from others present, "that I should owe a man money whom I want to fight."

Saint-Beuve once fought a duel holding an umbrella—during the preliminaries of which he said that he had no objection to being killed, but that he was determined not to get wet. When the Duke of Wellington was the 10th regiment kept at Dublin, he admitted that lots of duels would grow out of such action, "but that's of no consequence," he added. Some years ago two inexperienced shooters met in the woods near Paris, and at the first discharge of their pistols a dry went up at a point only a few yards away, and it was quickly discovered that a well known attorney had been hit. "If it is only a lawyer," oried one of the combatants, "let us fire again."

During the progress of the duel between Senator William M. Gwin and Representative J. W. McCorkle, in 1853, a poor donkey nearly half a mile away, was shot dead—and the donkey was not even a spectator. Sterne once fought a duel about a goose, and Raleigh one concerning a tavern bill. An Irishman once challenged an Englishman because the latter declared that anchovies did not grow on trees. A member of Louis the Eighteenth's bodyguard challenged three men in one day—one because he had stared at him, another because he had looked at him askew, and the third on account of his passing him by without looking at him at all. A Liverpool sea captain was once challenged, and named harpoons as weapons. A Frenchman who had been called out named twenty four loaves of "siege bread" —"We shall eat against each other," he said, "until one of us shall die, for one of us is sure to die." Many who have received challenges have accepted and named horsewhips or cowhides. Two Tennessee editors, who had long quarrelled, repaired to the field but settled their difficulty after firing one shot by agreeing to merge their papers into one concern and enter into partnership with each other, which they carried into effect after their return.

One of the most remarkable duels (or series of duels) of any age was the affair between two French officers named Fournier and Dupont. This duel was commenced in 1794 and lasted nineteen years. Fournier had challenged and killed a young man named Blum, at Strasburg, under distressing circumstances, and Gen. Moreau, the commandant, who had issued cards for a soiree, which was to take place upon the evening of the day of Blum's funeral, had hinted to his chief of staff (Dupont) just before the commencement of the arrival of guests that the presence of Fournier might mar the character of the festivities. So, when Fournier appeared he was denied admission by Dupont, who was at once challenged, and fought (with swords) and wounded Fournier. In a month or two they fought again, and Dupont was wounded. Immediately upon the recovery of the latter the combatants again met, and both received severe and dangerous wounds. Before retiring from the field, however, they had an agreement drawn up and sworn to that, whenever afterwards they came within one hundred miles of each other, each should travel fifty miles toward the other, and renew and continue the fight until at least one of them was placed hors de combat. In the meantime they corresponded with each other, met and fought many times during ten or twelve years, always shaking hands, and sometimes dining together after their fights. At length both became general officers; and during the year 1813 were ordered to Switzerland. Dupont arrived at the post at night, put up at the best inn, and learned shortly after his arrival that Fournier occupied an adjoining apartment. In a few moments they were at it again, sword in hand, and the fight was temporarily ended by Dupont running his steel through his antagonist's neck and pinning Fournier against the wall. While in this situation Fournier challenged Dupont for a meeting upon the following day. "Early in the morning, with pistols, in the woods near Neuilly!" cried Dupont, greatly to the astonishment of Fournier, who was a distinguished shot. "Good!" replied the latter. "Hear me," added Dupont, "I am about to engage in matrimony, and have concluded that this matter of ours must first be permanently settled; so I propose that we each arm ourselves with a pair of loaded pistols, go into the woods together, then separate and walk off in opposite directions one hundred paces, then turn and fire at will." The proposition was accepted by Fournier and the combatants met upon the following morning, went to the woods together, separated, paced off a hundred steps, turned and commenced to advance hastily. Dupont, while on his hands and knees, got sight of Fournier behind a tree, and at once took up a like position. He then stuck out a flap of his coat as if in a kneeling position, and in an instant a bullet went through it from Fournier. Then Dupont hung his cap on the muzzle end of one of his pistols and by degrees stuck it out to one side until at length Frontier blazed away. Dupont then stepped out from behind the tree and advanced upon his astonished antagonist with drawn weapons and said: "General your life is in my hands but I do not care to take it. I want this matter, however, to end right here; and in the case of a fresh disturbance I want you never to lose sight of the fact that the weapons must be pistols—your favourite weapons—and that I am entitled to the first two shots—distance, three feet." The incident took place nineteen years after the first meeting between the two officers, during which period they had fought each other seventeen time. No fresh disturbance, it may be added, in conclusion, ever broke out between them, which was very natural when it is remembered that Dupont was entitled to the first two shots.

In 1858 M. de Pene, a Parisian journalist, was challenged by a whole regiment. Dumas fought with Gaillardet, near Paris, over a controversy concerning the authorship of "La Tour de Feale." Marshal Ney once challenged every man in a theater. In his fatal duel with Lieutant Cecil, Stackpole, after firing, said, shaking his head and smiling: "By George! I have missed him."

INTERESTING ITEMS.

A Great Railway Tunnel—A Mormon Saint—Mild Winter in England—Shocks in an Earthquake—&c., &c., &c.

Herbert Spencer is going to Australia on account of failing health.

The senior knight of the British navy, Sir George Rose Satorius, is ninety-three years old.

Victor Hugo is to be offered the honorary presidency of a baby show to be held in Paris next July.

All the rich obese are now flocking to Prince Bismarck's doctor, who has so reduced him in size without injury to his health.

The chair of mathematics is occupied at High School, in Stockholm, Sweden, by a Russian lady named Kowalewska.

Marwood, the late hangman, once paid Dore £50 to sketch him in the performance of his terrible duties.

Work is proceeding rapidly with the great railway tunnel under the Mersey. The tunnel will be three and one-eight miles in length.

In the Paris Bon Marche, where 2,000 persons are said to be employed, each girl has a room to herself. There is also a drawing room with piano, &c.

Mrs. Verrell, of Quebec, Canada, was actually frightened to death, not long since, by two dogs that rushed upon her without biting her.

The wife of Judge Foote, of Lawrence, Kansas, died recently of blood-poisoning occasioned by the absorption of the coloring matter of a green veil through a scratch on the face.

Dr. Desprez, of the Hospital de la Charite, Paris, though a free thinker, deprecates the exclusion from the hospitals of persons connected with the religious bodies, and says that the lay assistents are far inferior in skill to the Sisters.

The statue of Wm. Tyndale (martyred in 1536) which has been erected in a conspicuous place on the Thames enbankment, was unveiled recently by Lord Shaftesbury with appropriate ceremonies.

A Mormon saint, the senior partner in a Salt Lake liquor store, was chosen on Saturday to preach the gospel in Great Britain, and the Mormon police, ignorant of the fact, within twenty-four hours arrested him for selling liquor on Sunday, for which he was fined $50.

Mr. Matthew Arnold does not seem to have profited by his elocution lessons in the United States. On the occasion of his first lecture in England, after his return home, *Truth* says that whenever he wished "to be particularly impressive he was perfectly inaudible."

Lord Rowton, it is said, finds his work of producing the memoirs of Lord Beaconsfield very difficult. The papers are enormous in number, and absolutely without order or arrangement. Lord Beaconsfield seems to have kept everything in the shape of letters, disposing of them by the easy process of thrusting them into a large box.

The finest rubies are found in Ava, Siam, and Peru; others are found in India, Ceylon, Australia, Borneo, Sumatra. The Burmese mines have long been famous; the working of them is a royal monopoly, and the King has among other titles that of Lord of the Rubies. The Brazilian ruby is declared to be a pink topaz, inferior to the true ruby, yellow in its natural state, and colored artificially.

Vigilance committees are being formed in some of the Dundee, Scotland, churches. The members of committee scatter themselves over the church and note absentees and strangers. Any member out of his place for two Sabbaths is reported to the minister, who immediately adopts means to know the reason why. In like manner strangers attending for two Sabbaths are seen after with the view of attaching them to the congregation.

A recently published report states that out of every thousand recruits for the Russian army examined in 1882, 57.5 per cent. were rejected for physical disability, 460 of these were thrown out as being "too narrow chested," 50 for consumption, and 10 for poverty of the blood. Investigation showed that over 50 per cent. of the men of St. Petersburg between 20 and 22 were "weak and sickly."

In Lancashire, England, they keep up to the traditions of centuries on Easter Monday. In Preston, for instance, the whole population make a pilgrimage to the park outside the town, each with a hard boiled egg stained some color. Everybody, young and old, makes for the summit of a hill, down which the great aim is to roll the egg without getting smashed. To see crowds of well-dressed people rolling eggs against one another is a most amusing spectacle.

A general impression exists that slow-grown timber is the strongest, but this opinion does not, it is said, stand the test of experiment. There is in London a Government establishment for testing the quality and strength of all woods and metals used for Government purposes, the chronicles of which are said to be very interesting. Among other things that have been proved there, is the fact that fast grown timber—oak at least—is the strongest, and bears the greatest degree of tension.

There have been winters in England milder than this last, exceptional as that has been. In 1882 so mild was the season that the trees were covered with leaves, and birds built their nests and hatched their young in the month of February. In 1838 the gardens were bright with flowers in January. Neither ice nor snow was visible in 1659, no fires were lit in 1692, and the softness of the weather in 1791, 1807, and 1822 was phenomenal. In 1829 white blossoms were to be seen on the trees in March, and on the vines in April.

The wearing of the primrose as the representative of Lord Beaconsfield is but one more of the many flowery symbols with which the history of England blossoms—the broom plant of the first Plantagenet; the red and white roses of Lancaster and York; the Scotch thistle which betrayed the naked footfall of the invading Dane, and so saved Scotland; the leek of the Welshman, symbolic of harvest time, when each laborer brought his share of the common dinner—a solitary leek—in his hat for the want of pockets; the rose of England and the shamrock of Ireland, emblematic of the Trinity.

The first Congregational church in Washington, which Frederick Douglass once called the only Christian church in that city, because it gave equality of admission to colored people, is disturbed by an attempt to discourage the attendance of negroes. Some of the members tried to pass a resolution advising that the colored members should attach themselves to another organization. This was overwhelmingly defeated. Now a battle is in progress over a proposition to fit up and newly carpet the Sabbath school room of the church if the colored school, which meets there in the afternoon, could be put in other quarters.

The great ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain, in Paris, the favorite quarter of the old aristocracy, usually so modest and retiring, and so averse to anything that savors of common and vulgar publicity, have suddenly changed their time-worn tactics, and now seems to have but one idea in their heads, and that is "to appear in public." Already two concerts have taken place at which the *femmes du monde*, headed by the Vicomtesse de Tredern and the Marquise de St. Paul, have sung and played to paying audiences—of course, for charitable purposes. At the last of these concerts each was the curiosity of the multitude to see these great ladies that 15,000 francs were taken at the doors, and one unfortunate ticket, which had been forgotten or mislaid till the last moment, was actually raffled for and fetched 300 francs.

The number of shocks in an earthquake varies indefinitely, as does the length of intervals between them. Sometimes the whole earthquake only lasts a few seconds. Thus, the city of Caracas was destroyed in about half a minute, 10,000 lives being lost in that time. Lisbon was overthrown in five or six minutes; but a succession of shocks may last for hours, days, weeks, or months. The Calabrian earthquake, which began in February, 1783, lasted through a continued series of shocks for nearly four years, until the end of 1786. The area shaken by an earthquake varies with the intensity of the shock from a mere local tract, where a slight trembling has been experienced, up to such catastrophes as that of Lisbon, which convulsed not only the Portuguese coasts, but extended into Iceland on the one hand and into Africa on the other; agitated lakes, rivers, and springs in Great Britain, and caused Loch Lomond to rise and to subside with startling suddenness.

The Revised Old Testament.

The American and English committees have almost finished their labors in the revision of the Old Testament. It is expected that the revision will be published in the course of a few months. The revision is said to have been made with the sole purpose of placing the Bible in a position in which the people may understand every word as the scholars understand them, and as the text stands in its original. To do this many of the beauties of expression have been sacrificed in order to give the true meaning of the original. The poetical forms and the archaisms will be retained to a larger extent than they were in the New Testament. The fabulous beast, the "unicorn," will give place to the wild ox. "The River of Egypt" will be "The Brook of Egypt." "The Book of Jasher" will be "The Book of the Upright." "The plain of Morah" will be "The rock of Morah." The children of Israel did not borrow of the Egyptians what they never intended to return, but they asked for and received gifts, not loans. "Joseph's coat of many colors" will be a "long tunic." "Judgment also will I lay to line, and righteousness to the plummet," will be, "I will make judgment for a line and righteousness for a plumb line." "In my flesh shall I see God" will be, "yet out of my flesh do I see God."

Some of the changes in the psalms will be:—

vii. 20. "If He turn not He will whet His sword," (meaning God), will be, "If a man turn not He will whet his sword."

viii. 5. "For Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels," will be, "Thou hast made him a little lower than God." "I will praise Thee, oh, Lord," is often translated, "I will give thanks unto Thee, oh, Lord."

ix. 7. "But the Lord shall endure forever," will be, "But the Lord sitteth as King forever."

xi. 7. "For the righteous Lord loveth righteousness; His countenance doth behold the upright," will be, "For the Lord is righteous; He loveth righteousness; the upright shall behold His face."

xxxviii. 8. "Fret not thyself in any wise to do evil," will be, "Fret not thyself, it tendeth to evil doing."

lxviii. 11. "The Lord gave the word; great was the company of those that published it," will be, "The Lord giveth the word, and the women that bring glad tidings are a great host."

lxxxiv. 6. "Who, passing through the Valley of Baca, make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools," will be, "Passing through the valley of weeping, they make it a place of springs."

xcvi. 12. "Then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice," will be, "Then shall all the trees of the wood sing for joy."

Irving's Only Appearance as a Politician.

"Once," says Mr. Labouchere, referring to the rumor that Henry Irving is about to run for Parliament; "Mr. Irving did appear on the hustings, and it was in this wise: I was the defeated candidate at the Middlesex election. Those were the days of hustings and display, and it was the fashion of each candidate to go down to Brentford in a carriage and four to thank his supporters. On the morning of the day that I beat to perform this function Irving called upon me, and I invited him to accompany me. Down we drove; I made an inaudible speech to a mob, and we re entered our carriage to go to London. In a large constituency like Middlesex few know the candidates by sight. Irving felt it his duty to assume a mine de circonstance. He folded his arms, passed his hat over his brows, and was every inch the baffled politician—defeated, sad, but yet sternly resigned to his fate. In this character he was so impressive that the crowd came to the conclusion that he was the defeated candidate. So woe-begone and so solemnly dignified did he look that they were overcome with emotion, and, to show their sympathy, they took the horses out of the carriage and dragged it back to London. When they left us I got up to thank them, but this did not dispel the illusion. 'Poor fellow,' I heard them say, as they watched Irving, 'his feelings are too much for him,' and they patted him and shook hands with him, with the kindly wish to comfort him."

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

EXTRA CUMBALS.—Four eggs, four teaspoonsful of butter, eight of sugar, 12 of milk; spice; flour to roll.

CUMBALS OTHERWISE DOUGHNUTS.—A pint bowl of flour, a teacup of sugar, a piece of shortening the size of a small egg, one egg, sour milk with a small teaspoonful of soda, salt, nutmeg or cinnamon.

HARD GINGERBREAD.—One pound of flour two tablespoonsful of ginger, one-half pound of sugar, one-third pound of butter, three eggs, a small teaspoon of soda; roll very thin. This gingerbread will keep a long time.

FISH PIE.—Remove bones and skin from any cold fish you may have, add to it an equal quantity of cold mashed potatoes, half as much cold rice, season with pepper, salt and little bits of butter, turn into a well greased dish and bake until lightly browned.

MOCK MINCE PIE.—One cup of cracker or bread crumbs; one cup of sugar; three-fourths of a cup of molasses; one-fourth of a cup of butter, one-fourth of a cup of boiled cider; one cup of warm water; spices and chopped raisins, one cup, or a half. Enough for two pies; very nice.

FRENCH PIE.—Any remains of cold meat free from fat and gristle and finely minced. Season as liked and moisten with plenty of gravy. Spread evenly on a pie dish, cover an inch thick with mashed potatoes, strew a few bits of butter on top and place in a quick oven until hot and brown.

FISH OMELET.—Use a cupful of any kind of cold fish broken up fine. You may add the boiled roes of shad, if you have them. Season with pepper and salt and heat in a cupful of cream gravy, same as used in potatoes. Make an omelet with six eggs, and when ready to fold, spread the hot fish evenly over it, roll up, dish, and send to table at once.

A GOOD PUDDING.—Break open and remove stones from enough plump raisins to line a well greased pudding dish. Cover the raisins with a quart of bread crumbs. To a quart of milk add three beaten eggs, sweeten, flavor and pour over crumbs. Bake until you think the pudding will retain its shape when turned out of dish, be careful, however, not to bake it until dried out. Eat with hard sauce.

POTATOES A LA LYONNAISE.—Use fair sized potatoes; pare and drop them in cold water, let them remain two hours, then slice thin and drain. Put into a frying pan only sufficient lard or nice drippings to prevent the potatoes from sticking while cooking. Heat the lard hot; add onions to the taste; fry a few minutes, then add the potatoes. Stir diligently, and cook slowly until done brown. Just before taking up, add parsley and seasoning.

Amusements of Millionaires.

Some years ago I sat one evening reading a volume of Prescott's histories in the library of a rich Wall street man who was a bank president at 30, when he came in and asked me if I really enjoyed reading such books. He added that he found it impossible to interest himself in any of the hundreds of volumes he had purchased, although he had tried hard to do so. "When I take them up," he said, "I see nothing but rows of stock quotations on every page." This gentleman died at 40, and left a large fortune as the price of his life—a fortune which his family has since dissipated. Had he had anything to occupy his mind outside of his office and when he left Wall street he might have lived to enjoy the pleasure of spending the million he had made. In almost every case some special amusement or point of relaxation is a sanitary necessity for the business man whose brain is racked by the concentrated pressure of his six hours daily "street" labor. Jay Gould is a diligent reader of books and cultivator of exotics. Vanderbilt never opens a book, but his horses and stables help to freshen up his intellect. John Jacob Astor climbs to the top of his house, and in a secluded sanctum hammers away at some mechanical inventions that are to revolutionise the industrial world—that is to say if they are ever perfected. Yachts, horses, aviaries, dogs, flies and fishing rods, or double-barrelled shotguns distract the attention of other men of wealth from the cares which riches bring in their train, and preserve the mental balance of their devotees. One well known broker keeps a select assortment of fowls in his back yard, and he has no sooner entered his front door than he makes a bolt for the chicken-coop, where he fusses about until the repeated clamor of a starving household calls him to dinner. His neighbors complain of the crowing of his pet roosters, but he has a permit which protects his feathered friends, and he defies criticism. Before he kept fowls his nights were almost sleepless; now he snores all night like a farmer. It is the same story all around. "If I did not do this or that I should die," say these business-worn men who have returned to the loves and likings of their early life for relief against "black care."—*New York Cor. Philadelphia Record.*

Origin of the Pug.

The pug was not generally known or owned in the United States prior to 1870, and England has been acquainted with the breed only for the past quarter century. His origin is in doubt, and dog fanciers have given him a Muscovite or a Dutch paternity. Many maintain that he is a cross between the English bulldog and the small Dane; but no matter what his origin or to what circumstances his popularity must be attributed, certain it is that he is very widely distributed, for he is known and petted in England, Russia, France, Holland and Japan.

A Single Fault.

"I think that young Mr. Cutaway is just a perfect gentleman," remarked Mrs. Featherbed to her daughter after that young man had gone before the clock had made a ten-strike.

"He is certainly very pleasant company, but he is not perfect, mamma."

"And what have you seen to make you think he is not?"

"Why, you know," replied the joking girl with a chuckle, "he certainly has a single fault."

"Well, my daughter, remember it is leap year, and you will have yourself to blame if you allow him to have this fault at the end of the year."

AGRICULTURAL.

By Bid Waste Bones.

The farmer's cat, the bones of fowl, the large and small bones that are purchased with meat—beef and mutton, constitute the very best kind for fruit trees and grape vines, if the fragments are only placed where the roots can lay hold of them. Instead of allowing pieces of bones to be cast into the backyard, as food for stray dogs and strange cats, domestics should be directed to deposit everything of the sort in a small tub provided with a lid. As soon as only a few pounds have accumulated, we take the tub to some grape vine or fruit tree, dig a hole three or more feet long, a foot or two wide and not less than a foot deep, into which the bones are dumped, spread over the excavation, and covered with the soil. The more the fragments can be spread the better. But they should be buried so deep that the plow or spade will not touch them. The roots of growing vines or fruit trees will soon find the valuable mine of rich fertility, and will feed on the elements that will greatly promote the growth of healthy wood, and the development of fair and luscious fruit. Many horticulturists and farmers purchase bone dust, costing no less than two cents a pound, simply to enrich the soil around and beneath their vines; fragments of bones are just as valuable as ground bones, although their elements of fertility will not be found available in so short a time as if the large pieces were reduced to small atoms. Nevertheless if large bones be buried three or four feet from a grape vine, the countless number of mouths at the end of the roots will soon dissolve, take up and appropriate every particle. When cast out of the kitchen door, bones are likely to become a nuisance; where as if properly buried, they become a source of valuable fertility. Let every person who owns a grape vine or fruit tree save all the bones that pass through the kitchen, and bury them where such worthless material will be turned to some profit.—*Western Farmer.*

Agricultural Legislation.

At a public meeting, held in Ancaster, Wentworth Co., a few days ago, Mr. Awrey the M. P. P., for the county thus referred to the agricultural legislation during the last session of the Ontario Legislature.

An important measure for farmers was one connected with the spread of noxious weeds such as thistles, oxeyed daisies, ragweed and burdock. The Grangers petitioned for a measure to prevent the spread of these weeds, and such a measure has been passed. Each farmer must cut his weeds, and the pathmasters must prevent them from going to seed on the roads. An inspector can be appointed by the Township Council when one is needed to see that the provisions of the Act are carried out. An Act was also passed to prevent the spread of infectious diseases in horses and other domestic animals. The foreign market for breadstuffs is becoming precarious, and Canadian farmers must turn their attention more and more to the raising of stock. If once the people of Europe are told that there are diseases among Canadian cattle, a profitable market will be cut off. It is much better to take steps in time to prevent such disaster.

Agricultural Items.

A writer in the London *Agricultural Gazette*, is of the opinion that the polled or hornless cattle are the older type, and that the horned form is the intrusive modern style.

A gill of strong green tea is said to be a specific for sheep poisoned by eating laurel. A farmer who has used this remedy many years says he has saved hundreds of sheep by it.

Do not base swine feeding upon the idea that pigs will eat anything. They are, indeed, not very choice in their selection of food, but growth and health are best promoted when they are fed on a variety of food.

Vick's Magazine says that the best preventives of mildew on roses are good drainage, high manuring, selection of strong varieties, proper pruning, and dusting with sulphur as soon as it appears. It is contagious, and some varieties are more subject to it than others.

An Ohio farmer washes his apple trees every spring and fall with strong lye that will float an egg, and finds it to be sure death to the borers. He claims that he has not lost a tree since beginning this practice, although he has lost several previously.

W. W. Dunham of Grapevine Farm at North Paris, Me., has pretty thoroughly demonstrated his theory of out-door wintering of bees. Of fifty-three swarms of colonies that he commenced the winter with, he has only lost two swarms. He has now fifty-one lively swarms to commence the season of 1884.

The sewerage of the Town of Pullman is pumped into an aqueduct from a cesspool into to which it flows from the houses, and through this aqueduct is conveyed three miles to a farm of sixty acres, where it is used for fertilizing purposes. Notwithstanding the cost of the pumping, irrigating, and draining systems used in the cultivation of this farm was $30,000, the net profit on the land has been $25,000.

It was found by careful trial at the garden of the New York Experiment Station, that the old and expensive method of growing celery in deep trenches, and with repeated "earthing up" as the plants grow, was in no way superior to the level culture method, with a single earthing to blanch the stems after they complete their growth. This is in accord with the common practice of our best gardeners at the present time, but is contrary to the teaching of the older writers on the subject.

In a late address, Prof. Wiley gave the result of his investigations to decide the question, "how far north may sorghum sugar industry extend?" He believes that the success of the sorghum sugar industry will not be found so far north as many of his friends had hoped, and many of its devotees prophesied. It is yet early to give a definite answer, but at present he inclines to the opinion that the isothermal lines for Sept., October, and November that pass through Cape May, N. J., should be considered the northern boundaries of successful sugar culture.

French gardeners, says the *American Gardener* are quite enthusiastic about the manner of cutting asparagus. They say that the neat asparagus knives advertised in the catalogues are intended for delicate people who are afraid of soiling their fingers; and the only proper way is to pick the shoots by hand. They consider it quite important to break them off at the point where they are united to the root, rather than in the ground above this point, as we usually do. They remove a little earth about the shoot with the hand, then work the fore and middle fingers into the soil near to the point of attachment, when a slight pressure of the finger under the base of the shoot causes the latter to snap off clean at the root.

Shade Trees—Planting, and After-care.

Trees that have grown in the open air, will do better than those from thick woods. In selecting those only should be taken that are perfectly sound; a dead spot, however small, will extend until it ruins the tree. Trees with short trunks and large thin tops should be chosen, avoiding such as divide into two nearly equal branches, for they will be very likely to split down. In taking up trees, every root should be secured to the utmost fibre as far as possible, and without splitting or bruising them, and the holes for planting them, should be large enough to receive the roots in their natural position. While out of the ground, the roots should be protected from the air and kept moist, and in setting them fine rich earth should be packed around all the fibres. Trees should be staked to prevent the wind from starting the roots, and well mulched to keep the ground moist and loose. A vicious practice prevails very extensively of cutting off the entire top. To is the death warrant of the tree. It may put out new branches and do well for a few years, but the wound will seldom heal; that will ultimately decay down into the centre of the trunk and the limbs will break off or die. This process, in its various stages, may be seen in a large proportion of the trees that have been treated in this way. If a trunk must be cut off, let it be just above a thrifty limb, whose growth will heal over the wound. If branches must be removed, they should be cut close to the trunk, great care being taken not to injure the bark or wood, the cut made smooth and covered at once with wax or paint so as to exclude the air. Shade trees are usually set to thick, from two to four times too many being put on the ground consequently, as soon as they have grown a little, they interfere with each other, and a struggle for existence commences, in which all suffer and symmetrical growth is prevented. Trees should never be allowed to exclude the direct sunlight from a house; to do so, is to make it unfit for a dwelling. To remedy this by pruning, will leave naked trunks covered with unsightly scars, too large to heal over, which will ultimately decay and kill the tree. Thinning out is but little better, for the trees that remain will be stragglers standing at irregular distances, with forlorn and badly shaped tops.

Shade trees should be carefully watched, and all branches that start where they are not wanted, that will ever interfere with streets, walks, buildings, or other branches, should be promptly removed. Such branches are often neglected until their removal irreparably injures the shade tree. All dead limbs should be taken away at once. *American Agriculturist.*

The Honolulu Fish Market.

A visit to the fish market of Honolulu on a Saturday afternoon, Winter or Summer, (for there are no seasons here, remember,) is a sight seldom elsewhere to be met. Situated on the street lying beside the still surface of the bay, it seems as if the fish had only to be angled for with the fingers from the piers in order to be caught, cleaned, sold, cooked, and eaten. Every variety of finafloat is to be seen in this market, pre-eminently the nutrious mullet. Fish-wives, fish-husbands, and fish-children barter the scaly merchandise from stalls or counters covered with fish and specie. Nowhere else that I know of could vendors leave in parallel piles upon their tables with impunity gold and silver coins often amounting to scores of dollars. A good deal of chatting, joking, and bargaining accompany proceedings in this place of trade, the picturesque natives preponderating both as buyers and sellers, while all around is life, noise, flutter, and business eagerness. The scene reminds one of the Neapolitan fish market in the square where Masaniello organized his popular uprising and revolutionary revolt—that bold fisherman, king of but three days' reign. Fish is a favorite food of the Hawaiian at all times, which, with a bowl of *poi*, makes up his usual meal. Shellfish, shrimp especially, are sold for salads *a la mayonnaise*, but there is no native edible oyster. The oyster of the Pacific, anywhere I have ever been, even on our California coast, in nowise equals our Atlantic Blue Points, Chesapeakes, or East River bivalves, either as regards size, flavor, or subsequent epicurean satisfaction.

The Age of the Newspaper.

Public attention is absorbed by the newspaper; and it is to the periodical press that the literary man owes both his salvation and his ruin. The large class of people who read simply to kill time, satisfy all literary cravings by drinking at the streams, clear or muddy, as the case may be, of their pet newspapers; and even the lighter class of stories appeal to them but seldom unless served up in long columns and sent through the postoffice. It is emphatically the age of the newspaper, and both author and preacher are rapidly finding themselves reduced to the choice between working for the periodical press and abandoning the field altogether. Of course, there are striking exceptions, but in the mass this seems to us to be about the sense and substance of the whole matter. Literary men are as well off as ever, but they must adapt their methods of work to the times in which they live.

An Interchange of Compliments.

An attache had made one or two mistakes in copying a dispatch which he took to the Ambassador for signature. "Mistakes may be made," said Lord Stratford, after pointing them out, "by the most careful attache; how much more by the most careless!" The high-spirited young diplomatist got exceedingly incensed, and told Lord Straford that, although he was his Ambassador, he had no right to reprimand him for what was untrue, as he was not habitually careless. "You accuse me of untruthfulness! D—— your eyes!" exclaimed Lord Stratford. "D—— your Excellency's eyes!" retorted the youth. The Ritchi burst out laughing. Holding out his hand to him, he begged the attache to excuse the infirmity of his temper, and they shook hands most cordially.

SCIENTIFIC GOSSIP.

Miles of Railroad in the United States —Making Leather Waterproof —Instantaneous Photography—&c., &c.

There are 124,000 miles of railroad in the United States, or seven times as many miles as there are in the United Kingdom of Great Britain.

An announcement was made a short time since before the Linnean Society of New South Wales by Mr. William Macleay that the total numbers of Australian fishes now amounts to 1,291 species.

An establishment in Bavaria for the manufacture and preserving of railroad sleepers is able to turn out 500,000 sleepers a year, which is about one-tenth of the number required annually for the maintenance of the German railroads.

There has lately been constructed by MM. Chalhiot and Gratiot, of Paris, a new tool to which they have given the name of the biradical drilling machine. The arm is jointed or hinged in the middle so that the drill can be brought to any point on the table without shifting the latter. Bevel gear transmits the power.

Cast-iron may be so hardened as to resist cutting by an ordinary file by the following method: When the iron is brought to a cherry-red heat, sprinkle some cyanide of potassium upon it, raise the temperature then little above red heat, and, lastly, dip in the tempering tank. Cyanide of potassium may be used for case-hardening iron also with decided effect.

For the first time in the history of the Academy of Sciences, Paris, places have been offered by the Government to selected members to take part on a diplomatic commission. That learned body has recently received a requisition from M. Ferry to appoint three delegates to the international commission which is to meet in Washington on the 1st of October next to determine the choice of a first meridian.

When transplanting the strawberry, an expert forbids the removal of the runners, and recommends leaving six inches of them attached to each side of the plant. The end of these runners are then to be bent down and buried with the roots. Plants thus treated are provided with means for drawing nourishment at once, and will thrive in adverse conditions which prove fatal to plants stripped of their runners.

In making the fluid extract and tinctures of cinchona, arnica flowers, &c., Mr. Alfred B. Taylor has found it especially serviceable to use a portion of the finished preparation from a previous operation to macerate and partially exhaust the drug before applying the new portion of the menstraum; and as there is no limit to the quantity of finished preparation that can be used when necessary, it is possible to exhaust completely the drug operated upon.

Prof. Thompson, in a recent lecture, informed his audience that the magnetic pole is now near Boothia Felix, or more than 1,000 miles west of the geographical pole. In 1657 the magnetic pole was due north, it having been eastward before that year. Then it began to move westward until 1816, when the maximum was reached. This is now being steadily diminished, and in 1976 it will again point due north. Prof. Thompson says that the changes which will have been observed not only on the direction, but in the strength of the earth's magnetism, will show that the same causes which originally magnetized the earth are still at work.

For making leather water-proof the following receipt has been printed: Twenty-four parts oleic acid, 18 ammonia soap, 24 water, 6 raw stearic acid, and 3 tannin extract are thus incorporated. The oleic acid is first melted with the raw stearine, then the ammonia soap is added, afterward the tannin extract, and finally the water. The ammonia soap is obtained by treating oleic acid with ammonia until the smell of the latter is not perceptible after a prolonged stirring. By adding to the whole mixture a solution of two parts copperas in six parts of water a deep black color is secured, admirably adapted for dyeing shoe leather.

The instantaneous photographs taken of various animals in motion have received marked attention from the Berlin Physical Society. It was seen on examining the several photographs separately that the conventional and customary representations of moving animals produced by artists were not always correct, and some of the pictures as photographed seemed to be impossible. A whole series of views of the different positions assumed by the horse when trotting, on being looked at through the stroboscope, gave instant proof, however, of their fidelity to nature. These achievements of Mr. Muybridge, of San Francisco, in photography have won for him a deservedly high European reputation.

Hitherto it has puzzled eminent surgeons to account for sudden death caused by apparently inadequate wounds in the heart, such as those made by the prick, without penetration even of a needle. Herr Schmey, a student of the Physiological Institute, Berlin, has, however, just discovered that when a needle pricks a certain small spot on the lower border of the upper third of the septum cordis, quite instantaneously the movements of the heart are arrested and forever set motionless in death. "It is now the task of anatomical investigation," says Prof. Kronecker, who vertified the discovery of his pupil, Herr Schmey, and communicated it to the Physiological Society of Berlin, "to demonstrate with accuracy this vital centre, the existence of which has been proved experimentally."

Flints, including chips and cores and a large tomahawk weighing four pounds, from Uganda, collected by Dr. H. B. Guppy, of the British Government vessel Lark, were lately exhibited and described by Dr. Liversidge before the Royal Society of New South Wales. Dr. Liversidge remarked that some years ago Mr. Brown, the Wesleyan missionary, brought from New-Britain a soft white limestone which was quite undistinguishable from chalk, not only physically but chemically, and pointed out that this discovery of flints afforded another very strong proof of the probable presence of true chalk of cretaceous age in the South Sea Islands. The flints which were shown before the society possesses all the characteristics of those from the chalk of Europe, and cannot by mere inspection be distinguished from them.

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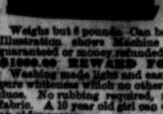
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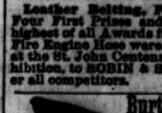
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J. H. FORD,

PHOTOGRAPHER, BELLEVILLE.

Advertising has become so common among business men that the genera public give very little attention to any thing he may say about his business. There is certainly a feeling among all classes of persons in favor of their own production. Now it is a common thing for us to say our photos are superior to any in the city, and it has been advertised time, time, and again, and the public say now give us something new. This we will now do by way of letters which you will find below. The letters are not old ones but letters received recently as you will see by the dates they bear. You will see by the way they are written that they were not intended as puffs, as they are short and most of them on postals. Again, they are from persons whose truthfulness is unquestionable, and well known in most instances. You will also see they are from gentlemen who live in the cities and large towns of our Dominion. With the hope that the publication of these letters will give you more confidence in our work than you now have, we submit the following:—

METHODIST MISSION ROOM,
TORONTO, OCT. 28, 1883.

J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: I received your Photo. It is regarded as excellen. Please send me a dozen, with the bill, and I will remit, as you did not state your price. Are you carrying out the album place for the groups. What will be the price of that and the ordinary groups respectively?

Yours faithfully,
REV. A. SUTHERLAND, D. D.

WINGHAM, Oct. 30, 1883.

Mr. J. H. Ford—Dear Sir: The Cabinet Photo's you sent me last week came to hand all right. They are regarded as excellent by all who have seen them. If you carry out your design concerning the Conference Album you may put me down for one.

Yours faithfully,
REV. G. H. CORNISH.

MONTREAL, Oct. 18th, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of the dozen of photos. They are perfectly to my satisfaction and the price I paid you I thought very reasonable. I only regret that I did not ask you to take me full size and will do so, should I again visit Belleville. You will please send me one of the group, as I have no doubt it will be a work of art which all will appreciate.

Yours respectfully,
HON. JAMES FERRIER.

J. H. Ford, Esq., Belleville.

LAKESIDE, Nov. 2nd, 1883.

J. H. Ford, Esq.—Dear Sir: I received the photo's all right. They were sent to Embro and were transferred to Lakeside. They were well executed and give entire satisfaction. My wife says they are first-class, and so say they all. &c, &c.

Yours &c.,
CHARLES KITMER.

HAMILTON, Oct. 22, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—Photos to hand. I like them very well. Will you please print 38 more, making 50 in all, and on their receipt I will send you the balance of the money as per agreement. I would like them soon.

Yours truly,
REV. J. S. WILLIAMSON.

To J. H. Ford, Esq., Belleville.

Bond St., TORONTO, Oct. 24, '83.

DEAR SIR,—The photo to hand and am much pleased with its excellent finish. Enclosed you will please find pay for half a dozen, which you will oblige me by sending as early as possible.

Yours truly,
REV. J. COOPER ANDREFF.

To J. H. Ford, Belleville.

248 Simcoe St., TORONTO, Oct.

DEAR SIR,—Please find enclosed pay for the dozen photos you sent me last week. I must give you credit for the the best picture I ever had taken. They give great satisfactron to myself and family. You may expect an order for some more soon.

Yours as ever,
REV. ROBERTS,
Pres. of B. C. Con.

To J. H. Ford, Belleville.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: To all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, &c., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

I MUST go to BELLEVILLE for my

SHIRTS AND NECKWARE

I ALWAYS BUY AT

S. C. RETALLACK'S

SHIRT FACTORY.

White, Oxford and Flannel Shirts made to order on short notice.

Agent for English, Canadian and American Bicycles and Tricycles. Bicycle hose, shirts, &c., in Stock. 360-6.

1858. —ESTABLISHED— 1858.

WRIGHT'S

GROCERY, PROVISION, WINE AND LIQUOR STORE.

CONFECTIONERY AND BISCUITS,

CROCKERY AND GLASSWAR

A quantity of Goods damaged by the late fire will be sold cheap. Call and see them.

JANE WRIGHT.

CHAMBERS & WHITE!

THE | BIG | TEA | POT | SIGN.

(Successors to J. A. Chambers.)

O'FLYNN BLOCK, - MADOC, ONT.,

where will be found a choice stock of fine

GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
CROCKERY.
GLASSWARE, &C.,

—ALSO—

FANCY CHINA WARE, OF THE LATEST DESIGNS.

Fine goods always a specialty with us.

James White. *J. A. Chambers.*

NOTICE!

All parties indebted to the undersigned, either by note or book account, are respectfully requested to call and settle the same without delay.

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, May 13, 1884.

1883. FALL and WINTER. 1884

Our stock of Fall and Winter Goods is now complete. An inspection solicited from intending purchasers. A large stock of Ready-made Clothing at lowest prices, and all other goods suitable for the season.

SPECIAL.

See our stock of China, Stone and Glassware.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

NUMBER 3, DURHAM STREET, MADOC, ONT.

—DEALER IN—

STOVES AND TINWARE.
HARDWARE AND WOODENWARE,
LAMPS AND LANTERNS,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS & PUTTY,

COAL OIL.

Prices to Suit the Times. - Please Give me a Call.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

Great Bargains

AT THE "RIGHT HOUSE."

$10,000 WORTH OF GOODS thrown on the Market!

Having re-opened in building ONE DOOR east of Post Office, formerly occupied as carriage shop by M. Bristol, we shall for the

NEXT 30 DAYS MARK GOODS DOWN TO COST.

Goods damaged by removal from fire sell at LESS than manufacturers' prices.

All lines of Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats and Caps, cut away down.

Boots and Shoes *MUST BE RUN OFF* inside 30 days, to make room.

Don't forget the place—one door east of the Post Office, Madoc.

D. C. CLARKE

Madoc, Feb. 21st, 1884.

W CHES, WATCHES, WATCHES.

Call and examine my stock, just arrived, which I am offering for nearly COST PRICE, for cash.

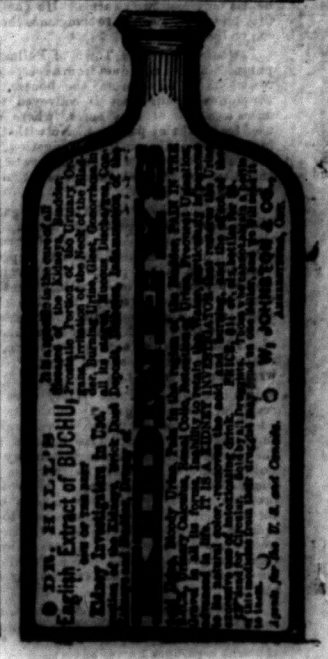
E. L. WEISS.

C. G. WILSON,

CHEMIST

—AND—

DRUGGIST.



A PRIZE Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.